



# THE INDEPENDENT

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WEATHER: Warm and sunny

(R65p) 60p

## Here for Diana, for History

As mourners last night began to flood into London for today's funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, many were digesting and discussing the unprecedented action of the Royal Family in walking the streets to read tributes to her.

The Queen broke all precedent to make a live broadcast paying tribute to the dead princess. She was dignified and her words were generous, though her tone remained formal and failed to please all Diana's admirers who watched.

More, though, had been moved by the sight of the young prince shaking hands, hearing tributes from the people to their dead mother and walking with Prince Charles outside Kensington Palace. The monarchy has experienced an excruciatingly difficult and at times agonising week. The Queen said that she hoped that the whole country would unite in dignified grief for Diana.

Suzanne Moore spent yesterday on the streets hearing the tributes of mourners to Diana and listening to their mixed feelings about a strange few days for the Royal Family.

"She's like a magnet, man," says a young Rasta guy "pulling people towards her". It was indeed like a scene from *Close Encounters* where people feel inevitably drawn towards this place. Except there is one huge difference.

These people know exactly what they are doing and why they are coming. Those who have described the public as over-reacting, as over emotional, as not fully in control of themselves should listen to what the people are saying. We are here, they are over and over again "for Diana. For History". They are not here to see the Queen even though she is going to walk among them.

Here they are quietly unwrapping the clingfilm from their sandwiches, eating their yoghurts and Kit-Kats, supporting each other, saving each other's places in the queues that form everywhere. The queues to lay flowers, to look at the messages, to get the tea, to sign the books. Over and over again I hear how grateful they are for the Harrods van that is dispensing food and drink. "They're wonderful, why couldn't the Palace have done anything?"

Some are well prepared, with tents and rucksacks and sleeping bags. "I've got my fags, I'll be alright," says one. Some are overtly hostile to the Queen's walkabout. "Oh, in your own time Ma'am. Whenever you're ready. You've only had all week," Jane Wright sarcastically comments. "Personally, I think they're finished. I wouldn't give them the time of day. If people ignore laws long enough they fall by the wayside, it's the same with the monarchy."

Others, though, are more sympathetic understanding the Queen's need for privacy. But even they expressed disquiet: "She has followed the public not led them". When the Queen and Philip appear some of the

crowd clap politely and cameras start clicking like crazy. "She's taken too much stick from the press, its hang out of order. It's private isn't it?" the man next to me says while shoving me out of the way in order to get a better look.

The Queen appears genuinely shocked by the numbers of people and flowers as if she really had no idea just what has been going on outside her London residence. "Will she come out and hold our hands?" a little girl asks her dad. Outside Buckingham Palace the crowds mill quietly. The scenes are less emotional than at Kensington Palace. Many describe the atmosphere there as overwhelming. "That's for the heavy duty mourners," someone explains. "They are just breaking down and crying. I'm afraid it was too much for me."

A mother and her daughter explain that they are camping half-way down The Mall out of respect. "We don't want to be outside the Palace. We don't want to see William and Harry. We respect them." Comparisons are being made with how the average family would behave. "In normal families, when a couple is divorced, the mother-in-law wouldn't be expected to come to the funeral," comments Jennine Stoodly. "It's a natural part of grieving isn't it? Shock then anger," adds her friend. "This anger towards the Royals is part of the process: all this is not just about Diana. It's about needing someone, something. It is as if we needed an excuse to grieve and now we have a focus. It is because of what she represented - non-judgemental compassion."

The police lift children over barriers who have got separated from their parents. Japanese camera crews stand on step ladders, toddlers pose beside Chelsea pensioners and wait to see the "horseys". Those who've set up temporary homes sit in their deckchairs reading gardening magazines. They do not move, put of their positions to catch a glimpse of the Queen and it is this indifference to the monarchy that is somehow more surprising than the anger. "It's not just a class thing, it's a generational thing, isn't it?" It seemed not to matter what emotions the Queen now demonstrates for it's widely presumed she doesn't actually feel them. Or at least not feel them the way these people do. "She is acknowledging Diana not appreciating her," I overhear two women saying to each other.

But others strongly disagree. Michael Valentine says, "The Public shouldn't force the way that the family mourns". Yet somehow the crowds understand that this is exactly what is happening. "When someone dies that you are close to, it forces you to re-evaluate everything, your own life, how you behave. That's what's going on now. The whole country is re-evaluating itself," offers Jessamy Alhrechtsen. But John Rogers from Somerset is angry. "They've lost her. They've lost the whole shebang. Our royal family has gone".



Diana, Princess of Wales, photographed recently by Lord Snowdon: She was exceptional and gifted, The Queen said

Photograph: Snowdon/Camera Press

## The Queen's tribute to the princess

Diana 1961-1997		
THE BROADSHEET	LONG WEEKEND	
The day	2	Virginia Ironside IV
Police precautions	2	A motherless nation V
The route	3	Full funeral service VIII, IX
Rollercoaster emotion	4	American emotions X
People power	5	Poem: Carol Rumens XI
One woman's pilgrimage	6	Oliver James on an idol XII
An island grave	7	Media mourning XV
		The Spencers at Althorp XVI

The following is the text of The Queen's televised broadcast to the nation last night.

"Since last Sunday's dreadful news we have seen, throughout Britain and around the world, an overwhelming expression of sadness at Diana's death."

"We have all been trying in our different ways to cope. It is not easy to express a sense of loss, since the initial shock is often succeeded by a mixture of other feelings: disbelief, in-

comprehension, anger - and concern for those who remain."

"We have all felt those emotions in these last few days. So what I say to you now, as your Queen and as a grandmother, I say from my heart."

"First, I want to pay tribute to Diana myself. She was an exceptional and gifted human being. In good times and bad, she never lost her capacity to smile and laugh, nor to inspire others with her warmth and kindness."

"I admired and respected her - for her energy and commitment to others, and especially for her devotion to her two boys."

"This week at Balmoral, we have all been trying to help William and Harry come to terms with the devastating loss that they and the rest of us have suffered."

"No one who knew Diana will ever forget her. Millions of others who never met her, but felt they knew her, will remember her."

"I for one believe that there are lessons to be drawn from her life and from the extraordinary and moving reaction to her death."

"I share in your determination to cherish her memory. This is also an opportunity for me, on behalf of my family, and especially Prince Charles and William and Harry, to thank all of you who have brought flowers, sent messages, and paid your respects in so many ways to a remarkable person."

"These acts of kindness have been a huge source of help and comfort. Our thoughts are also with Diana's family and the families of those who died with her. I know that they too have drawn strength from what has happened since last weekend, as they seek to heal their sorrow and then to face the future without a loved one. I hope that tomorrow we can all, wherever we are, join in expressing our grief at Diana's loss, and gratitude for her all-too-short life. It is a chance to show to the whole world the British nation united in grief and respect."

"May those who died rest in peace and may we, each and every one of us, thank God for someone who made many, many people happy."

## Lebanon debacle leaves 12 Israeli soldiers dead

It began with a night raid on Lebanon led by an Israeli lieutenant colonel, another of what the Israelis like to call their "anti terrorist operations". But it ended yesterday in military ignominy and failure with 12 Israeli troops dead at the hands of the Lebanese army and guerrillas, four others wounded and the severed head of an Israeli soldier held aloft by a member of the pro-Iranian Hizbollah.

The full extent of Israel's latest débâcle in Lebanon - it followed the death of four Israeli soldiers last month in a hush fire caused by their own artillery inside Lebanon - was evident by midday, when the Hizbollah's leader, Sayed Hassan Nasrallah, displayed captured Israeli rifles and military equipment, along with the limb of at least one Israeli soldier at a press conference in Beirut.

The Lebanese Prime Minister, Rafiq Hariri, pleaded desperately to the US and French ambassadors in Beirut to prevent any further Israeli raids, while Israel's own Prime Minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, ignoring the fact that the Lebanese disaster was of his army's own making, claimed Israel was now fighting a "war against terrorism" on two fronts.

As usual in Lebanon, international attention focused on Israeli casualties: the death of a 35-year-old Lebanese woman and a baby during the attack went largely unreported.

The bungled Israeli assault contained several lessons for Israel; it was a symbol of just how much more bloody for Israel would be an attack on Palestinian authority areas in the West Bank if the Israelis decided to enter Palestinian-held cities - a step threatened by Israel after the suicide bombings in Jerusalem on Thursday, which killed five civilians and the bombers. And it showed yet again that the Lebanese - who once fled every Israeli military offensive -

now fight the Israelis with a desperation born of 21 years of conflict. The Israelis had landed by sea, apparently intent on blowing up buildings in the village of Insarrah, south of Sidon, in an area where the Israelis accidentally triggered the explosives they were carrying on their backs to attack the village. In any event, Lebanese troops guarding the coast opened fire on the Israeli units as the guerrillas poured down the coast road to surround the attackers.

With the surrounding trees and bushes set alight by the gunfire, the Lebanese could easily see the Israeli helicopters sent in to rescue the soldiers, and for some time drove them away with anti-aircraft fire.

By the time the Israeli helicopters had managed to evacuate most of the dead and wounded, the battlefield was littered with abandoned Israeli rifles and heavy machine guns, helmets and human remains. When a guerrilla held up the severed head of an Israeli by the hair, a Lebanese soldier took it from him, along with other body parts.

The Israeli attack was presumably intended as a response to the Jerusalem bombings - even though there is not the slightest evidence that the latter was connected to the Lebanon. And Israel's attempt to portray its military defeat in Lebanon as part of a continuing struggle against "terrorism" is even more forlorn.

Wicked though the Jerusalem bombings were, an equally vicious slaughter took place in Sidon last month when Israel's proxy militia shelled the city, killing five civilians along with a three-month-old baby. This was in revenge for a Hizbollah bomb which killed two Lebanese Christian teenagers.

These killings - as "terrorist" an act as the Jerusalem bombings if the word is to be fairly used - were later described as perhaps "understandable" by the very same Israeli spokesman, who was yesterday threatening to assault the Palestinians for failing to end "terrorism". Truly the peace process is in its grave.

By Robert Fisk

many members of the Hizbollah opposed to Israel's occupation of southern Lebanon have their homes. No sooner had the Israelis moved inland, however, than a series of massive explosions tore through their ranks. The Hizbollah claimed they had stepped on the guerrillas' roadside bombs. Other sources suggest

the coast road to surround the attackers. With the surrounding trees and bushes set alight by the gunfire, the Lebanese could easily see the Israeli helicopters sent in to rescue the soldiers, and for some time drove them away with anti-aircraft fire.

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**QUICKLY**  
Jeffrey Bernard dies  
The writer Jeffrey Bernard, who spent his last year writing his Low Life Spectator column from a hospital bed, has died in his Soho flat of kidney failure. Pages 8, 14

**CONTENTS**  
THE BROADSHEET  
Business & City 16-17  
Comment 11-13  
Foreign news 9-10  
Home news 8  
Leading articles 11  
Letters 11

Obituaries 14-15  
Saturday Story 12  
Shares 18  
Sport 22-28  
THE LONG WEEKEND  
All consuming 8

Arts 23  
Books 23  
Gardening 7  
Property 9  
TV & radio 12  
Travel 12  
Weather 11

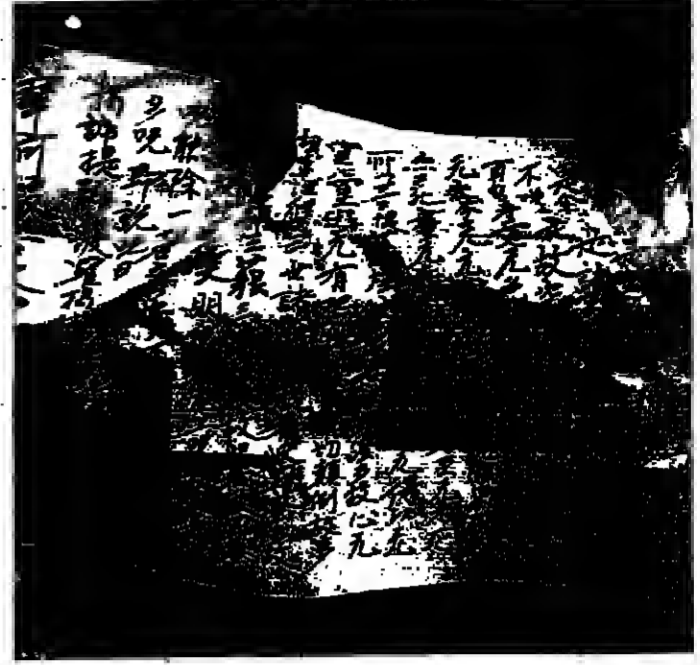
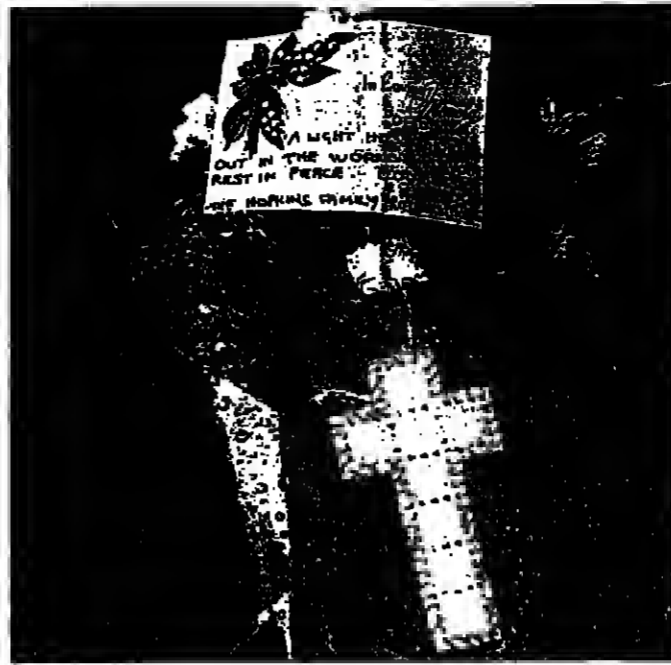
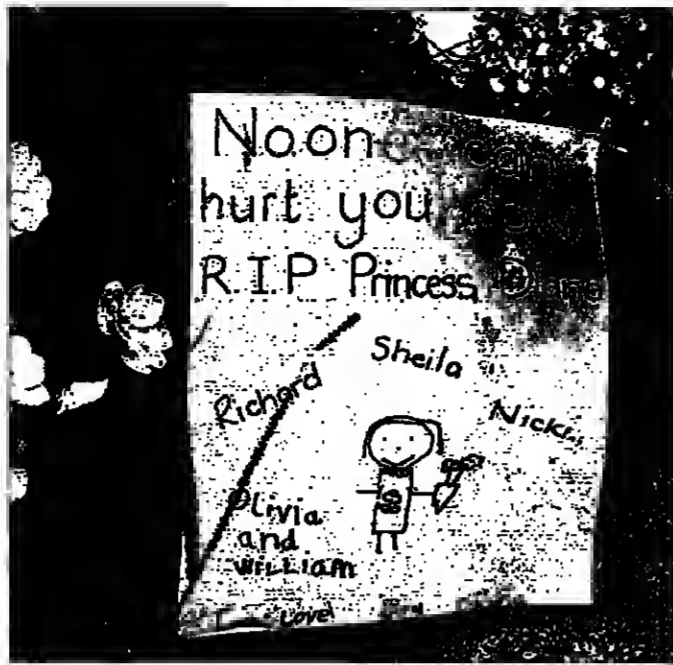
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## Diana 1961-1997

## the aftermath

## From the heart: the people's tributes to a People's Princess



## High emotion as the Royals return

Steve Boggan

The Royal Family went a long way towards recapturing the hearts of the nation yesterday when they left behind their private grieving in Balmoral and joined the throngs of mourners in London.

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales and the Princes William and Harry mixed with mourners, reducing many to tears as they surveyed the vast carpets of flowers and tributes that had been laid at Buckingham, Kensington and St James's palaces.

At last, they paid their respects at the Princess of Wales's coffin at St James's Palace and they spoke to hundreds of mourners, providing a focus for the grief that has taken hold of millions since Diana's death last Sunday.

As a television audience estimated at 2 billion prepared to witness Diana's funeral service at Westminster Abbey, it appeared that the personal visits and the Queen's televised address had been sufficiently up-

lifting to avoid the kind of embarrassing crowd scenes that were predicted by some earlier in the week.

The most moving spectacle yesterday was at Kensington Palace where Princes Charles, William and Harry appeared overcome by the scenes of sorrow and thanksgiving. After flying down from Aberdeen, the princes are understood to have asked to be taken immediately

to Kensington Palace, their home since the Wales's separation in 1992.

When they arrived at the gates, they were clearly overwhelmed. Harry, 12, and William, 15, wearing dark suits, black ties and blue shirts, maintained a calm dignity, although onlookers said Harry wiped tears from his eyes on several occasions.

The crowd was clearly won-

over. Rosalind Wedderell from Chatham, Kent, was moved to tears. She said: "Prince Charles said to me 'We appreciate you coming, we are very touched'. [He] seemed overwhelmed and somehow a lot more human than he ever seemed to be before."

"I said to William 'You are a wonderful boy' and he smiled at me. Harry took my flowers and

shook my hand. It was so emotional. I had taken a day's leave from work today as I felt that I really had to visit Kensington Palace and it was incredible but so necessary that they made this gesture today. Somehow I feel more complete after having spoken to them."

The reaction of mourners was similar at Buckingham Palace when the Queen and Prince Philip returned. Onlookers said

they had tears in their eyes as they spoke to mourners and thanked them for their tributes and bouquets.

At one point, the Queen's apprehension at the anger that had welled up earlier in the week became apparent when a little girl offered her some flowers.

The child's grandmother, Enid Jones from Brighton, Sussex, said: "My granddaughter gave her some flowers and the

Queen was really pleased. She nearly didn't take them and asked if they were really for her."

"We said we thought she needed some. People say they don't care - but they were both obviously filling up with tears." Kay Foulger, 55, from Cumbernauld, near Glasgow, said she offered the Queen words of encouragement.

"I told the Queen, 'Ma'am, it is very brave of you to come

here and see us'. You could see she was bearing up but that she had been upset and had had a good weep. She was bearing up the British way with a stiff upper lip. I think she has been a bit isolated so far and she could have put a statement out earlier, but I hope she has made up for that now."

The Royal Standard was hoisted to show the Queen was in residence but a Palace spokesman said an incident in which it appeared to hover at half mast was an accident and not a mark of respect.

Meanwhile, the Prime Minister and his wife visited Westminster Abbey to see how preparations were going, as did Diana's sisters, Lady Sarah McCorquodale and Lady Jane Fellowes, and Elton John, who will sing a revised version of "Candle in the Wind" during the ceremony.

At Westminster Cathedral, Diana's mother, Frances Shand-Kydd attended Mass last night, at which Luciano Pavarotti was expected to sing.

Jason Bennetto  
Crime Correspondent

The vast police operation to oversee today's funeral started last night as hundreds of thousands of mourners converged on London.

Four thousand Scotland Yard officers went on duty at 4am in the capital and hundreds more started preparing to police the cortege route up the M1 to Althorp House in Northamptonshire.

With up to six million people expected to line the three-and-a-half-mile

route from Kensington Palace to Westminster Abbey and hundreds of thousands of other mourners waiting along the motorway, the day is a logistical nightmare for the police.

However, the Metropolitan Police, which has extensive experience in dealing with mass gatherings believes it has prepared for every eventuality.

The main dangers for possible injury and unrest are if people become crushed behind the barriers in central London as they attempt to see the coffin pass by or if they become angry and frustrated at not being able to see the

funeral. Other potential flashpoints will occur as hundreds of thousands of people cram into the tube and train stations, and on buses, in an attempt to get home.

There is also concern that mourners lining the motorway embankments and bridges could get onto the roadway or disrupt the funeral procession. Sections of the north-bound carriageway of the M1 will be closed off as the cortege makes its way in the final burial spot, and motorists travelling south will be forced to reduce their speed to about 30 mph in an at-

tempt to prevent vehicles crashing into each other as the coffin passes in the opposite direction.

In London, where up to 20,000 Scotland Yard officers, including plain-clothes police men and women, will be taking part in the operation, dozens of roads around the funeral procession's route were closed last night.

As the funeral procession leaves London, accompanied by police motorcycle escorts and security officers, and travels up the M1, slip roads will be closed off to allow the cortege to

travel on its own. The south-bound carriageway will remain open, but vehicles will be forced to slow down.

Police expect some motorists to stop and get out to watch the coffin pass.

People will be allowed onto most of the motorway bridges, but only above the south-bound carriageway. "We don't want anyone throwing themselves or objects, even flowers, onto the motorway," said a spokeswoman from Bedfordshire Police.

Side roads will also be closed off to allow the cortege a unhindered passage to Althorp House.

## Funeral of driver held up for tests

Louise Jury  
and John Litchfield  
Paris

The planned funeral of Henri Paul, the chauffeur who died in the crash alongside Princess Diana, was not expected to go ahead today after his family requested more blood alcohol tests. Mr Paul, 41, was found to have been three times over the legal limit in tests carried out after last Sunday's fatal accident.

It was understood last night that a decision to delay the funeral, which was due to be held at the church of St. Therese in Lorient in Brittany this morning, was likely to allow further checks to be made.

Mohamed Al Fayed, the father of Diana's companion, Dodi, who was also killed, has criticised tests carried out by the official police investiga-

which was travelling at around 50kph (30mph) at the Place de l'Alma on Sunday morning, although further checks were being carried out.

"There was another car driving in front of the Mercedes [Diana's car]. The Mercedes made a sharp manoeuvre to go around it before the crash," he said.

He added: "Considering the huge public opinion, there was a huge necessity to designate someone who was perhaps responsible or guilty." But he said the emotions had created irrationality.

Once the investigations were underway into the role of the photographers, he said, it had been difficult to "put on the brakes" but he was confident that the proposed charges of manslaughter, recklessly causing bodily harm and failing to assist at an accident against his client would be dropped within weeks.

In the war of words now raging over the cause of the crash, Nikola Arsov, 38, who has been a photographer for only nine months, put the blame squarely back on the management of the Ritz yesterday.

Speaking publicly for the first time, he said: "It is not my responsibility, it is that of the Ritz. How can a hotel like the Ritz allow one of its drivers to take a car out with any passengers when he was drunk?"

He told how he had followed a decoy car set up by the Ritz in the hope that it would eventually meet with the vehicle carrying the Princess and Dodi Fayed, which had left from the back.

He came across the accident after he had given up that chase and spotted flashing lights down the street. It was only then that another agency's motorcycle runner informed him this was Diana's car.

Asked about the reaction of the British people to the accident, Mr Arsov said: "I understand that they have lost a princess but you can't blame the guys who were there. I think [the charges] are scandalous, for me and for the others." Five other photographers and the motorbike rider also face prosecution.

Mr Arsov said the police and ambulance were already at the scene when he arrived. He took five or six general shots only, he said.



Mohamed Al Fayed: Criticised blood alcohol tests

tors as unreliable and announced further details of his concerns in London yesterday. Neither the police nor the judiciary in Paris said they would comment on his criticisms at this stage.

The move came as a lawyer confirmed speculation that the chauffeur had apparently swerved to overtake a smaller car as he entered the tunnel where the crash took place.

William Baurdoo, who represents one of the accused photographers, Nikola Arsov, said there was more evidence to show that it was Mr Paul to blame for the crash because he had been going too fast to slow down when he encountered the slower car in front of him.

Mr Baurdoo said police had interviewed the driver of the car



Royal contact: The Queen shaking hands with some of the thousands of people queuing to sign the books of condolence at St James's Palace in London yesterday

## Laureate offers his tribute

Ted Hughes, the Poet Laureate, has penned a short poem to mark the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales.

The 10 line poem contains a number of religious images and in the lines "Holy Tragedy and Loss / Make the Many One" appears to echo the sense of national grief which has engulfed the country.

The poem ends with the

image of "The Flower on the Gun" - a poignant reference to the horse-drawn gun carriage upon which Diana's coffin will travel on its way to Westminster Abbey.

Mr Hughes has asked that those who wish to publish the poem, in print or in any other media, make a donation to The Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fund.

*Mankind is many rivers  
That only want to run.  
Holy Tragedy and Loss  
Make the many One.  
Mankind is a Holy, crowned  
Mother and her Son.  
For worship, for mourning:  
God is here, is gone.  
Love is broken on the Cross.  
The Flower on the Gun.*

Copyright Ted Hughes

## Hotel video shows final pictures

Kathy Marks

Brief and poignant images of Diana, Princess of Wales, and Dodi Fayed on their final evening together were captured by security cameras at the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

Mohammed Al Fayed, Dodi's father, took the unexpected decision yesterday to release video footage of the two hours that the couple spent at in the hotel before the crash.

The footage was shown to the media at Harrods as part of a public relations exercise conducted by his staff. It shows Henri Paul, who drove the Mercedes in which he, Dodi and the Princess died, standing in a corridor at the back of the hotel, waiting to depart. Paul Handley-Greaves, head of security for Mr Al Fayed, said it was clear from the video that Mr Paul was not visibly inebriated.

Mr Al Fayed sought to cast doubt on the announcement by the French authorities that Mr Paul was three times over the legal alcohol limit by releasing the conclusions of an independent expert who studied the autopsy report at his request.

Peter Vanezis, Regis Professor of Forensic Medicine and Science at the University of Glasgow, said that the high level of alcohol had been found in only one blood sample, which had been divided into two and examined by two different laboratories. The report, he said, did not indicate whether any other blood or tissue samples had been analysed.

Prof Vanezis said that analysis of blood was notoriously difficult following traumatic injuries. "In my view, given that Mr Paul died a violent death with extensive internal injuries, the possibility of the contamination of the blood is a real one and must be seriously considered," he said.

He said the isolated finding could not therefore be treated as reliable. The blood sample could have been contaminated by stomach or liver contents, or by bacteria during storage.

The video shows the Princess, dressed casually in white trousers and a dark jacket, and Mr Fayed entering the Ritz through a revolving door shortly before 10pm. They walk, surrounded by security guards, to the restaurant, but emerge ten minutes later, having decided to dine in more privacy in

the Imperial Suite upstairs. Shortly after midnight, they emerge and go down to leave by the rear entrance of the hotel. As they await the all-clear to step outside, Mr Fayed has his arm placed protectively around Diana.

No photographers are seen on the street outside the rear entrance, which Mr Handley-Greaves said proved that Mr Paul could not have dared them to pursue his car.

Mr Paul's demeanour does not suggest that he is drunk. His gait is apparently steady as he walks around chatting to Ritz staff, and he is not seen swaying or leaning against the wall.

Michael Cole, spokesman for Mr Al Fayed said that according to one of the security staff, the Princess had told Trevor Rees Jones, Dodi's bodyguard, that she had been concerned about the "foolhardy driving of the paparazzi following them on motorcycles".

Mr Cole announced that Mr Al Fayed, who has received a letter of condolence from the Queen, had decided to rename his family's charity trust the Dodi Fayed International Charitable Foundation. He planned to dedicate to it the proceeds of the auction of the collection of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and had already made a donation himself of £5 million.

Mr Al Fayed hopes that the funds will be used to support charities associated with the Princess or to build a new children's hospital in Britain.

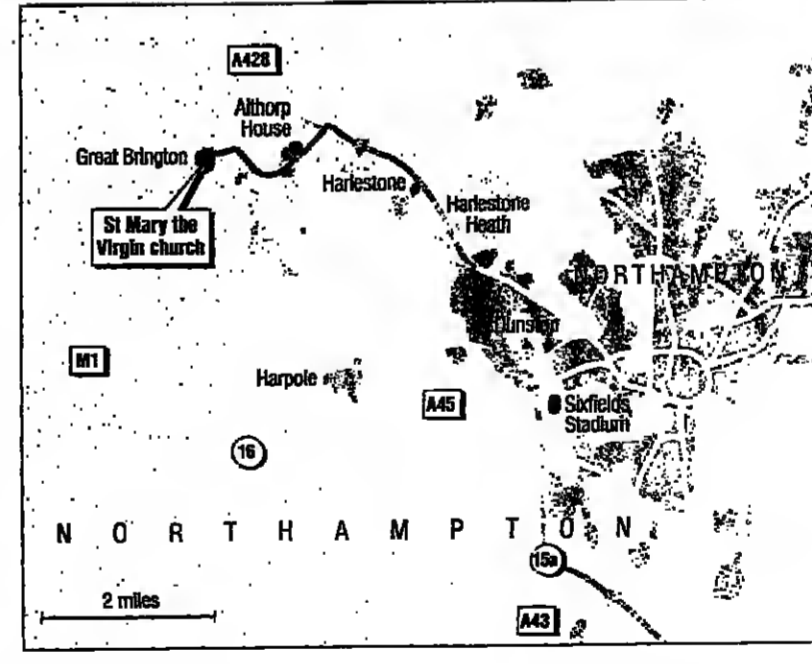
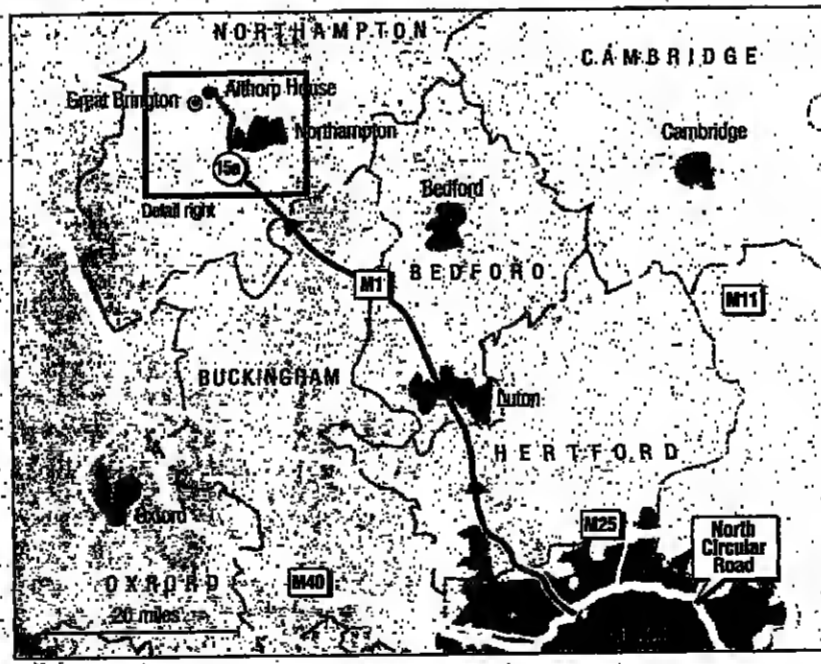
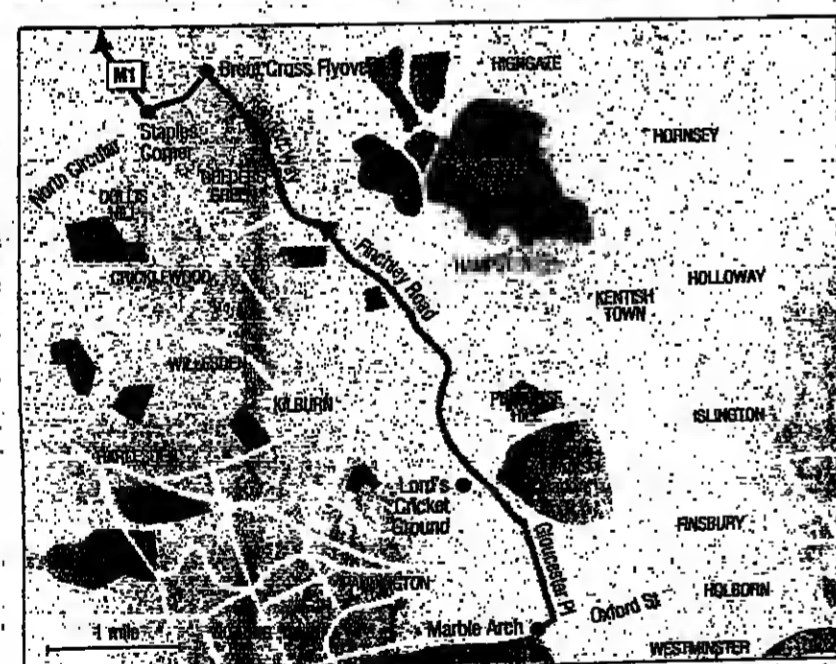
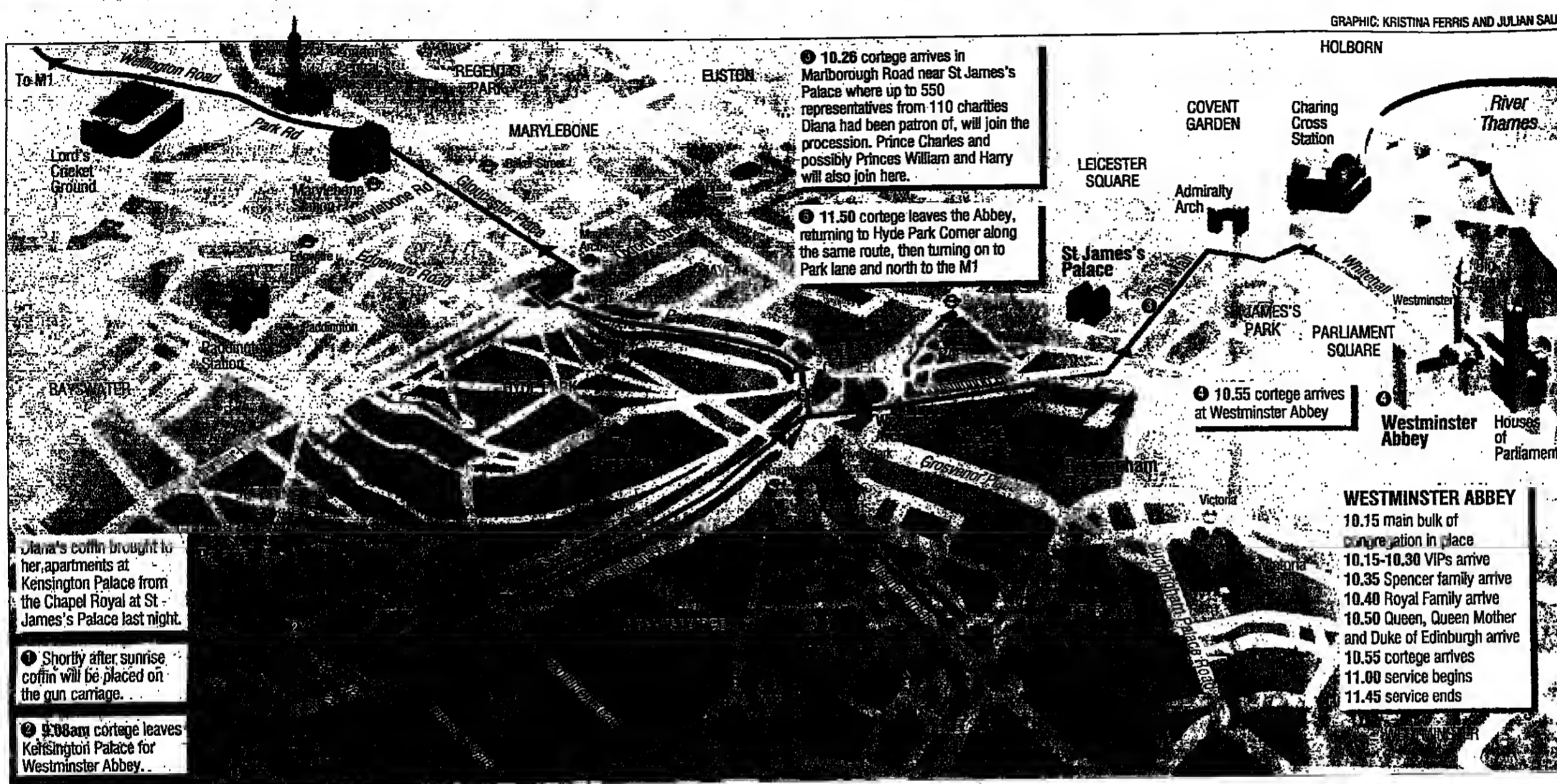
Mr Cole said that while Mr Al Fayed was in Paris, he was approached by a person who had helped Diana during her last hours alive and who told him her final words and requests. "Yesterday those words were conveyed to the appropriate person at a private meeting here," he said.

Mr Cole disclosed that Mr Al Fayed had found in his son's Paris apartment a gold cigar clipper with a gold tag inscribed "With love from Diana". She had also given Dodi a pair of cufflinks which were the last gift she received from her father, the late Earl Spencer.

Dodi had written the Princess a poem, Mr Cole said, and had it inscribed on a silver plaque which was placed under her pillow. The plaque had been returned to the Spencer family with the request that it be placed in her coffin.

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# Diana 1961-1997



## Last journey to her place of rest

Steve Beggan

The funeral route from Kensington Palace to Althorp planned with military precision

Diana, Princess of Wales, began the journey to her final resting place last night when her coffin was taken by hearse from the Chapel Royal at St James's Palace to her apartments at Kensington Palace.

Thousands lined the route silently as she passed. Today, the mourners will be counted in millions.

The route to Westminster Abbey, and from there on to Althorp Park, the Spencers' Northamptonshire seat, has been planned with military precision. Shortly after sunrise, Diana's coffin, draped in the Royal Standard and covered with family wreaths, will be loaded on to a gun carriage by eight bearers plucked from the ranks of the First Battalion Welsh Guards.

It will lie on an oak board suspended above a 13 pounder gun barrel which saw action during the First World War. A similar gun carriage was first used at a state funeral for the burial of Queen Victoria in 1901.

At 9.08am, six horses and 10

men from the King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery, led by Capt Grant Chapter, will pass through the gates of Kensington Palace to begin the procession to the Abbey. They will be followed by the eight bearers, who will be accompanied by two officers and two soldiers whose job will be to carry the bearers' hearse once the coffin is hoisted on to their shoulders.

From this moment until the arrival of the cortege at Westminster Abbey 1 hour 47 minutes later, the Abbey's Tenor Bell will be tolled once a minute.

From Kensington Palace, the cortege will proceed down Palace Avenue to Kensington High Street and Queen's Gate, past the Albert Memorial and along South Carriage Drive in Hyde Park, where huge video screens have been erected for mourners. Police expect crowds to be 100-deep along parts of the route.

It will continue past Apsley House, pass under Wellington Arch to Constitution Hill and the Mall where, at its junction with Marlborough Road at 10.26am, it will be joined by 553 representatives of the princess's favourite charities.

Prince Charles and, possibly Princess William and Harry, will join the procession for the last mile to the Abbey, through Horseguards Parade, along Whitehall and through Parliament Square.

At 10.55am the Spencer family will arrive at the Abbey, followed five minutes later by peripheral members of the Royal Family and, at 10.50, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother. The cortege will arrive at the Great West Door at 10.55am.

After the service, the journey to Althorp Park will be riddled with landmark memories. Diana's coffin will be driven in a hearse past St James's Palace and Clarence House, from which she began her journey to her



Security in place at Great Brington, Northamptonshire, where a private service will be held before Diana, Princess of Wales, is buried in Althorp Park. Photograph: David Rose

wedding - an ordeal which she later said made her feel like a "lamb to the slaughter". The hearse will travel past Buckingham Palace - which she once described as "cold and

lonely". When, on the balcony of the palace after her wedding, she kissed the Prince of Wales, the crowds cheered hysterically. Today they will be silent. The procession, which will include

four police outriders, will travel at a sedate pace to Hyde Park Corner, passing close to Harrods, the department store owned by Mohamed Al Fayed, Dodi's father, in front of the Park Lane flat used by Dodi when he was in England and on along Cumberland Gate and Tyburn Way to Marble Arch, originally designed as the main entrance to Buckingham Palace.

As the procession passes Marble Arch, Dr Jonathan Sacks, the Chief Rabbi, will be conducting a special service for the Jewish community at the western Marble Arch synagogue. He will be unable to attend the Abbey service because he has to observe his Sabbath, but he said Jews were as anxious as the rest of the world community to grieve and to celebrate Diana's life.

As Dr Sacks speaks, the cortege will travel down Oxford Street, London's main shopping thoroughfare - but today the

shops will be closed and bustling pedestrians will be replaced by silent, still mourners.

Passing through Portman Street and Gloucester Place, the cortege starts to move out of central London, heading towards Lord's cricket ground, along Park Road and on to the A41 at Wellington Road. Crowds of Muslims are expected along Park Road, the site of the Central London Mosque, because of the Princess's close relationship with Islam, not least her friendship with Dodi Al Fayed. A funeral service was conducted for Dodi there last Sunday night.

It is poignant, too, that the coffin will pass the Humana Wellington Hospital, where her father died in 1992.

From here, the cortege will travel along Finchley Road, along Hendon Way, over the Brent Cross Flyover, on to the A406 North Circular Road to Staples Corner.

M1 at Junction 1. All traffic on the motorway will be slowed down by police while the Princess's body is carried north to Junction 15a, near Wootton, in Northamptonshire.

The final leg of the journey is along the A43 and past Upton Way along the A45 on the outskirts of Northampton. Crowds will gather here, too, as the procession passes the town football club's Sixfields Stadium and moves on along Bams Lane to its junction with Harlestone Road.

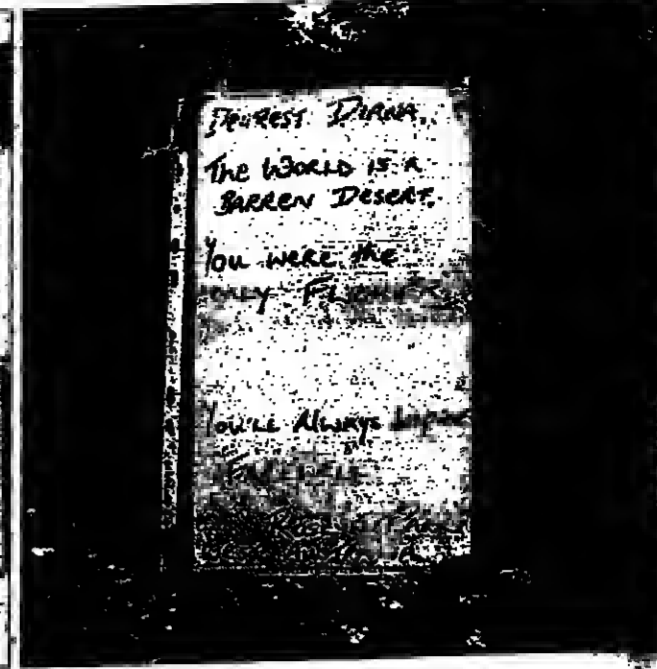
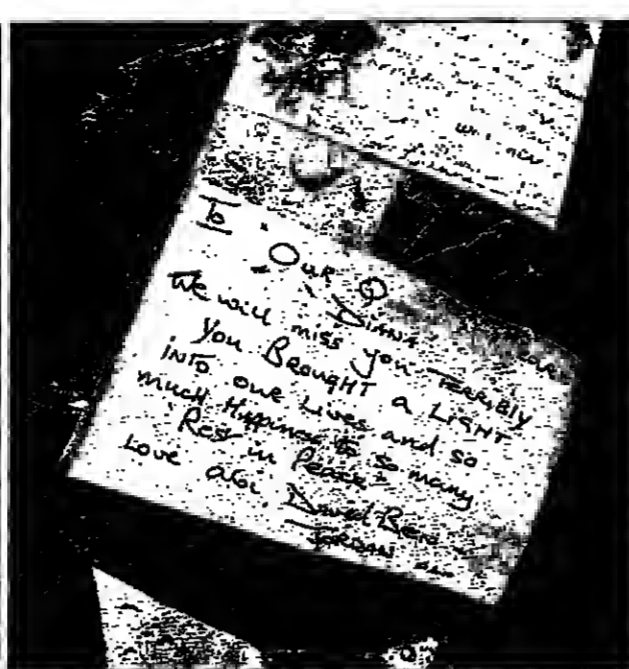
Finally, it will crawl along the A428 through Harlestone and on to the main gates of Althorp House. After a private ceremony at the Church of St Mary the Virgin, Diana's coffin will be conveyed to an island at the centre of an ornamental lake in the grounds of Althorp Park, where it will be buried in the presence of the Spencer family, the Prince of Wales and Princes William and Harry.

Finally, surrounded by ancient oaks, Diana, Princess of Wales, will find the peace in death that eluded her for so long in life.

For complete coverage of today's funeral, buy the Independent on Sunday which will have a special 24-page section

Diana 1961-1997

Seven days that moved the world



## A week that rode on a roller-coaster of emotion

by Glenda Cooper

This time a week ago Diana, Princess of Wales, was returning from a week's holiday with Dodi Fayed. Signs were that this was a serious affair, with friends of the Princess saying they had been involved since before Christmas.

Dodi presented Diana with a £130,000 diamond ring at that meal. The exact significance of the ring we will never know. Within hours they were dead after their Mercedes crashed in a Paris tunnel, and so began the most extraordinary week in the country's modern history.

The death of a blond mother of two without an O-level to her name, and principally famous for marrying someone, provoked an unprecedented national reaction. No one could quite believe it on Sunday morning when they awoke bleary-eyed to the sombre announcement of the Princess's death in a car crash.

A week later hundreds of millions will watch her funeral, a million bouquets have been left at the royal palaces and people have been willing to queue for up to 12 hours to sign books of condolences. It was the Prime Minister, Tony Blair, who set the tone for the week when he spoke in emotional terms of Diana, loved as "the People's Princess". But for the rest of the week it was the crowds who gathered in quiet solemnity at Kensington Palace, the Princess's London home, Buckingham Palace and St James's Palace who drove a series of extraordinary developments.

At the beginning it appeared that the news coverage was defined by images – the Mercedes-Benz overturned, the grim view of the coffin borne back to Britain covered in the Royal Standard and accompanied by her two sisters and the Prince of Wales.

There was anger towards the press as the mangled wreckage of the Mercedes was shown, and it became clear that Diana and Dodi had been attempting to escape the paparazzi following them on powerful motorbikes. When journalists went out on to the streets to speak to people some were abused and one was beaten up.

"Parasites," chorused the crowd after a man stood up to denounce the photographers. "The press got their blood money." There was disgust as it was revealed that crash pictures had been offered to a US tabloid for \$1m within hours of the accident. Diana's brother, Earl Spencer, spoke from his South African home of "blond on the hands" of every tabloid editor who had bought paparazzi photographs.

The press, trying to defend themselves against charges of hounding Diana to death, fell with gratitude on the astonishing twist that revealed that the chauffeur, Henri Paul, had been doing 121mph and that the level of alcohol in his blood was three times the legal limit. It also emerged that he was not authorised to drive the limousine. A lawyer for one of the photographers suggested that M Paul had issued a dare to the paparazzi earlier in the evening, in which he said words to the effect of "you'll never catch me in any case".

Hopes that would get the press of the hook were unfounded. Lord Wakeham announced a review by the Press Complaints Commission and seven paparazzi were formally accused of manslaughter by a French judge despite protests from the (people felt) aptly named Romuald Rat who claimed that while taking pictures he had taken Diana's pulse and reassured her that help was on the way. Three more photographers gave themselves up.

In her controversial *Panorama* interview in 1995, Diana signalled her desire to stop the Royal Family "being so distant." In her death the House of Windsor was forced to confront this charge.

"You lived her life because you saw so much of her – when she was emotional, when she was happy," said Susan Simmonds, who travelled from Swansea to lay flowers at Kensington Palace. "You even ended up arguing over her but she was al-

ways there. I got married when she did, had my children about the same time. But I don't think I really realised what she meant to us before."

"She touched the untouchable. That's what we love her for," said Rosemary Duncombe from Buckinghamshire. "She stretched out her hand to everyone."

What set the crowds mourning Diana apart was that there wasn't one particular group that identified with her – everyone was eager to claim her as "one of us" whether it was the self-styled "London ethnic" who left a message saying "what a superstar" or the inmates of HMP Dartmoor who thanked her "for treating us like human beings not criminals". The statement on Sunday morning from the Queen and Prince Charles – all that was said for several days – that they were "deeply shocked and distressed by this terrible news" seemed insufficient in comparison, as businesses promised to come to a halt, the National Lottery was postponed and theatres, cinemas and sports postponed and cancelled events.

Within hours the public started laying flowers, cards, teddy bears and poems at Kensington Palace. By yesterday morning it was estimated more than a million bouquets had been laid at the royal palaces. Mandela, Clinton and Chirac all paid emotional tributes.

Four books of condolence were opened at St James's Palace on Monday. The gesture was woefully inadequate – by the end of the week 43 were at the palace alone and it was announced they would be kept open 24 hours a day after the funeral to cope with the number of people wanting to leave a message. More than 3,500 phonelines were set up to take donations for a memorial fund.

The depth of the emotion among the public seemed to take the Royal Family by surprise, leaving them looking out of touch and hurriedly having to conform to public demands. By the end of the week, the family who had initially immersed themselves in the Scottish castle Balmoral were breaking with protocol and walking among the people after a series of rapid volte-faces that culminated in the Queen's broadcast live to the nation last night and the overturning of previous tradition that a flag never be flown at half mast at Buckingham Palace when the sovereign is in residence.

After protests, the funeral procession was doubled in length so that more people will be able to line the route. Demand for a silence to honour her led to a palace announcement there would be one minute of silence after the funeral service ended.

But while the Royals have come in for criticism before, the Queen has always been seen to be above this. Perhaps the most unheard-of developments were the attacks on her, which focused on the fact no flag was flying at her London home. "Where is our Queen? Where is her flag?" asked the *Sun*. "Your people are suffering. Speak to us Ma'am," said the *Mirror*. "Show us you care," demanded the *Express*.

Stung, the Queen authorised her press secretary to issue a statement saying how "hurt" the Royal Family was to be thought "indifferent" to Diana's death. The concessions came thick and fast. In breach with royal precedent it was announced the Union flag would fly at half mast during the funeral and after. Princes Andrew and Edward mingled with mourners in the Mall. Flying back to London yesterday Princes William and Harry and Prince Charles met crowds at Kensington Palace while the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went walkabout at Buckingham Palace.

Perhaps the Prince of Wales, who has always borne a stiff upper lip in public, showed how much had changed in a week. On Thursday he let himself be pictured in an uncharacteristic way – with Prince Harry's small hand slipped in his as they looked at the tributes outside Balmoral. "She won't go quietly," Diana had threatened in the *Panorama* interview. Her words have been fulfilled. The people won't let her go quietly.



The car: Criticism of the paparazzi dimmed briefly when it emerged that the driver of the Mercedes car in which Diana died had been over the drink-drive limit. Later emerged that the Mercedes had undergone extensive repairs after being stolen, but experts stressed that no car could have withstood the crash impact.



The body returns: Fourteen hours after her death, the Prince of Wales brought the Princess's body home to Britain. Despite her official "non-royal" status, the arrival of the coffin, draped in the Royal Standard, bore some of the hallmarks of a state occasion. Photograph: Ian Waldie/Reuters

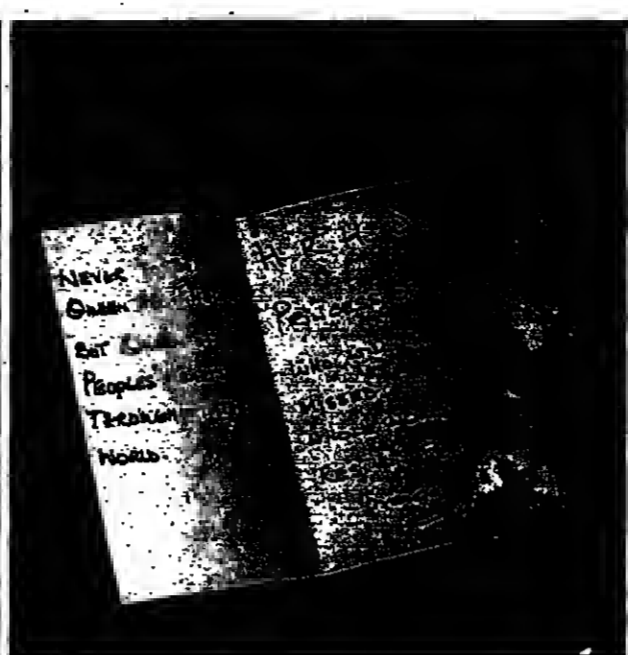


The bare flagstaff: This view of Buckingham Palace became a focal point for frustration at a seeming lack of response from the monarchy, despite reassurance that the flag was only raised when the monarch was at home. It will be flown at half-mast today, an unprecedented move prompted by public feeling. Photograph: Tom Pison

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# Seven days that moved the world

# Diana 1961-1997



The mourners: The initial trickle of people paying their respects outside the royal palaces has swelled into a deluge. Up to 15,000 at a time have queued for up to 12 hours to sign the books of condolence at St James's Palace. Many more turned up simply to express their grief. Photograph: Brian Harris



The Family: Princes William and Harry spent most of the week closeted in Balmoral. Their appearance at church hours after the Princess's death elicited criticism but subsequent appearances with their father seemed to reassure onlookers they were not short of emotional support. Photograph: Chris Bacon/PA



The flowers: An estimated 1 million bouquets of flowers have been laid at the royal palaces in the week since the Princess's death, nearly all accompanied by messages of support; 5 million roses and summer daisies have been flown from Israel to keep up with demand. Photograph: Andrew Buurman

## People power never before seen in quiet cosy Britain

by Steve Crawshaw

"It's people power. In the Philippines, Marcos was deposed. Now, this will be a watershed. There's no possibility that Charles will become king. Everything has changed."

You do not expect to hear such angry words from respectable former royalists. But there were many nods of agreement in the queue outside St James's Palace yesterday, as John Dawkins, a retired travel agent from Richmond, delivered his tirade.

You can mock, but the reality is that the emotions in the queue snaking back and forth, waiting to sign the book of condolence, are quite unlike anything that Britain has ever seen before. Yesterday, the queue was longer than ever: thousands waited for twelve hours through the night. It seems to be the power of devotion. But this is devotion to Diana, not to the Royal Family. One clear message that emerges: Buckingham Palace, beware.

Some were worried that the press had blackmailed the Royal Family into publicly showing their emotions. But everyone knew that she had been frozen out by the Palace. The dogged, good-natured devotion on show at St James's and at Kensington Palace was a kind of revenge. In the words of one note, pinned to a barrier: "You alone are bigger than the whole Windsors. On Saturday when we lay you in your final resting place, we will be burying the Windsors, not you."

I have seen extraordinary crowds before. It was a privilege to experience the mood in the quiet but determined crowds in eastern Europe, as the Communist regimes collapsed, in quick succession. Jangling keys, ringing bells, and candles in the wind—the emotions were raw. All of us knew that these national acts of defiance were the precursor of revolutionary change. Now, astonishingly, there are hints of the same mood, in quiet, cosy Britain. It still seems difficult to comprehend.

The huge crowds that have come to queue outside St James's Palace and to lay flowers at Kensington Palace are not revolutionaries. But they have chosen to demonstrate their grief in a way which they know will irritate Diana's family. The snub to the royal Diana-haters is conscious.

For Buckingham Palace, the worst news is that the most radical revolutions often begin obliquely. The huge demonstrations on Tiananmen Square that challenged China's Communist regime in 1989 began as a mere mark of respect for the former Communist Party leader Hu Yaobang, who had recently died. He was part of the ruling apparatus. But he was also — as everybody knew, just as they knew with Diana — at odds with that apparatus. Homage to him was the most oblique kind of challenge to the regime itself.

In the Soviet Union, one important early sign that Russia had finally started to turn rebellious was at the funeral of Andrei Sakharov, Russia's greatest champion of human rights. For decades, ordinary Russians had not been interested in Sakharov's philosophy. Now, at his funeral, the change of tack was clear.

There were hypocritical tributes from those who had done most to destroy him, including from the head of the KGB. More to the point was the loyalty now shown by his fellow Russians. "Forgive us," said the slogans. The emotional outpouring over the death of Sakharov was a poignant sign that the break-up of the Communist system itself was on its way.

The point about these mass events is that nothing can ever be the same again. In Poland, millions came out on the streets for the first visit to his home land by the newly-chosen Pope John Paul II. Communist authorities pretended to be pleased. But they knew that this was not just a demonstration of Catholicism.

Many of those who went out on the streets to greet the Pope were not even believers. Instead, the mass demonstration served as a concealed way of demonstrating how great was the dissatisfaction with the regime.

Within a year, the strikes in Gdansk led to the creation of a free trade union, which itself paved the way for the final collapse

of the old regimes across the region. This week's outpouring of grief, emotion and defiance in this country can never be repeated on this scale. Not for the death of the Queen Mother (strictly for the royalists; a kind of irrelevance), nor for the Queen (dignified but distant), and least of all for King Charles III, as he may become.

Charles's spin-doctors will try desperately to tell us that he is a deeply caring and lovable human being. In one sense, they may be right. It is easy to imagine him tossing and turning, sleepless because of the cares of the world.

But the public cannot be blamed if they now seek a human face to the monarchy, in a way that they did not before. To blame the public for its change in taste — as Buckingham Palace implicitly tries to do — is perverse. As Bertolt Brecht once retorted to Communist apparatchiks who complained about popular restlessness: "Dissolve the people, and elect a new one."

The monarchy is answerable to the people, and not vice-versa. Never before has this been so clear. Diana was the outcast of the Royal Family, because she was too human. The public wants the rest of the royals to show the same "humaneness and courage to be yourself", in the words of one scribbled note at Kensington Palace. If they fail to do so, is the implication, they will themselves be cast out. The royals can be taken back to the shop and cashed in, at any time: full satisfaction or your money back, is the constitutional deal. The royals occupy Buckingham Palace only on sufferance — an obvious truth which some, perhaps including the Queen, have only begun fully to understand this week.

In the hours after Diana's death, one royal observer argued that this was "the most convenient royal death for 400 years". That may well be how it seemed at first to the cloistered royals themselves. The main troublemaker was gone. There would be no more *Panorama* interviews. Royal life could return to normal, according to Buckingham Palace rules.

But, as the crowds repeatedly showed in eastern Europe and elsewhere, once important changes of mood have taken place, there is no return to the status quo. In a sense, everything that has happened in the last 30 years can be seen as a slow-motion version of what Ryszard Kapuscinski, a famous chronicler of people's power, has described as the "zig-zag to the precipice". In the case of totalitarian regimes, this takes the form of a zig-zag between liberalism (which loosens people's fear) and repression (which makes them angrier than they were before).

The end-point is the same: the collapse of the regime. In democratic Britain, the zig-zag has been between aloofness and accessibility. "We are human — look at us," the Queen proclaimed, in effect, in the propaganda television film (ground-breaking, as it seemed at the time) *Royal Family*, 30 years ago. Later, the message came: "But not that human. How dare you pry?" Later still, the Prince of Wales himself was ready to go on television to bare his soul and tell us about his affairs and his tortured childhood. Only one message remained constant: "We are the Royal Family. And we expect you to respect that."

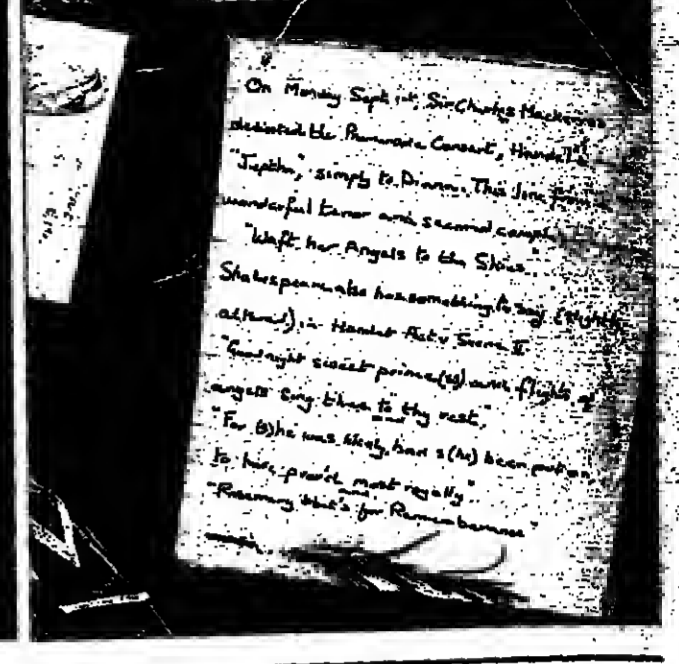
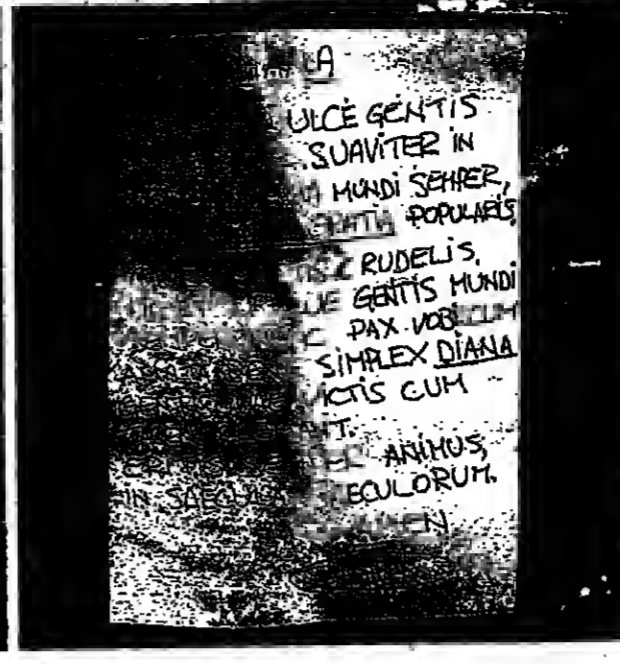
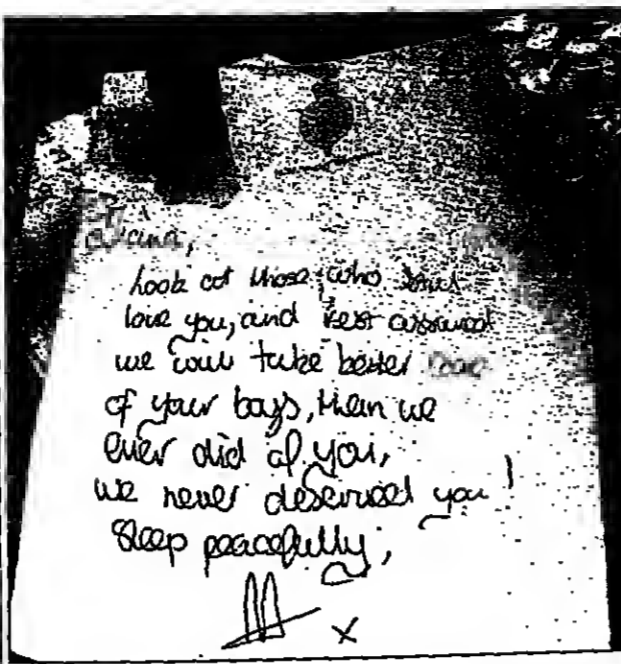
Quaintly, Communists in eastern Europe made last-ditch attempts to appoint a reformist leader when their fortresses were under assault — in order to prove to the people that everything had now changed. In all cases, they failed.

The royals may succeed better than the Communists did, in re-inventing their own image in order to survive. But, after this week, there is no question that their position is more precarious than it has ever been. The events of this week make it clear that, if William is to become king, many more changes — in other words, royal retreats — are yet to come.

*'The point about these mass events is that nothing can ever be the same again'*

## Diana 1961-1997

## the mourners



## 'You could see she had a good weep'

Staff reporters

During the Queen's two walkabouts outside Buckingham Palace and St James's Palace yesterday she appeared red-eyed and tight lipped, according to onlookers.

The Queen spoke with grieving people who had been queuing for up to 12 hours to enter the Palace, while the Duke of Edinburgh crossed the road to speak to hundreds of people who had gathered there.

Mrs Kay Foulger, 55, from Cumbernauld, near Glasgow, said she had travelled to London with husband Gordon especially to pay her respects to Diana.

She said: "I told the Queen, 'Ma'am, it is very brave of you to come here and see us'. You could see she was bearing up but that she had been upset and had had a good weep."

"I think she has been a bit isolated so far and she could have put a statement out earlier, but I hope she has made up for that now."

"I hope it hasn't been too much of a strain for her."

Angela Powell, 24, from Swansea, said the Queen told her it was "wonderful" to see so many flowers.

"But the Queen was very slow to talk and said she was very sad," said Ms Powell.

It was perhaps an anxious moment for the Royal couple, facing a large crowd for the first time since the tragic death of the Princess.

"There were tears in her eyes," said Enid Jones, from Brighton. "My granddaughter gave her some flowers and the Queen was really pleased. She nearly didn't take them and asked if they were really for her," said Mrs Jones.

"We said we thought she needed some. People say they don't care - but they were both obviously filling up with tears."

Kate Foulkes, 10, from Fleet in Hampshire, offered Prince Philip a bunch of flowers - but he refused to take them and asked her to find a spot where she could lay them in remembrance of Diana.

Charlie Hurst, 20, from Rugeley, Staffordshire, said the Queen told him she had been looking after Prince William and Prince Harry. "I think it's quite brave of her to come here to face the crowd after the criticism she's had," he said.

Mourners who spoke to the Queen outside St James's Palace said she seemed very distressed and apologised to them for staying in Balmoral so long. Joelle Fowler, 43, from Croydon, said: "She asked us if we had been standing there long, and we told her we had been there all night."

"She told us that she appreciated us coming and said that however many books of condolence were made available, there would still be queues."

Earlier, The Prince of Wales and Princes William and Harry, spoke to people outside Kensington Palace. Clearly upset, Prince Harry placed flowers himself on behalf of people in the crowd who were held back by police barriers.

Gillian Pitcher, 58, from Sutton, Surrey, managed to say a few words to the princes. She said: "I said to the two boys 'God bless you both. Your mother will live forever, William, because you are so like her - and Harry'. They just said 'Thank you' and continued shaking hands with people."



Pilgrim's progress: Helen Simpson asks directions to St James's Palace on her arrival in London to sign the book of condolence for Diana, Princess of Wales

## One woman's pilgrimage: flask, sandwiches and a mission of love

Esther Leach

Helen Simpson boarded the 9.05am Leeds to London train to set off on a very personal pilgrimage.

Her friends, she said, would follow after they had finished the day's work. But she wanted to travel as soon as she could to join the queues of people waiting to sign books of condolence at St James's Palace where the body of Diana, Princess of Wales, is lying.

"I had never done anything like this before," said Helen, settling into her window seat. "I have always liked Diana but I have never wanted to intrude into her personal life. I would never read about her in the tabloid newspapers, that side of things just doesn't interest me."

Helen, 33, an accountant with Leeds city council, moved to one side the mixed bouquet of flowers she had bought just before the start of her journey.

"I do not know where I will place these flowers. I have not decided yet. I think I will wander around and take things in. I am staying with friends tonight."

"I am not worried about being in the best position to see everything at the funeral. I just want to be there, to be part of things."

It wasn't long into the journey before conversation with fellow traveller Sarah Haines turned to the subject of the Princess of Wales.

"It's difficult to believe she is dead, because you can see film of her everyday on television and pictures in the newspapers," said Helen. "That's why coming down to the funeral is so important. Just in the same way as

pictures of her coffin arriving home brought home the fact that she was dead, the funeral will also help me to accept the fact that she has gone."

"Perhaps one of the most positive things to come out of her death will be greater privacy for her sons. No one should have to suffer the kind of intrusion to their private lives as she did."

Sarah Haines said it was a good thought but highly unlikely to happen. "There will always be interest in the private side of their lives, it's only human," she said.

Helen added: "I know I'm not an emotional person but I think it's enough to have official pictures."

"I liked Diana for what she stood for, for her work with AIDS

sufferers, victims of landmines, the homeless and the dying."

"She never held back, she was always natural and just herself. These images of her should have been enough. We don't need to know about her holidays or her romances."

The conversation lulled as time was taken for coffee and the scanning of newspapers. But before long the women

were chatting again. "It must be very difficult for the Queen and the Royal Family," said Helen. "I can't feel anger towards them because they are not saying very much at the moment."

"Diana was divorced but still a royal to us. The Royal Family cared and loved her once, they must still at least care for her now."

It seemed moments instead

of the two and a half hours before the train was approaching King's Cross station and Helen prepared for the next part of her journey.

Her rucksack was heavy with flasks and sandwiches and overnight clothes. The flowers were held carefully so as not to be crushed.

She emerged on to the Piccadilly Line and the Tube for Green Park after a brief glance at a London map.

"I don't come down to London very often," she said dodging the lines of people heading for the escalators.

She emerged on to the street and began striding towards St James's Palace.

"None of this has sunk in yet," said Helen as she approached a swell of people.

Mourners and television crews, press photographers and reporters thronged outside the entrance.

Police officers diverted mourners including Helen to the end of what seemed like a never ending line of people.

"Well, at least I'm in the queue," said Helen, showing no sign of despair at the countless number of people ahead of her.

It could be between eight and 11 hours before she would be able to sign her name in the condolence book.

Soon the queue began to grow behind her and she was swallowed up in the growing line as it moved ahead.

She said few words as she prepared for her long wait but her pensive expression clearly told of her need for time to herself to reflect and remember someone she cared for and admired.

## Every town and city to mark grief

Amanda Kelly

Most of the eyes and thoughts of the nation will be on London as Diana, Princess of Wales, is laid to rest, but the occasion will also be marked in every town and city across the country.

Churches and cathedrals outside the capital are setting up large screens or television sets that will be linked up to Westminster Abbey so congregations can get together and share their grief.

The BBC, Downing Street and the Stationery Office have installed 16ft by 12ft screens to carry the organisation's coverage of the service in churches ranging from Belfast to Newcastle and Winchester.

In every venue, clergy will lead the local congregations in bidding prayers before the Westminster Abbey service begins and organists will help congregations with the full singing of the hymns.

Jews around the country will also be pouring into synagogues today to pay tribute to Diana in a way appropriate to their faith.

Chief Rabbi Dr Jonathan Sacks told Buckingham Palace that although he was unable to attend the funeral because Jewish law forbids mourning on the Sabbath, he had created a special service for Jews to observe which would express a "positive mood of thanksgiving" for the memory of Diana's life.

Dr Sacks said: "In a quite unprecedented gesture, Jews throughout the country and the Commonwealth will observe a special service of tribute which I have constructed for this unique occasion."

"Exactly as the service is taking place in Westminster Abbey, a Jewish equivalent service will take place in thousands of synagogues."

He said that his office had been overwhelmed by calls from British Jews asking how they could mark the occasion without contradicting their faith.

"There has been no precedent for it, and so as the nation grieves Jews in synagogues throughout the world will be expressing their grief in a positive mood of thanksgiving."

"What we are really doing is giving thanks for a life. We are paying tribute to a person who symbolises the sheer power of human spirit to turn its own pain into a power of recognising and healing the pain of others."

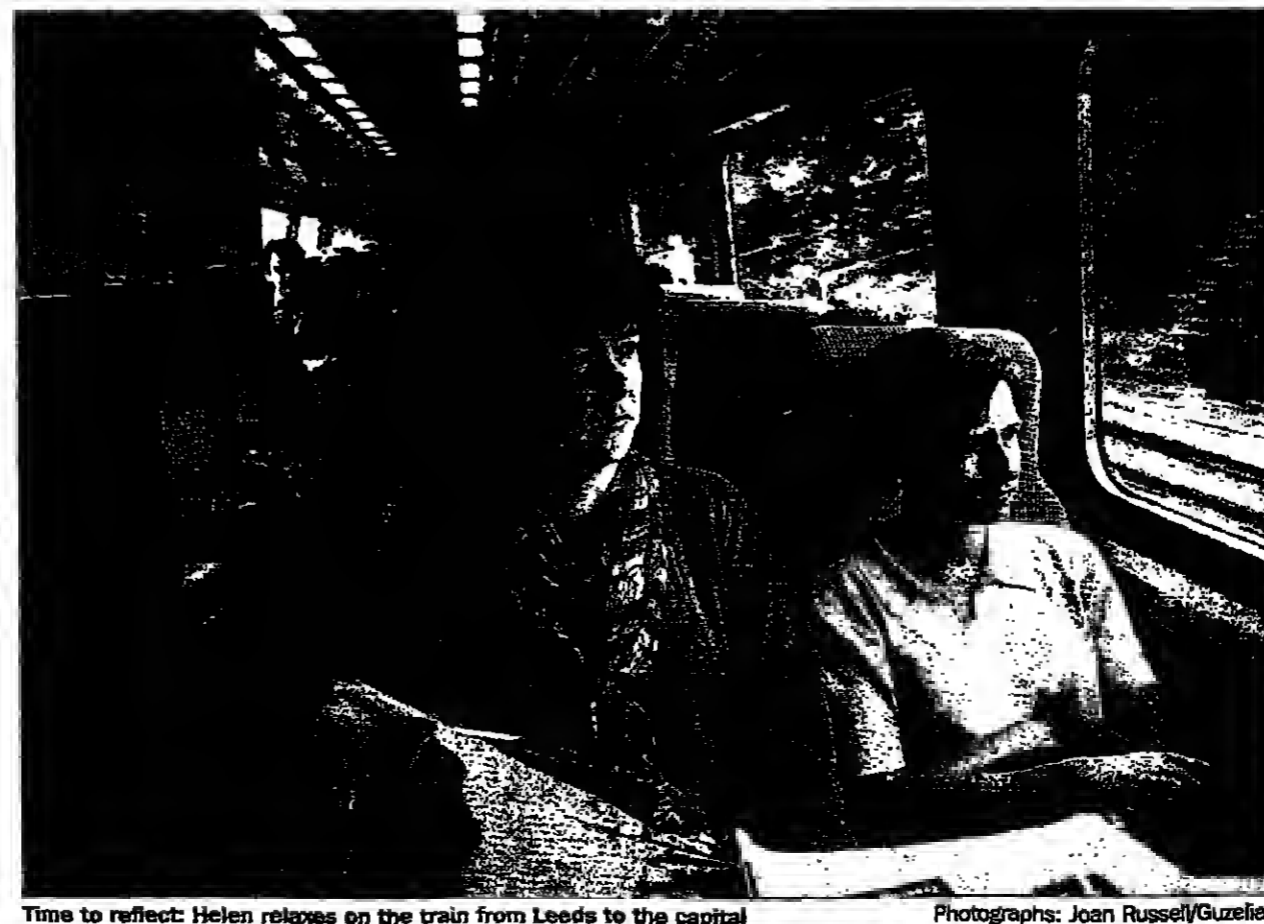
The vast majority of organisations and shops around the country will be marking the occasion by closing their doors for all or part of the day.

Some businesses are choosing to open up in the afternoon and then donate all their profits to one of Diana's favourite charities.

Even those who are forced to work today will be listening to the service on the radio and stopping at 11am to observe a minute's silence with the rest of the country.

Oil platforms and rigs throughout the North Sea will be honouring the silence, as will all the major British airports including Heathrow and Gatwick.

And motorists in Aberdeen will have no choice but to come to a respectful standstill because the council has arranged to hold all its traffic lights on red for the duration of the silence as a tribute to the Princess.



Time to reflect: Helen Simpson on the train from Leeds to the capital

Photographs: Joan Russell/Gazellen

## the last resting place

Diana 1961-1997



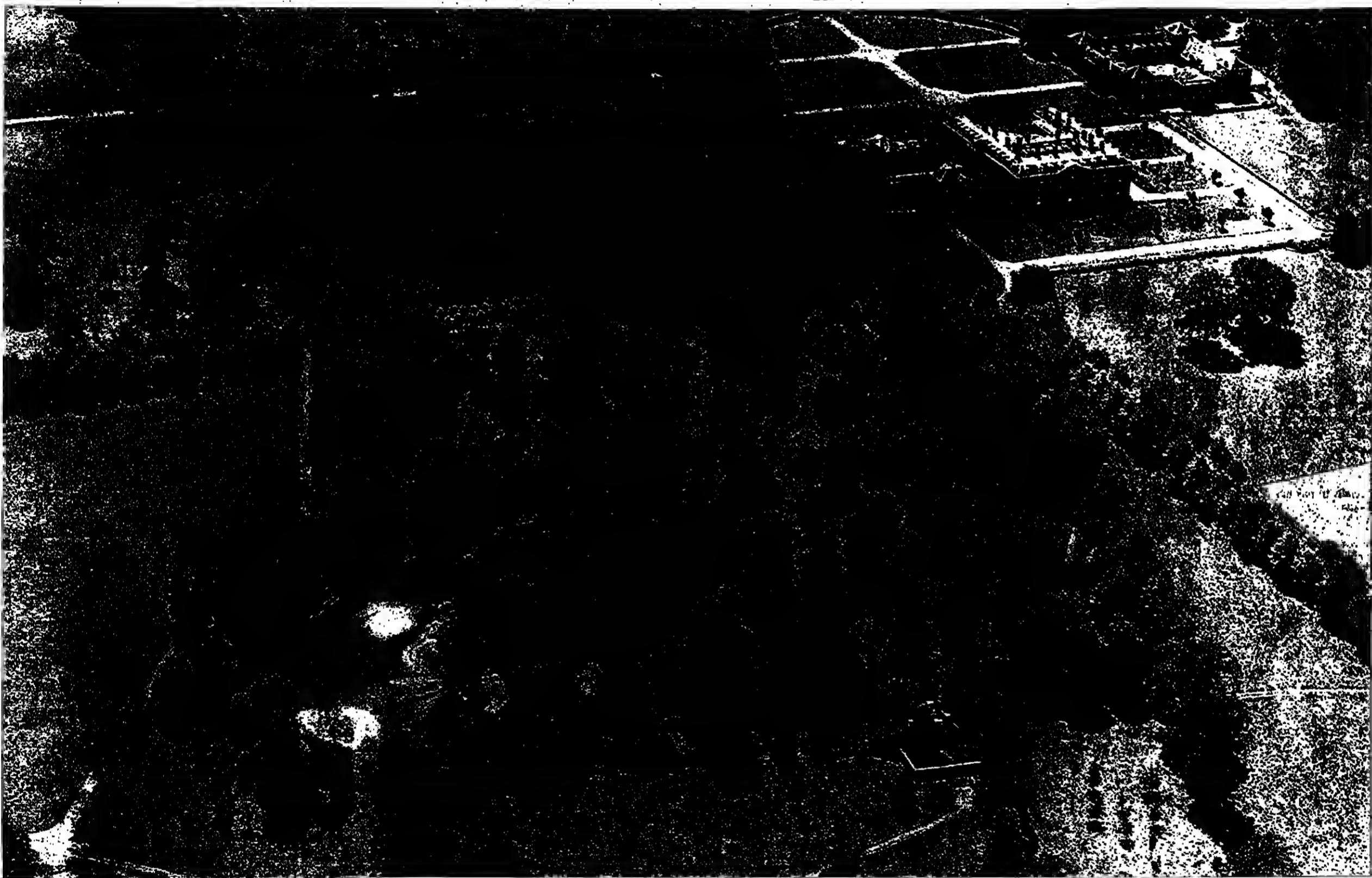
## Objects of devotion

All week long they have come in their thousands, from every corner of the kingdom. The Royal palaces of London have been transformed into places of pilgrimage.

The acres of flowers, the thousands of cards, poems, pictures and messages, laid before their gates, have become a potent symbol for an event that has touched so many, so deeply.

Photographs taken by Brian Harris and Andrew Buurman at Buckingham Palace, St James's Palace and Kensington Palace

## A lake island grave in splendid isolation



Tranquil resting place: The lake island in the grounds of Althorp Park in Northamptonshire, where Diana, Princess of Wales, will be interred this afternoon. Many of the trees were planted by the Royal Family Photograph: Steve Hill

Steve Boggan

In life, her loneliness and vulnerability made her seem so often like an island surrounded by the hostile waters of royal rejection. So it is perhaps fitting that in death Diana, Princess of Wales, will be buried on an island in the grounds of her ancestral home, Althorp Park, in Northamptonshire.

The Spencers announced details of her final resting place yesterday due to concerns that the family

chapel inside the Church of St Mary the Virgin in nearby Great Brington would have been deluged by visitors had the Princess been interred there.

Instead, her brother, Earl Spencer, said her coffin would be buried on an island at the centre of an ornamental lake called The Oval. There, surrounded by the tranquillity she failed to find in life, Diana's grave could be "properly looked after by her family and visited in privacy by her sons", he said.

The family is looking at the pos-

sibility of a permanent memorial to the Princess outside the estate, a place that could be visited by the public. However, realising the depth of feeling for the princess, Lord Spencer said the family also planned to open the place of burial for several weeks each year so ordinary people could pay their respects.

At present, the island sits in perfect isolation. There is no bridge - although a temporary walkway has been erected for the funeral - and the plot is surrounded by trees,

many of which were planted by the Queen, the Queen Mother, the Prince of Wales, Princes William and Harry, Diana's father, the former Earl Spencer, and her brother, at an ancient arboretum.

The ornamental lake was designed by Samuel Lapidge, a close associate of the 18th-century landscape gardener Capability Brown. It forms part of the Pleasure Garden at Althorp, an area restored by the 5th Earl Spencer in the 1880s. As First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl

was able to buy the Temple from the gardens of Admiralty House in London for £3 and put it on the banks of the lake.

Villagers at Great Brington had been concerned that the family chapel, which houses the remains of 20 generations of Spencers, would be turned into a tourist attraction on the same scale as Graceland, Elvis Presley's home in Tennessee.

The chapel was built in the 16th century for Sir John Spencer, who was interred there in 1522. The em-

balmed heart of the third Baron Spencer, who died in the Battle of Newbury in 1643, and the ashes of Diana's father are interred in the crypt, which was entered over the centuries by lifting a heavy stone slab embedded with an iron ring.

The tombstone of George Washington, the first President of the United States, lies just a few feet from the chapel.

There was relief yesterday at Great Brington that the new plans

would keep the village off the tourist trail.

Rosalie Clarke, who works at the village's post office, said: "We're all very much relieved because it's the best idea."

"It's a nice place for her to go... it's a beautiful estate with sheep and deer running around. We think the Earl has made a very sensible choice because we just couldn't have coped. Everyone who came into the shop today is all of the same opinion - they have all breathed a sigh of relief."

## Clinton may attend Washington service

Staff reporters

The global impact made by Diana, Princess of Wales, is reflected in the number of commemorative events that will take place tomorrow to coincide with her funeral in London.

In the United States, there was speculation that President Clinton would attend a memorial service at the national cathedral in Washington, starting soon after transmission of the funeral ends. The British ambassador, Sir John Kerr, will read a lesson, and proceedings will be relayed outside for a crowd that is expected, will be too big for the church. A service was held at the cathedral in Chicago yesterday, timed so that office workers could attend in their lunch hour.

Blanket television reporting over the past six days has led to the virtual exclusion of mainstream American and foreign stories, and coverage will culminate in live transmission of the funeral on all television networks today. Some will start coverage at midnight. East Coast time; millions are expected to rise at 4am when live coverage of the procession begins.

Hundreds of people were still queu-

ing yesterday at the British embassy in Washington and British consulates elsewhere in the United States to sign condolence books and lay flowers.

In New York, a memorial service for Diana will be held in the north meadow of Central Park at 2pm on Sunday 14 September. Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said: "I do think that there was a special relationship between the Princess and the city of New York and it gives New York a chance to express that as well."

The service will be led by episcopal diocese of New York, Bishop Richard Grein, who said yesterday it would be "a modified version of an Anglican service". The turnout at the park for some previous events has been in the region of a million.

Closer to home, the British community in Paris was yesterday preparing to commemorate the death of Diana in the city where she was killed. A requiem mass was being held last night at the St George's Anglican church in the centre of Paris, conducted by the Ven Martin Draper, Archbishop of France, who led the coffin containing the Princess out of the Pitié-Salpêtrière hospital in the city on

Sunday morning. A church spokeswoman said: "There is a huge amount of shock and grief among the community here. This will be our tribute and will allow people to pay their respects."

W H Smith and Laura Ashley will close their Paris branches tomorrow during the funeral, and Marks & Spencer is respecting the two-minute silence.

An inter-denominational service of remembrance will be held in Dublin tomorrow at 11.15 am in St Patrick's Cathedral. The President, Mrs Mary Robinson, Taoiseach Bertie Ahern, government ministers and MPs will attend. Today, the Irish flag will fly at half mast from all state buildings. The last British national honoured in this way was Lord Mountbatten after his assassination by the IRA in 1979.

The funeral will be covered live on Irish television. Books of condolences have been signed in Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Galway. At Dublin's Mansion House alone, 15,000 have signed, while many thousands also queued at the British Embassy.

In Germany, more than 5,000 people, including Foreign Minister Klaus

Kinkel on behalf of the government, have signed condolence books displayed at British consulates.

Six national television channels will be transmitting the procession and the service live. RTL, the biggest commercial station, has signed up Charles's German cousin, Prince Eduard of Anhalt, as studio guest. There are no plane tickets to be had from Germany to London.

In Italy, the Anglican church in Rome, All Saint's in Via del Babuino, is holding two commemorative services: an ecumenical service today at 5pm and a sung requiem Eucharist on Sunday morning, featuring the choir of Selwyn College, Cambridge.

There will be a sung mass, in Italian and English, at the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore on Monday at noon. The church has strong British connections since it holds the relics of St Thomas Becket, and has performed royal commemorative services many times in the past. A further service is being organised by relative and friends of Italy's former royal family at the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, to be held on Wednesday or Thursday. Thousands of people in Belgium are

expected to attend special church services to mark Diana's funeral. Saint Georges Memorial Church in Ypres founded to honour the soldiers killed in Flanders in the First World War, will hold a special "thanksgiving for Diana's life" to replace the daily evensong.

More than 5,000 people including the European Commission President Jacques Santer meanwhile had signed condolence books at the British embassy in Brussels by yesterday evening. One Belgian woman asked embassy staff where she could donate 100 000 Belgian francs (£2,000) of her savings to charities patronised by the princess.

In South Africa, the "phenomenal" response across the political, religious and racial spectrum will culminate in commemorative services across the country. In Johannesburg, 4,500 people have signed books of condolence at the British embassy, and were still queuing yesterday, well past their predicted closure time of 1pm.

In Moscow, the funeral has been overshadowed by city's 850th anniversary, but members of the British expatriate community attended a commemorative service at the Anglican church earlier in the week.



President Bill Clinton: Set to attend service



Klaus Kinkel: Condolences on behalf of the government

## news

## significant shorts

## Jeweller jailed for £20m gold-smuggling swindle

A former high street jeweller who recruited an ex-policeman and a hard-up solicitor to help smuggle nearly £20m of gold into Britain was jailed for five years yesterday. As the mastermind of one of the country's biggest bullion smuggling rings, Indian-boro Jeevan Kanda, 58, led a gang which used a fleet of cars equipped with secret compartments to ferry in more than three tonnes of gold. After 18 months and 107 trips to Belgium to buy the consignments, he was a millionaire. Customs & Excise only found out about the swindle after it was all over.

Kanda, of Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands, admitted one charge of conspiracy to evade £3,420,777 in VAT. Former police constable Michael Gilmore, 54, who made 23 cross-Channel gold runs, was jailed for two years.

## Extradition sought over Guerin

Irish authorities are seeking the extradition from Britain of John Gilligan, 46, on charges of murdering Veronica Guerin, the crime journalist, and of importing several tons of cannabis into Ireland, and also with firearms offences. It is expected that charges against him in London may be deferred pending hearing of the 18 extradition warrants. Mr Gilligan is due to stand trial on Monday at Woolwich Crown Court, London, on four charges of trafficking and of laundering £20m in drugs profits.

## Men held on explosives charge

Detectives yesterday charged two men with the theft of explosives after a house blast on Monday which killed a man and critically injured another near an Army barracks in Wales.

The pair were appearing before magistrates at Llandrindod Wells, Mid Wales, after being questioned about stolen military plastic explosives, believed to have caused the massive blast which ripped apart a semi-detached property on a housing estate at Brecon, killing Andrew Cridland, 30. His friend, Paul Horner, 36, of Bron-y-Crug, Brecon, is still "critically ill but stable" in Nevill Hall Hospital, Abergavenny. Detectives have discounted any terrorism link.

## Sophie's killer to appeal

Howard Hughes, jailed for life for the rape and murder of seven-year-old Sophie Hook, was yesterday given leave to appeal against his conviction. Hughes, 32, nicknamed "Mad Howard", was convicted at Chester Crown Court in July last year of taking Sophie from the garden of her uncle's home in Llandudno, Gwynedd, where she had been sharing a tent with her sister and two cousins after a family party. Her body was found on a nearby beach next morning.

Lord Justice Otton said that the appeal should go forward on the sole basis that the trial judge, Mr Justice Curtis, had not directed the jury that there was a special need for caution before convicting Hughes solely on his confession, given his mental handicap.

## Roadside bones 'dismembered'

Bones found at a roadside six months ago belonged to a man whose body had been dismembered and burned, police said yesterday. The remains are thought to have lain in a lay-by on the A6033 in Osenhope, West Yorkshire, for between five and ten years. Detective Inspector Mark Bradley of Kelghley CID said a murder hunt had not been launched. "Until we know his identity we can't take it forward," he said. The man was a white European aged about 45. He was 5ft 7ins, 13 stone, worked as a manual labourer, and scientists say he would have suffered from chronic lower back pain.

## A cigarette, a fond farewell and Jeffrey Bernard takes his leave



Closing time: Jeffrey Bernard, famed for a lifetime of excess and immortalised by his friend Peter O'Toole in the play, *Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell* (below). Main photograph: Newsfocus

## Jack O'Sullivan and Amanda Kelly

Jeffrey Bernard is no longer unwell. The man who proudly lived as London's most disreputable wit has finally died, aged 65. Famed for a lifetime of reckless excess, he succumbed to one of the many illnesses which had ravaged him for years.

After a year spent writing his *Low Life* *Spectator* column from a Middlesex Hospital bed, the celebrated smoker and drinker finally lost his battle against kidney failure late on Thursday

evening. He accepted a cigarette from his niece just hours before dying in his Soho flat surrounded by family and friends. He had begged doctors to let him spend his final hours at home.

"I don't mind dying," he once said. "I just don't like the idea of being dead. I'm gregarious. I shouldn't think there is a bar in heaven."

Bernard was given only a few years to live in 1965 when he was diagnosed with pancreatitis. But he confounded doctors, friends and even himself, by drinking heavily, chain-smoking

and clubbing for the next 25 years.

It was only last year that a diagnosis of life-threatening kidney failure finally confined him to a hospital bed and he accepted that his end was near. Even then he was able to joke about his imminent demise.

"I will surprise God because I'm late," he said. "I'm usually very punctual. I was always punctual with the devil."

Bernard was one of Britain's great humorists and a famed member of a Soho set, in which his friends and fans included Francis Bacon, Graham Greene, Lucien Freud, Peter O'Toole, and Lester Piggott.

But it was not until 1989 that he became famous nationally, thanks to Keith Waterhouse's hit West End play, *Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell*, the title referring to the apology which occasionally appeared when Bernard's over-indulgences prevented him writing his weekly column.

Last night, Peter O'Toole was quick to pay tribute to his friend's life and said: "In Jeff's own words: 'Maybe the party can go on, though. Different premises and no closing time.' My love to his family, especially his lovely daughter, and all his cunts."

Norman Balon, who, as landlord of Bernard's local pub, the Coach and Horses, knew him better than most, said: "He held everyone enthralled with his tales. He had his bad sides - we all do - but Jeff was a good man."

His lifestyle reflected that creed and included four marriages, dozens of affairs, innumerable binges and several suicide attempts, which he later said, had been genuine and not "cries for help".

He distinguished himself, however, from being just another amusing but ultimately tragic bar room raconteur by the

Geraldine Norman, journalist and widow of Bernard's best friend, the playwright Frank Norman, said: "He belonged to a generation where people took having fun seriously, rather than scrabbling around for jobs. He loved the process of commuting between the gutter and the Ritz. He loved bathing in champagne at the races. He loved to go over to drink in Soho, when other people went to the office, to take up his stool in the Coach and Horses."

"I don't think he had fidelity in his blood. He believed it was a good idea to bed any beautiful woman, and he liked racing and drinking just as much. So he would be sidelined from marriage by having a bet on the

230 and come back two days later."

Bernard happily admitted as much in a recent Channel 4 documentary on his life. "I've always been drawn to the things I was told not to do. Drink, sex, God! how I have loved sex and racing. They're against the rules and that's why I like them. I never liked anything that was good for me, like All-Bran and fresh air. I like the things that kill me."

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He distinguished himself, however, from being just another amusing but ultimately tragic bar room raconteur by the

way he chronicled his inexorable decline in print. His art fed off his own demise.

With a morbid curiosity reminiscent of Sigmund Freud's final days and a commitment to explicit, self-deprecating description that was often shocking, he captivated fans of his *Spectator* column.

Though, say his friends, he was horrified by the prospect of death, he confronted it relentlessly in his writing and contributed to it incorrigibly through a lifestyle which typically started at 11am with a few double vodkas, was punctuated by 50 cigarettes a day and which eventually left him with diabetes, kidney failure and a right leg that was amputated at the knee due to gangrene.

His despatches from the civil war that raged in his body and within his personality were dubbed by him "suicide notes in weekly instalments".

Regrets, he had a few. But in the end, Jeffrey Bernard stayed loyal to the cause of his fame and his death.

He wrote: "In the past, at my lowest ebb, I used to think that maybe drink had destroyed my life, but that was dramatic nonsense and temporary gloom. Without alcohol, I would have been a shop assistant, a business executive or a lone bachelor bank clerk. The side effects of my chosen anaesthetic have at least produced some wonderful dreams that turned out to be reality."

Obituary, page 14



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Obituary, page 14

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## 'Middle class' costs Labour £250,000

## Barrie Clement Labour Editor

One of Labour's biggest financial backers among the trades-union movement has decided to withhold £250,000 permanently in protest at middle-class domination of the party.

The Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Union originally intended to keep the money back temporarily, as reported in the *Independent*, but has since decided to use it to increase its own political influence. The party is understood to have run up debts of £3.5m on top of its £4.75m overdraft, so that the £250,000 from the union, earmarked for the election campaign, would have helped to address a mounting financial problem.

Ken Jackson, general secretary of the union, is particularly angry at the party's alleged predisposition to "parachuting in" middle-class people to stand as parliamentary candidates at the expense of local trade

unionists. Mr Jackson, a traditional right-winger in the labour movement, said the selection process overseen by the party's national executive committee had favoured the "white-collar" element in the party. "We feel that people with working backgrounds were not being supported so that policies of the union could be fully represented. There were quite a number of constituencies where people were simply parachuted in."

Ironically, the union has appointed Tom Watson, one of Labour's senior election coordinators, to spend the money originally intended for the election, to strengthen the AEEU's political profile. Mr Watson will tour the regions setting up training courses for union members who wish to progress within Labour and encouraging membership and activism within the party.

The union took high-court action against Labour last year over the imposition in Swindon North of Michael Wills, a tele-

vision producer, as a candidate instead of Jim D'Avila, an AEEU convenor. The union's candidates were also allegedly "bounced" in Dudley North and Kilmarnock and Loudoun.

The union insists that the withdrawal of the £250,000 was not sour grapes, because AEEU members had been elbowed aside, it was a protest against a "wider malaise" in the party.

In a recent submission to Labour on the party's decision-making process the AEEU denounced some senior figures as "right-wing Trotskyists" allegedly seeking a permanent revolution within the organisation. The union, once ultra-loyalist, has been becoming increasingly disenchanted with "New Labour". The decision to hold on to its donation comes ahead of a speech to next week's TUC congress by the Prime Minister, who may feel the need to temper the party's growing independence from unions with a gesture towards its main financial backers.

## HIV risk for Irish children

Medical authorities in Ireland have warned of a possible new blood contamination tragedy after telling the parents of 57 children that they may have received transfusions infected with HIV.

Our Lady's Hospital for Sick Children in Crumlin, Dublin, was one of two hospitals sent blood from a donor in 1990. Three years later the donor tested positive for HIV. At the time the Blood Transfusion Service Board checked with the other hospital given part of the donation, in Kilkenny, and found that the recipient who had been given red blood cells there had tested negative.

This year the Board again alerted the children's hospital, which has advised the parents to have their children tested. Dr William Murphy, the Board's director, said yesterday this was because it had learned that an infected donor could produce a "false" negative result from an HIV test during the three weeks after becoming infected, yet still transmit the virus.

# 2BIG

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سكنا من السفر

# Some of our nuclear bombs are missing, Lebed tells the West

Phil Reeves  
Moscow

Alarming claims that Russia had lost control of more than 100 suitcase-sized nuclear bombs were swiftly denied yesterday.

The former head of national security, Alexander Lebed, made the stunning allegations to a US television programme, *60 Minutes*, saying that each bomb had the power to kill up to 100,000 people. The programme is due to be aired in the United States tomorrow.

"I don't know their location," he said in the interview. "I don't know whether they have been destroyed or whether they've been sold or stolen." But they were "not under the control of the armed forces of Russia". He suggested that they may have been left in former Soviet republics, such as Ukraine, Georgia or the Baltics.

His claim was swiftly denied by the Russian Defence Ministry and by the Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, who described it as "absolute stupidity", and "totally out of the question". Speaking at a European security summit in Lithuania, the premier said that all Russia's nuclear weapons are under the reliable control of the armed forces.

The West has been aware for some time that the Russians have small-scale nuclear bombs, which could be reduced to the size of a suitcase. They are thought to be intended for use by the special forces, allowing them - for instance - to parachute into rural hostile territory carrying the weapons which are then detonated in an effort to cause maximum confusion.

Paul Beaver, of Jane's Information Group, said that Mr Lebed's claims were "rather alarming" although he disputed the numbers involved. "These are small tactical nuclear weapons which are used to cause as much havoc as possible by placing them in hotels, or using them to destroy strategic targets like power stations." He said they are not covered by any international arms agreements, such as Start I and II, which apply to strategic weapons.

"You have to immediately ask yourself if these have gone missing, whether they have fallen into the hands of the mafia or Chechens."

"They are thought to exist," said one Western source. "It is

feasible to get the technology down to that size. It is even conceivable that one or two have gone missing." But, he said, the likelihood of 100 disappearing was unrealistic. "If it was the case, then why didn't Lebed say something about this before?"

The White House was equally dismissive. "We don't have any evidence to support what he [Mr Lebed] said, and responsible Russian officials have specifically denied it," said a spokesman.

This is not the first time that the security of Russia's nuclear arsenal has been called into question. Last year, Professor Graham Allison, a former US deputy Defence Secretary, released a report saying that the risk of the loss or theft of nuclear weapons and nuclear weapons usable material represented the single most important threat to US and Russian national security.

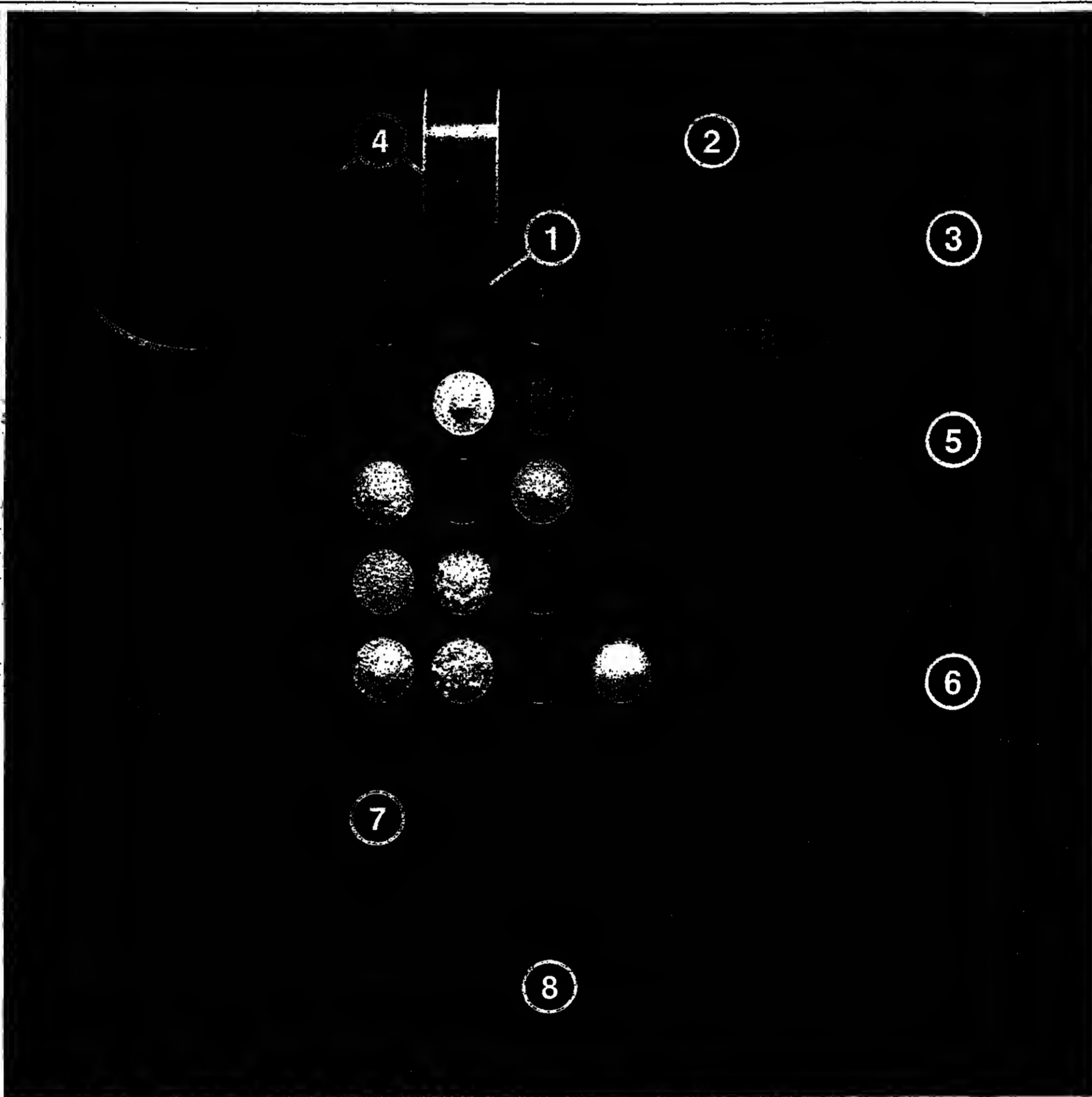
In February, on a lesser figure than the Defence Minister, Igor Rodionov, warned that Russia's military was in such disarray that it was at risk of losing control over its nuclear arsenal. He later toned down his remarks. Earlier this year, he was fired. Nor is it the first time Mr Lebed has raised the question of the allegedly missing bombs. In May, he told a US congressional delegation that, during his brief tenure as the head of Russia's Security Council, he discovered that the Russian military could not account for 48 of 132 of the suitcase bombs; a figure he has now doubled.

As the former head of the Security Council, presidential security adviser, and army general, Mr Lebed is known to have extremely close ties with the military, which will lend weight to his allegations. However, he also makes no secret of his desire to be Russia's next president, exposing him to the charge of publicity mongering.

Since he was fired by Boris Yeltsin in October, he has been struggling to get into the headlines of the country's main newspapers and television stations, which are increasingly influenced by Mr Yeltsin's right-hand man, and Mr Lebed's arch-foe, Anatoly Chubais. Nor are his chances of being taken seriously helped by his reputation for wild statements. His controversial public remarks include suggesting that Nato expansion should be met by Russia's missiles.



Nightmare vision: A scene from Stanley Kubrick's classic black comedy, *Dr Strangelove*, in which a mad American general launches a nuclear attack on Russia, prompting inevitable retaliation and consequent apocalypse. The film, starring Peter Sellers, was released in 1963 at the height of the Cold War and there is deep irony that the nuclear threat - if General Lebed's claims about the missing bombs are to be believed - should intensify in the supposedly peaceful aftermath of 40 years of East-West confrontation



## significant shorts

### Comoros urges France to help quash rebellion

The Comoros yesterday appealed to France, the former colonial power, after secessionist forces drove government troops from the Anjouan capital, Mutsamudu. Many were reported dead and injured in the fighting. President Mohamed Taki's government had earlier claimed it had Anjouan under control. The fighting was sparked by attempts to crush the revolt. Reuters - Moroni

### Biggest Viking longboat found

Archaeologists have found a 1,000-year-old Viking longboat that may be the largest unearthed. The vessel, probably 119 feet long, was found in a fjord 25 miles from Copenhagen. With enough room for 100 people, it was so large and its wood so ornately carved that it had probably been the flagship of a Viking chieftain. AP - Copenhagen

### Peace activists deported

Turkish police began deporting 15 peace activists held for organising an unauthorised news conference on finding a peaceful end to the Kurdish conflict. Reuters - Istanbul

### Fishy tale

The widow of an elderly prince found poisoned in his palace two years ago has been charged with first-degree murder. Mom Chalassai Choopwa, 37, better known as "Luk Pla", which means Baby Fish, was bailed. She told police she put fish-killer into the coffee of her husband, Prince Thulpan Ukol, intending to make him unconscious so that she could slip out of the palace to be with her lover, a vendor who sold chestnuts. AP - Bangkok

## MOST GERMAN RECIPES PRODUCE TOUGH, INEDIBLE RESULTS. THIS ONE IS NO EXCEPTION

Ask a German for the formulae required to make a superb tyre and you will be surprised to find that the formulae are not as simple as you might think. In fact, the formulae are so complex that you will need to consult a German tyre engineer to get the recipe book. At least you know this day is meant to be rubbery.

1. First make your basic rubber compound using natural and synthetic rubber, sulphur, resin, aromatic oil, carbon black, stearic acid, cobalt stearate, wax and a unique blend of vulcanisation and anti-oxidant chemicals. These are probably not the sort of ingredients you have at home - unless you're a Continental tyre engineer. Mix, then test (but don't taste) for consistency.

2. Make an extruded liner by rolling your rubber into a wide thin layer and trim. This will ensure your tyre fits nicely and doesn't go flat.

3. In a calendaring machine, make body plies to form the tyre's carcass. The carcass gives the tyre its strength and also cushions you, even on roads kinkier and bouncier than German outcrops.

4. With brass-coated steel cords, form a circle to make the tyre "beads". These will make sure your tyre sits securely on the wheel rim.

5. Take two strips of rubber and form the outer sidewalls. These protect tyres from

benches and scrapes, and the chemicals added earlier help reduce the harmful effects of ozone and the sun. (Our engineers hate to see their pride and joy looking anything less than perfect.)

6. Now cover brass-coated steel with rubber to make belt plies. Place under the tread to provide longer life and a better shape. Not what you normally associate with German cooking.

7. Make the cap plies by embedding nylon in rubber to form a bandage over the belt plies and under the tread. This improves high-speed handling and stability.

8. To make the tread, add chemicals and stir into the basic rubber compound. Heat and pass through an extruder.

You'll now need your tyre-building machines. Combine the bead, inner liner, carcass, sidewalls, belt plies and tread. Spray the outside of the tyre with lubricant and the inside with silicon.

Place in a vulcanising mould and cook for 10 minutes at 150°C and 12 bar of pressure. Remove and leave to cool. You've now made a very tasty Continental tyre.

Of course, if you can't be bothered with all the preparation, you can always get a take-away from your local tyre dealer.

Continental®

## international

## Athens and Rome fight urban war

Andrew Gurnell

Most Olympic Games stand or fall on the quality of the event itself. But the 2004 Games might just go down in history for the singular ferocity with which the two leading candidates, Athens and Rome, have fought their battle for the right to stage the greatest sporting occasion on Earth.

As the International Olympic Committee pondered its decision in Lausanne last night, the two great capitals of antiquity were spending every last drop of energy trying to persuade the 107 IOC delegates that the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome were both very much alive.

In its final presentation, the Rome organising committee chose the voice and bulky frame of Luciano Pavarotti to have the last word. "In my concerts, I always sing *O Sole Mio*, which is the symbol of Rome," the tenor

announced proudly in the presentation video, ignoring the fact that *O Sole Mio* is in fact a Neapolitan song. "I tell you: *O Sole Mio*, Rome, 2004."

Athens, meanwhile, relied on the charismatic chairwoman of its organisation committee, Gianna Angelopoulos, to put the city's case. Among her many promises was a pledge to pay the air fares of every one of the 16,000 participating athletes and organisers.

Such last-minute flourishes gave only a taste of the sparring that has characterised the past few weeks. Athens's star has been in the ascendancy ever since a successful World Athletics Championships took place there in early August, in reaction, the most prominent Italian in world sport, the international athletics federation chief Primo Nebiolo, has been doing his best to bash the Greek capital in a flurry of public statements.

## Swedish police arrest Olympic bomb suspect

Stockholm (AP) — Hours before the Olympics site vote, Swedish police arrested a young man suspected of trying to derail Stockholm's bid for the 2004 Summer Games with a pair of powerful bomb blasts.

Stockholm police said they seized the man, aged 26, as he attempted to bomb a soaring statue used as the symbol for this city's candidacy. The statue, located just outside the Swedish capital, was not damaged.

The man is suspected of last month's bombings of Stockholm's historic Olympic stadium and the sweeping Ullevi stadium in the western Swedish city of Gothenburg. Many also hoped the arrest would solve about 10 arson attacks against sports and Olympic-related sites since the spring in Sweden.

Police declined to name the suspect, but a Stockholm newspaper identified him as Mats Hertz, a member of an extreme right-wing group, Frihetsfronten (Freedom Front). The Swedish news agency TT said the man was described as being an extreme right-winger.

Olof Stenhammar, the leader of Stockholm's Olympics bid, said the arrest showed Sweden would not let "the voice of violence silence the voice of sport". He was addressing the members of the International Olympic Committee in Lausanne during Stockholm's presentation before the vote on the site for the 2004 Games.

The suspect was arrested late on Thursday in a sculpture park just outside Stockholm. "We have strong reason to believe that the man we caught is the same person who carried out the bombings of Stockholm's Olympic stadium and Ullevi," chief investigator Bo Wide said. "But we still don't know for certain." The man was arrested with a bomb containing between one and two kilograms of explosives, only six yards from the statue.

A furious Greek press reacted by printing allegations of corruption and improper conduct against Mr Nebiolo. They also asked awkward questions about the University Games, held in Sicily at the end of August, whose organisation was so

shambolic that participants were forced to share beds. If the Sicilians were so chaotic, what guarantees were there that the Romans would be any better?

Mr Nebiolo had an answer for this too. "So what if athletes have to share a bed?" he said.

"They can put a pillow between them."

Mr Nebiolo's remarks have been so incendiary that many believe he has been deliberately setting out to sabotage the Rome bid, possibly because he believes he can exercise greater

influence and extract greater prestige from an event staged far away from his home turf.

In reality, both the Rome and the Athens bids are fraught with problems. Neither has an ideal climate in mid-summer, both suffer from excess traffic, pollution, poor accommodation facilities and indifferent telecommunications.

Opponents of the Rome bid have challenged the "facts" set out in the official brochures, asked awkward questions about the extensive proposed building programme and expressed fears of grand-scale corruption if the bid is successful.

Athens's bid is less controversial, because it relies largely on existing facilities and will take place predominantly away from the city in a triangle made up by a new city airport, a new Olympic village and the existing Olympic stadium. But Athenians have wondered just how much good can come from an event

that will bring little infrastructural benefit (the new airport, a motorway link to the centre, and a new city underground network are all under way already), and is likely to eat into the country's fragile public finances.

"What Athens needs is not the Olympics," said one Greek government official, speaking strictly privately. "What Athens needs is an earthquake."

The contest between the two southern European candidates has nevertheless caught the imagination in ways that the other candidates — Stockholm, Cape Town and Buenos Aires — have not. Earlier this week, Stockholm and Cape Town were publicly accused of trying to bribe IOC officials. Cape Town has been touted as a possible compromise choice, but its greatest attraction — Nelson Mandela — is also its greatest drawback since it is not clear if the president will still be around in 2004.

IOC decision, back page

## Israeli PM pledges to strike back at bombers

Two days of death in Middle East step up risk of military clashes

Patrick Cockburn  
Jerusalem

In Ben Yehuda street in the heart of Jerusalem, Israelis started yesterday with a show of defiance by sipping coffee and drinking fruit juices in the same pavement cafes where suicide bombers had killed four people just the day before.

But by lunchtime, the restaurants along Ben Yehuda had turned up their radios so people could listen to news from Lebanon, where the Israeli army confirmed that guerrillas had killed eleven elite naval commandos overnight, the worst military defeat for Israel in Lebanon since 1985.

The disaster in Lebanon — the naval commandos are Israel's prime elite force along with the chief of staff's special unit — increases the likelihood that Israel will make raids into the autonomous Palestinian enclaves, if only to show that its army has not lost its effectiveness.

These operations were foreshadowed in a statement yesterday afternoon from the

when we hand over more territories? They will also be turned into bases for this terrorist organisation," he said in a reference to Hamas.

It is now unlikely that Israel will take further military action until the end of the visit by Madeleine Albright, US Secretary of State, next week. After the bomb in Ben Yehuda street Mr Netanyahu will use that visit to get the US to put maximum pressure on Mr Arafat without offering Israeli concessions in return.

There was little sign yesterday of Mr Arafat beginning a massive round-up of Hamas members in the immediate aftermath of the bombing. If he does arrest hundreds of Hamas members, it will probably be as part of a deal worked out with the US and not directly with Mr Netanyahu. This is unlikely, but cannot be entirely ruled out. In return for mass arrests, Mr Arafat would look for the temporary suspension of work on the Israeli settlement at Har Homa in Jerusalem and a limitation on Israeli settlement expansion on the West Bank.

The sense of crisis after the Ben Yehuda bomb increased markedly with the slaughter of the commandos in Lebanon which is likely to have a greater impact in Israel than the death of 73 Israeli soldiers killed earlier this year when two helicopters bound for Lebanon collided in northern Israel.

The Israeli army and intelligence has opposed reoccupying the autonomous Palestinian enclaves, but it might begin to launch raids to try to arrest people it believes are members of Hamas or Jihad.

The danger is that the Palestinian security services, numbering 40,000 armed men, might well resist such incursions. If this happened, the Israel siege of the enclaves would probably become permanent.

There will be strong public support in Israel for a hard line. Of the four people killed in Ben Yehuda street three were 14-year-old girls and one a toyshop employee. Last month a photograph appeared in all the Israeli media showing Mr Arafat kissing Abd al-Aziz Rantisi, the head of Hamas in Gaza.

In the immediate term, Mr Netanyahu is in a strong position. The US has essentially accepted his case that Mr Arafat must guarantee Israeli security before the rest of the Oslo agreement is carried out. In the US Congress Newt Gingrich, the Speaker of the House, and Trent Lott, the leader of the Senate, both support Mr Netanyahu. The backing for Mr Arafat from Western Europe and the Arab world, and is largely ineffective.

In the longer term, however, there is little sign that Mr Netanyahu has a policy to replace Oslo. The closure of the West Bank is seen by the Israeli army and security as a way of reassuring Israelis, but otherwise ineffective. Ami Ayalon, the head of the Shin Bet internal security force, recently said Israel needed to decide if "a strong or a weak Arafat was better for Israel".



**Netanyahu:**  
'Israel will act against any terrorist organisations to ensure the security of its citizens'

Israeli Cabinet Committee on Security Affairs headed by the Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu: "Israel will act against the terrorist organisations and their infrastructure to ensure the security of its citizens."

The statement also knocked away a critical underpinning of the Oslo agreement between Israel and the Palestinians in 1993 under which Yasser Arafat and his Palestinian Authority would acquire progressively more land as Israel got more security. The statement said Israel would not "grant the Palestinian Authority additional territory while the PA fails to fulfill all its obligations."

"We cannot see a situation where we are asked to hand over more land at a time when it isn't fighting terrorism," the Israeli leader told a news conference. "What will happen



Home run: Hideo Nomo, a Japanese-born star player for the Los Angeles Dodgers baseball team, which was bought this week by Rupert Murdoch

Photograph: Reuters

## Murdoch's empire scores a media double

David Usborne  
New York

In LA the Dodgers fall, while in New York a rival paper's editor is sacked

Rupert Murdoch, the insatiable media baron, is to be the new owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers, arguably the most venerated — and most lucrative — of all baseball franchises.

The deal, which still needs approval by most of the other major league team owners in the US, is a coup by Mr Murdoch that highlights his efforts to expand the sports-interest arm of his already massive global media empire.

Meanwhile, in what has been a good couple of days for Murdoch, the New York City newspaper scene was ruffled by the preemptory sacking late

Thursday at the tabloid *Daily News* of its editor of just eight months, Pete Hamill.

The ousting of Mr Hamill, who was exceptionally popular with his journalists, threatens new turmoil at the *News*, which is already struggling against competition from Mr Murdoch's *New York Post*.

The Dodgers were the last major US baseball team in family hands. Its sale by Peter O'Malley will saddle fans as the moment when the passing of the sport — the "national pastime" — into corporate hands was complete.

While neither the O'Malley

family nor Mr Murdoch have revealed the price attached to the sale, it is believed to be close to \$350 million. If so, it will be one of the largest sports transactions in history.

While it seems unlikely that the other owners will move to block the transaction, it may attract strong opposition from Ted Turner, the broadcast mogul and owner of the Atlanta Braves. Messrs Turner and Murdoch have long been locked in a series of feuds.

For his money, Mr Murdoch will not only get the team, but also the 56,000 seat Dodgers stadium in Los Angeles and

surrounding land, as well as team facilities in Florida and the Dominican Republic.

Owning the Dodgers also assures Mr Murdoch long-term access to their games for broadcast on his Fox TV network, which in recent years has tightened its grip on sports rights in the US, in much the way Mr Murdoch's BSkyB has poached sporting events from traditional broadcasters in Britain.

His expansion into the sporting world has also included the purchase for \$550 million of the broadcasting rights for Rugby Union in the Southern Hemisphere and the acquisition of

stakes in five of the ten super-league rugby teams in Australia.

In New York, meanwhile, there can only be advantage for the *New York Post* in the latest traumas at the *Daily News*. While circulation at the *Post* — said to be Mr Murdoch's favourite among all his newspaper titles — has risen in recent months, figures at the *News* have continued their slide. Between March 1996 and March 1997, sales of the *News* slid 30,000 to about 728,000.

Mr Hamill, whose latest book *Snow In August* is currently on the US bestseller list, apparently fell out with the owner of the

stake in five of the ten super-league rugby teams in Australia.

While Hamill had been trying to steer away from Royal and gossip coverage, Zuckerman apparently thought the paper was becoming dull.

"It's like a funeral home here right now," one *News* columnist said of Hamill's dismissal. "He was treated with total disrespect by the ownership. It makes us a laughing stock."

Once the dominant tabloid of New York City, the *Daily News* has slowly been losing ground to the *Post*. It used to be owned by the British newspaper tycoon Robert Maxwell, until his mysterious death at sea. Hamill was the third *News* editor bumped from his office in four and a half years.

## Havana hotel blasts target tourists

Phil Davison  
Latin America Correspondent

Cuba is investigating whether disgruntled military officers, political dissidents or Miami-based infiltrators were behind the bombing of three Havana hotels on Thursday in which an Italian businessman was killed.

Fidel Castro's communist regime was expected to throw a tight security net around the island's tourist hotels in the wake of the clearly co-ordinated bombings. They were the latest in a series of bombs over the past five months in the capital and the Varadero resort, but the first to kill anyone.

The bombers' aim is obviously to frighten tourists from the island. Tourism has taken over from sugar

exports as the number-one source of badly needed foreign currency in the wake of the break-up of the Soviet Union, Mr Castro's longtime provider.

Diplomats in Havana speculated that young military officers who are disillusioned with Mr Castro's failure to move away from Soviet-style one-party communist rule may be behind the bombings.

The authorities are likely to launch a further crackdown on political dissidents, though the dissidents have always said they want a peaceful transition to democracy. Diplomats said the bombings did not appear to be their style.

In Miami, an exile group known as Alpha 66, which holds paramilitary training sessions in the Florida Ever-

glades, said it was not responsible for the bombings. But the group said it knew who was, and was in contact with "clandestine cells" on the island.

The group has claimed in the past to have fired at tourist beaches from small boats, but these claims appeared aimed at boosting the group's clout among anti-Castro Cuban Americans in Miami. No one on shore has reported being shot at.

The diplomats said the co-ordination of the latest bombs, which exploded within 45 minutes of one another along a seafloor stretch of the once-elegant Miramar district, pointed to well-organised locals rather than infiltrators. After the bombs went off, apparently from packages left in the lobbies or off-lobby bars of the

Copacahana, Triton and Chateau Miramar hotels, police and plainclothes security agents scrambled along the seafloor with sniffer dogs. There were no official reports of arrests.

The bombers appeared to have scored a triple whammy in terms of discouraging visitors. The man killed in the Copacahana bar, Fabio di Celmo, 32, was an Italian businessman, based in Montreal, Canada, who had been trying to open a small business on the island. As it happens, Italy is Cuba's top source of tourists and Canada is the second. What is more, Mr Celmo has been trying to encourage small foreign businesses to come to the island.

The death of Mr di Celmo may also discourage foreign tourists and businessmen from mixing with young Cuban women, known in Havana as *jucanas* (jockeys), who hang out in tourist hotel lobbies offering sex in return for as little as a ham and cheese sandwich. Ham and cheese are luxury items on an island where ration books are still in use.

Mr di Celmo, who had rented a house in Havana but whose father was staying in the Copacahana, was said to have been chatting to a woman in the lobby bar when the bomb went off, sending shrapnel through his throat.

Meanwhile, a leading dissident, Hector Palacios Ruiz, 51, was sentenced to 18 months' jail on Thursday for "contempt of authority". He allegedly made disparaging remarks about Mr Castro to foreign reporters last year.

## A guiding light for the future of the monarchy

Central to the unwritten constitution of the United Kingdom is the unspoken bargain between the monarchy and the people: that the Royal Family is there by popular demand. This is how it should be, and it was right that today's arrangements should have been the product of negotiation and compromise between the monarchy's sense of tradition and the public's sense of what is seemly.

There have been faults on both sides of this bargain this week. On the Queen's side, there has been too much reliance on precedent. She was slow to recognise that the formal protocol of flags, for example, should be adapted to the needs of the moment. Many of these alleged traditions have been invented quite recently in order to enhance the monarchy's prestige and should be reinvented ruthlessly to preserve it.

On the people's side, or at least on the people's behalf, some of the insistent demands of the press for a more public show of grief have been quite mawkish. The Queen was quite right to resist the implication that she and her family should have spent the last few days publicly rending their raiments.

However, the Royal Family know that they have been slaves to public opinion ever since Queen Victoria managed to salvage something from the wreckage of Britain's becoming a full-blown parliamentary democracy.

George V's invention of the modern monarchy – changing the family's name from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor, starting the fashion for glamorous royal marriages (that of the present Queen's parents in 1923) and conceiving the concept of the Silver Jubilee in 1935 – was a triumph of public relations.

The terms of the deal were advantageous to both sides, but there was more than a hint of Faust about them. The public and the press were deferential then, but have become imperious. What the people want, the people must have. In order to earn the doubtful privilege of living like royalty, the Windsors must now behave themselves, pay taxes and, this week, indulge in public displays of emotion.

That the monarchy should be more in touch with the lives of its people is right. But that it should be dictated to by the crowd is not. As David Steel said, it was "quite monstrous" to expect the Royal Family to come to London and "put on some sentimental show", and yesterday's attempts to respond to the national mood came close to being precisely that.

The acute dilemma faced by the Royal Family is that in her life Diana embodied the demonstrative approach. Her last public statement concerned her differences with the traditionalists in "The Firm". In *Le Monde*, five days before her death, she commented



on a photograph of herself cradling a dying boy in Pakistan. She had been criticised within the Royal Family, she said, for doing what came naturally to her. "That's why I annoy certain people. Because I'm closer to people below me than to the people above me, and the people above me don't forgive me for it. Because I have a real relationship with the most humble people."

It was her willingness to touch the lost and the hurt which endeared her to so many millions. This must be hard for Charles, who is also concerned about the plight of the underprivileged, although he expresses it in a less demonstrative way, and it would not be convincing if he now started publicly to embrace leprosy or AIDS sufferers.

Nor does it follow from Diana's popularity that most people actually want a head of state who declaims, "I feel your pain," as President Clinton did. And it is unclear whether the public genuinely want a Royal Family that is "just like us", or one that is a branch of showbusiness.

It is because the Royal Family is in hock to the contradictory demands of public opinion that the Prime Minister's role as broker of the bargain is crucial. It was Disraeli who rescued Queen Victoria from her unpopularity by making her Empress of India in 1877 and identifying her with buoyant Imperial sentiment. It was Baldwin who had to tell

Edward VIII what the British people would not put up with. This week it fell to our new, young and untested Prime Minister to guide the monarchy through a comparable crisis. There is no policy in Labour's manifesto, and he cannot have been prepared for this, but the advice he is giving in private could define his premiership.

In public, meanwhile, Mr Blair has so far contained the nation's ambivalence rather than resolved it. Before Diana's death, he appeared to be increasingly close to Charles, while his posthumous acclaim for Diana as the "People's Princess" appears to endorse many of her criticisms of what is by implication not a "people's monarchy".

He now faces the daunting task of advising the heir to the throne how to restore his family in the people's affections. But the death of Diana is far from the end of the monarchy in Britain. After all, she achieved all she did only because she was a member of it.

If nothing else, we should this morning remember her "destiny", as she described it in that last interview, which was to "try to help the most vulnerable people in society". It is Mr Blair's duty to help to ensure that her legacy is a more modest royalty, in both senses of the word, less emotionally repressed without sliding into American sentimentalism, and more evangelical about social justice.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Diana: memorial ideas, grief without tears, media manipulation

Sir: While we grope for an appropriate tribute to the late Princess of Wales, we might remember that her unique quality was not to hide behind the obvious forms of charitable support by merely lending her name to a building or raising funds for her charities. She made a point of befriending – and it appears in a sustained way – people who were marginalised by society. This she did not from the patronising position of one believing she was "more fortunate than they". She recognised that she, like everyone, had a rag bag of problems but she understood that in some cases, given the way society is organised, people are disempowered by their problems.

Those wishing to pay a long lasting tribute to the Princess may like to feel they can do the same thing. She showed you do not need high-powered training to help; she showed the value of simple loving compassion and friendship. There are many people living in our communities who may be kindly and well looked after by professional carers but who have no family or friends to show that they care. Making the time and offering that friendship could readily be done, transforming community care into a reality.

ALISON RYAN  
Director  
Horticultural Therapy  
Vallis Way, Somerset

Sir: Many of the readers of *The Independent* appear to feel there is an undue amount of "frenzy" over the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. Whilst they have a valid point I think they have missed the real reason behind the mass mourning. Diana was a leader. She exemplified many of the characteristics of how to be a good human being – both in her compassion and focus on helping others. She was someone we could all identify with. She set an example for us all. In stopping for a few moments to think about Diana and what she represented, perhaps more of us may actually follow her example in what we do in our own lives.

ANOO KOTACHA  
London E18

Sir: We know that many parents today are overworked and stressed and parenting is something many adults stumble into, totally ill-equipped to cope with the constant demands of young children.

As effective parenting is so important for the emotional and physical needs of the child, could the best memorial for Princess Diana be the provision of nationwide family centres?

Princess Diana knew the trauma of family breakdown and cared deeply about children. Family centres are the ideal place to provide support for parents and children from conception to adolescence.

Councillor ANNE JONES  
Burgess Hill, West Sussex

Sir: In response to the debate about how to spend the money now accumulating in a fund in memory of Diana, Princess of Wales, may I make a suggestion for a charity that could really make a difference to thousands of children and their families.

What more fitting memorial could there be to the memory of Diana than to establish a nationwide network of counselling provision for children suffering bereavement at the loss of a parent through death or divorce.

We are all painfully aware of the Princess's own sufferings from an early age, and much anxiety has been publicly aired about the emotional burdens her two sons are carrying as a consequence of their parents' turmoil and now their mother's



'Loving and compassionate': Diana, Princess of Wales at the Royal Brompton Hospital last year

death. The growth of such a counselling service could help alleviate much misery for an ever increasing number of youngsters throughout our society.

S V CHESTERMAN  
Ambergate, Derbyshire

Sir: The death of the Princess of Wales has inevitably given rise to a number of suggestions for a suitable memorial.

Some, like using the vacant plinth in Trafalgar Square for a statue, are patently inappropriate. A more fitting memorial would be a fountain – preferably in a specially created area in Kensington Gardens. London is singularly ill-blessed with fountains. Modern fountain designs, by combining art and technology, can create a mobile water sculpture as far removed from the traditional single jet as a multi-media experience is from a magic lantern show. Water is a potent symbol of the energy of life as well as its beauty.

Such an object would not only provide a suitable memorial but also a permanent reminder of the values she represented.

PETER MILLER  
Richmond, Surrey

Sir: One possible memorial for Princess Diana would be an award for self-sacrifice, in any form, by men and women in the humanitarian field overseas. It is quite extraordinary, even in my limited experience, how many people perform acts of heroism up to VC level which are never even noticed by the authorities.

It might be that, such is the devotion of these people, some would refuse an award. Others might not.

HUGH HANNING  
Chairman  
Fountain Group on Disaster Relief  
Hay-on-Wye, Hereford

Sir: As a nation we did not realise until too late just how much the Princess of Wales meant to us. Our sadness at her passing is tinged with guilt that we did not make her aware of it while she was with us. It might have helped. But if a national conscience has been awakened, so has a national consciousness. If we owe it to her to keep alive her work we owe it to ourselves to nurture her spirit of belief in a better future.

TONY RAWLINSON  
Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex

Sir: Exaggeration wrought to the utmost, a nation in caricature. A royal family so out of touch, they can't fly a flag at half-mast; the national media which would never let her live and now won't let her die, and at last, this exquisite compromise from (where else?) the Church of England, advising wedding couples this Saturday to let the bells ring, but muted. It is beyond satire.

And the most poignant irony of all is, of course, that so many of the Princess's mourners are the very people who contributed to her death by purchasing the papers that paid the paparazzi.

Is it still too early to venture a rational suggestion: that there is a difference between what is in the public interest and what interests the public and that the difference is not so subtle as to elude the powers of legislation? Would not a single Privacy Act on the Statute Book commemorate Diana's name more wisely, if less warmly, than all the words recorded in books of condolence the length and breadth of the country?

CHRISTOPHER THOMSON  
Cambridge

Sir: Would it not be an appropriate gesture on the part of the tabloid press (who have profited greatly from the Princess's image, and will probably continue to do so), to donate a suitable sum of money to the many charities which she supported?

HELEN RAYNES  
Sandridge, St Albans

Sir: As a Church of England clergyman, I have conducted enough funerals and met enough bereaved people to know that grief is expressed in a variety of ways. Some will wish to weep, in private or in public; they should be assured that it is ok to do so. Others remain dry-eyed; the absence of tears does not automatically mean that they are uncaring, or repressed. They need to be assured that it is ok not to weep. Contrary to the impression created by your leader (3 September), emotional reserve is not the sole prerogative of the "Windsor Old Guard", but is the natural way of being of many ordinary people throughout this country.

On this day of widespread public mourning, I offer this plea: please respect our different ways of grieving, and do not jump to conclusions about the depth and sincerity of feelings, of the royals or anyone else, on the basis of their public display. Surely, Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* is required reading for our times.

THE REV JOHN WHITE  
Plymouth

Sir: I have watched this week's media coverage of the death of Princess Diana with increasing bewilderment, scepticism and alarm. My main concern is how the mass media have managed to create a climate of mass public hysteria surrounding Diana's death, and what that says not only about the overwhelming power of the media but our vulnerability to be emotionally hijacked by the established forms of media.

Yes, there has been a genuine outbreak of grief for a young life cut short, but I feel that this has been magnified and manipulated by the media in the name of the same market-based thinking that led to the tragedy in the first place. Banned, impartiality, and a sense of perspective have been thrown out of the window in pursuit of a shameless populism, which has allowed no space at all for any dissenting voices.

It all goes to show the conformist nature of our media, and surely points to the need actively to encourage new, independent forms of media, which do not slavishly follow each other, and allow a wider representation of public expression. Finally, the voyeurism which highlighted Diana's life will be on ultimate display at the funeral.

I would suggest that as a gesture against the media totalitarianism we have seen this week, all independent-minded people should boycott the televised proceedings. It would not mean a lack of feeling or compassion, but it would mean that we refuse to be emotionally railroaded by the media in their crass attempts to tell us what to think and what to feel.

ALED JOB  
Bryn-y-Mor, Gwynedd

Sir: The many flowers which have been given in memory of Princess Diana could be dried, turned into potpourri, then the potpourri could be sold with the proceeds from the sales going to one or more of Princess Diana's favourite charities.

DICK NANCE  
Redlands, California

### Support for Clare Short

Sir: Who are these agency chiefs that were lined up to trash Clare Short in unattributed comments to Paul Valley ("The sooner she goes the better", 3 September)?

Under Clare's leadership the Department for International Development is embarking on a radical reassessment of British overseas aid. And it's about time. She is the first minister in her position to understand the way the real world works: that the positive benefits of overseas aid will be swept away in a tidal wave of market forces if we don't, in John Smith's words, find a way of making "markets serve the people and not the other way around".

She is not alone in wanting to move the emphasis of aid from dealing with emergencies to preventing them from happening. This is not a lack of commitment to emergency aid or development projects; it is taking a strategic view of the forces which propel millions of people into wars and conflict, destitution and misery.

It's not the first time that the comfortable clique which exists in the development world has been challenged by someone whose agenda is fighting the root causes of poverty, not simply dealing with its symptoms.

This new approach is having a profound impact on her department's operations, and on its relations with other government departments. It's an approach which we heartily welcome.

MARGARET LYNCH  
Executive Director  
War on Want  
London SE1

Sir: Those who know Clare Short and have worked with her know that she is open-minded and ready to listen, quite the opposite of what Paul Valley implies.

I have watched her work for years and frequently spoken on the same platform at public meetings. I entirely disagree with the unattributed quotations from officials in aid agencies from Mr Valley's article. He appears to be trying to paint her as an egomaniac, uninformed about the issues her department is addressing. My experience of her is exactly the opposite.

She gives her time tirelessly to the priorities of the disadvantaged and underprivileged throughout the world and to the aim of ending absolute poverty. I've always found her to be well-informed, quick-thinking and extremely hard-working.

He is right about one thing. She is passionately and thank goodness she is. When it comes to changing our priorities towards a fairer balance of income and resources in the world, passion is essential.

Diana, Princess of Wales, was also passionate and outspoken about issues which at first appeared unpopular, and it is only now with her death that we realise the enormous extent to which the hearts of the British people were with her.

I think it would be a great mistake if a critical press were to undermine the work that Clare Short is trying to do.

Those who work on aid and development do in fact have quite similar objectives, and this kind of journalism doesn't help them in achieving cohesion. Instead it splits and polarises, by making the question of aid a political football.

This does no service to the poor of the world.  
Dr SCILLA ELWORTHY  
Director  
Oxford Research Group  
Oxford

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

No editor has had an easy week: no editor should have had. The power of the media has made it an almost hated force among many of those mourning Diana. This paper doesn't buy paparazzi pictures, and is broadly in favour of a law of privacy, and generally tries to avoid intrusion. That didn't stop many readers complaining angrily about aspects of the coverage. In particular, I had a thick postbag's-worth protesting about the use of a shot taken of Prince William and Harry through a car window on their way to church at Balmoral. This was an officially-organised picture, and the Press had been invited by the Queen's Palace and Buckingham Palace to be there – as with the later pictures of the Royals taken publicly in Scotland and London. That explanation, though, didn't cut much ice with some of you. Maybe I was wrong to use it.

The other, bigger issue, though, was criticism of editorials and columns about the affair. About that, I am less apologetic. Some said: how dare we presume to tell Prince Charles how to grieve? (We didn't. We said that if he was more publicly demonstrative – a weep and a hug – he would be more popular, which is a different thing.) Others criticised columns criticising the Royal Family and one suggesting that it should end. Well, this is an open, liberal newspaper. Honest opinion and passionate debate is our lifeblood. After the facts are reported, it is what we are for.

So Suzanne Moore takes one view; Rupert Cornwell takes another. Ditto Polly Toynbee and Paul Valley. Ditto me, and well, lots. We don't do prudent exposures; we do argument and thinking instead. The day I seek to stifle that is the day I should be fired.

Another frantically-debated question is that of moral responsibility for the death of the Princess. The driver's alcohol test – now being contested by the Fayed family – points a finger at him. No one needs to drive at such huge speeds, however many people following on motorbikes with cameras there are. But the

paparazzi are to blame too. They create a climate where people feel hounded and take extreme measures to avoid exposing themselves. (And the behaviour of some of them after the crash was clearly disgusting.) Then there were the reports that some British papers had tipped them off. We haven't been able to verify that. Then there is the whole business of who buys what pictures – and for whom. I don't suppose anyone working in the press is unaware this morning of the strangeness of being harangued by people at the same time as sales are high. I don't suppose all those tabloids were bought up by extra-terrestrials and then dumped at sea. Trying to

Honest opinion and passionate debate is our lifeblood – after facts are reported, it is what we are for. The day I seek to stifle that is the day I should be fired

upport blame in any precise way to different parts of the world around Diana seems to me impossible.

That doesn't mean that we shouldn't re-examine our consciences and behaviour. We'll look harder at any pictures hovering on the back of the mind we did before – and we have been reasonably strict. The dilemma for tabloid editors is greater and it will be intriguing to see how they respond. Intrusion and invasive behaviour has been so much part of that market that it is hard to imagine how some newspapers would read without it. Diana herself, of course, sold papers in huge numbers when she was alive; even *The Guardian* was in on that act. There is no one to replace her. Those who attacked the press for "killing your golden goose" spoke bitterly. But there was a element of truth there too.

Andrew Marr

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

The three most beautiful words in the English language are not 'I love you'. They are 'It's benign' – Woody Allen, *film-maker*. We should stop all this nonsense about not being vain. God didn't make us fat. We made ourselves fat – Rosemary Conley, *author of best-selling books on diet*. Being fat stopped me having sex with the light on – Arabella Weir, *comedy star*.

We are sick of country people being portrayed as style-less fuddy-duddies. But we are going to stand up for the horsey lady – Mark Hughes, *of 'Horse and Hound', the latest issue of which contains pictures of glamorous model Paula Hamilton*.

I applaud shoplifting. I don't do it myself. I haven't the courage to do it. But the shops put stuff out to tempt you. It is a recognisable risk. You are tempted and you take it. Whose fault is that? – Jimmy McGovern, *writer of TV drama 'Cracker'*.

Melons can be grown in the arid soil of Libya. It's possible that we will be colonised again by Europe because of our melons, as well as for the sand and the sun, which Europe does not have – Colonel Gadafi, *Libyan leader*.

Being a trooper in a regiment where people know that one's ancestor founded the thing makes one truly hard-boiled. It made me unembarrassable – Tam Dalyell, *Labour MP on his National Service in the Scots Greys, the family regiment raised by Blundy Tam*.

## the saturday story

In a wholly unexpected way, the mourning crowds in the streets have become the catalyst for the country noticing quite how much it has changed, says Andrew Marr

# The nation looks itself in the face

The story of the week has been the story of the crowd. Through and around the other images – the coffin arriving at RAF Northolt, the Prince holding his son's hand, the whey-faced paparazzi – the Great Crowd has been our constant national theme and our image. From the first hours, as the news filtered among early-morning London clubbers, and small, shaken clusters appeared at the gates of Kensington Palace, to the swelling, snaking endlessly multiplying queues to sign books of condolence and leave flowers, and finally to the vast pilgrimage to central London for today's funeral, the crowd has been ever-present, vocal and not entirely predictable.

This mourning crowd has been an active player. It has shared some characteristics with the political crowds described by Elias Canetti in his classic book, *Crowds and Power*. In it, he said that "the crowd always wants to grow," and that "within the crowd there is equality. This is absolute and indisputable and is never questioned by the crowd itself." I think people who have experienced London's highly emotional mourning crowds would recognise that.

Canetti also noted that "the crowd needs a direction" – the London palaces have provided that. Talking about ancient crowds, he notes that they often mark their feelings by collecting and heaping things: "The things that have been collected are all of one kind, one species of fruit or grain. They are piled as closely as possible, and the more there is of them and the denser the pile, the better ... The heap must be large, and people boast of it." Well, we recognise that too.

Canetti's book deals extensively with the subversive and violent potential of crowds. This one, clearly, is very different. The feelings of high emotion and fraternity are strong, and anger is

there too, particularly about the press. But Canetti's crowd and this week's one have some similarity. One of the currents running through London was unease, and sometimes bitterness, about the Royal Family and Diana's treatment by them, in death as in life. This was not foreseen and was not recognised by the family itself until late in the day. When the message was passed on, however tactfully, by Downing Street, there was a whole sequence of swift moves by the Palace. And the crowd felt its power.

The crowd was a player. But what was it really saying? Has anything really happened to Britain? Has this week when millions rubbed shoulders been merely a huge indignant bubble of nearly-nothing, a collective madness inflated by the schmalz and synthetic anger of media culture, which will suddenly go pop and disappear? Will we look back in a few weeks or months and ask ourselves – what was that all about?

These have certainly been strange, strange days in our national life. I cannot remember stranger ones. But the "bubble" reaction to the mourning of Diana, though it might seem sophisticated and knowing, is shallow.

Yes, the death of a princess in a Paris road accident is an insubstantial event by comparison with the great upheavals, wars or natural disasters that have preoccupied us. This week alone, Israeli soldiers have been surrounded and massacred and drinkers in a Jerusalem café murdered by suicide bombers. Scores were killed in a Vietnamese air crash. One of the world's fastest-growing countries, Malaysia, was in turmoil. Many died in road crashes. Children went missing. There were murders. What strange calibration relegates all that?

To say "the public reaction" or "the size of the crowds" is not a sufficient answer. Why did the crowds form? What instincts and demands drove

the people, many of them shaking their heads and muttering "this isn't like me", so forcibly together? What was it about Diana that touched off this huge response, much bigger and more emotional than the mood during, for instance, her own wedding?

I believe that huge spontaneous crowd movements, like this one, signify something. At times, the "something" sought by the spontaneous crowd is easy to identify. During political revolutions, people come out of their private spaces to occupy public space, as a way of asserting that the old authority, which formerly controlled that space, no longer counts. At other times the crowd gathers to stare, to celebrate or to attack. But another thing crowds do is mark a change, a moment of national or civic self-recognition. The gathering of crowds can signal that the country is looking itself in the face. This is what we have been doing in Britain.

I do not believe that this week has been merely a bubble of emotion, simply "saying goodbye" to a much-loved figure. There's more. I think millions of people find her, in death, representative of something important in the Britain of the late 1990s, and are marking it, even celebrating it.

That something is clearly not political in any conventional sense. The people on the streets are not there to overthrow power or redistribute wealth. Far from it. When the princess arrived on the streets they were very warmly welcomed and applauded by relieved onlookers. But Britain has changed. We have become a more emotional, less deferential, more plural people. We are not the same ordered society that was built in the post-war period and which the Royal Family used to be an emblem of.

We have known all this for ages, of course. The generational changes, the effects of global culture, and the crumbling of the old centres of authority have been endlessly commented upon and dissected. But suddenly Diana becomes an emblem of the change. Her struggle to find happiness; her style; her emotional openness;

her personal rebellion; her subsequent wide-eyed enthusiasm for humanitarian causes ... all this made her more than a princess. She was a new kind of Britain, extraordinary, no doubt, but also "like" millions of others. Fallible, sometimes silly but recognisable to people of all walks of life who have been struggling for identity.

So the crowd is, perhaps, overthrowing something, or at least marking its downfall, and the something is the country we used to be. In a wholly unexpected way, the mourning has become the catalyst for the country noticing quite how much it has changed.

There has been a lot of anger in the grief about Diana; perhaps this is why. Some of it is justified, no doubt, by the behaviour of some journalists some of the time. But the strength of the outpouring suggests there is more to it than that. Some of the attacks levelled at the Royal Family, and the equally ferocious defences, suggests a country arguing about its own identity. There is some mourning for the older, more genteel, Britain going on, as well as mourning for Diana herself.

And how, in all this, does the crowd react? Crowds are, first and foremost, unpredictable things, and therefore worrying for authority generally. The speed with which the mourning crowd grew took the establishment, as well as everyone else, by surprise. The thing just kept rolling, getting bigger and more emotionally intense, not less. Politicians and royals alike were unprepared.

The responses showed that. Tony Blair's remark about "the People's Princess" was at one level brilliant – it showed that he had grasped a central message that others had not. But on the other hand, as murmurs of anti-Windsor feeling grew, the phrase came to seem not entirely helpful. If Diana was the People's Princess, to whom did the rest of the Royal Family belong? Do we have "the People's Queen" and "the People's Prince" in the same way? The answer is

presumably not – otherwise the original phrase becomes banal, rather than apt.

As the danger of a national mood turning "the wrong way" became apparent, the Prime Minister's office was clearly heavily involved in damage limitation. Throughout Thursday and yesterday, almost by the hour, there was a series of moves which showed an urgent desire to turn things around, deflect the criticism and demonstrate that the monarchy was listening. Was this turnaround, with its sudden announcements, staged photocalls and about-turns over protocol, wholly dignified at a time of deep grief?

No. The scenes yesterday were remarkable. The Queen is well used to crowds. Yet on both sides there seemed a little unease and uncertainty when she went among them. Everyone was pleased to see her. But everyone was well aware that she had had to be persuaded to come. Well, demands from the street are rarely convenient or dignified. When unpredictable crowds gather, authority scrambles into action. By last night it seemed to have succeeded well enough. The Windsor initiative worked.

Assuming that I am right, there will be a great change this morning in the nature of the crowd itself. It will be tamed, domesticated and confined behind barriers, lining up as audience, after days of taking centre-stage. The numbers will be vastly bigger, but there will be, perhaps, a familiarity and passivity about the new crowd. Its sting will have been drawn.

This morning we shall see for sure. But however the extraordinary day passes off, we should not look back at the week as an essentially hollow time based on celebrity and hype. It was, rather, a time when the British looked at ourselves through Diana, and looked rather closely at the Royal Family. And we noticed with mixed emotions how greatly the country has changed. And it mattered, this recognition. It moved things on. And, after all, the crowd won its victory. And that mattered too.

A public show of grief: mourners gather near Buckingham Palace. The speed at which the crowd grew took the authorities by surprise



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## karen krizanovich

Do British people know when they are in pain? On this day – the day of the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, her last public appearance – I have to ask. Things are getting a little crazy around here.

If the reaction to her death worldwide has been immense, the reaction in her home country has been unimaginable. With all the flowers and the eerie silence, Kensington Palace isn't the place I take the dog for a walk. It is now a hallucination. The normal, ordered world has gone topsy-turvy. Everything and everybody seems wrong, wrong, wrong.

No wonder. Diana's unexpected passing has landed us in a nest of contradictions. Those of us who felt she manipulated the media now feel guilty for saying so. Those of us who worshipped her feel inconsolable, as if a genuine member of our family had passed on. Her frequently televised and printed image was as familiar to us as a framed picture of a good friend. We knew her. Or felt we did.

Death in someone old or ailing is expected, sometimes welcome, often natural. It will come to us all. With Diana – at her peak of beauty and vitality – death was unthinkable. And anyway, aren't the wealthy supposed to have enough money to protect them from bad things? Aren't young mothers not meant to die? Isn't their job too important? Reasoning cannot be applied to Diana's death. Nothing makes sense –

not even the fact that her coffin will be carried by a gun carriage when she herself was against weapons of destruction.

Now is not the time to pick Diana's life apart. Even today when we feel we have the right to know everything, it is not the time to speak ill of the dead. Now is the time to cope with the unexpected. Friends have been asking me to put their own feelings about Diana into this column. There is little point in doing that. Their emotions are just as muddled as everyone else's. Mostly, folks are surprised at what they are feeling.

Therein lies a tale. Like Diana and many other "single" women, I used to be married to an Englishman. By the time we were divorced, I felt certain that my husband was not human.

What made me feel that way? When the man you married is able to get through a funeral without shedding a tear, what else could a normally emotive American think? An average day for my ex-husband was doing the impossible: playing rugby with a dislocated shoulder or putting down the family dog without batting an eye.

After a few years, I was certain that the guy was an automaton. I would do horrible things just to try and get a recognisable reaction out of him. Of that, I am ashamed. What shames me more, however, is my own solipsism. In the letter left on the kitchen table his last night in the family home, he explained himself. Too late, of course. Just because he didn't express his feelings didn't

mean he had none to feel. In feeling, however, we were the same: he was me – only quiet.

If only I had understood what it meant for him to be what he was – what I could never be – British.

I relate that story because it reminds me of what I have seen happening all around me this week on the streets of London: an entire nation of stalwarts confused by unprecedented emotion.

Unlike us touchy-feely Americans, Brits hate to show emotion. It's a British tradition to wade through the worst in plucky silence. Stiff upper lip and all that. Say little and get the job done with a minimum of kerfuffle.

Stiff upper lips got Britain through its worst – wars, rationing, unemployment, flared trousers. And so the stiff upper lip has left the world with the impression that Brits are a bunch of cool, cold and unfeeling folks – headed by a monarchy equally cold – so cold in fact that for most of this week, it seemed they were more concerned with PR and protocol than about honouring life or acknowledging death.

But accusing the Palace of feeling nothing because it has been silent is the same sort of misunderstanding that helped to ruin my marriage. Just because a Brit is quiet doesn't mean he, or she, isn't hurting terribly.

Looking around at the flood of people lining the streets of London, it is easy to see that Diana's people – the cold-hearted Brits – are bound together

in a swell of emotion they can barely comprehend. Mugged by their loss, they are stunned and surprised by their own feelings.

You see, Brits don't mind it if other cultures grieve. Let them weep, rend their clothes and tear out their hair. Other cultures can make a big show of how they feel. By George, they can go OTT. Brits rather approve of that but they'd never, ever dream of doing it themselves.

Well, today the world is grieving. Millions are numb with disbelief at the passing of Diana. But who is really suffering in the wake of Diana's death? Her own people – the Brits.

Hearing the report over the radio in remote Scotland and thinking it was a ridiculous comedy sketch ("Dodi and Diana dead? That's so far-fetched it isn't funny"), I have watched the effect of the Princess's passing with interest. Normally, Brits cry only at football matches.

Not here. This is one unfolding of British emotion that really is about life and death. Brits like to think they can stand back and stay cool about everything. Diana is proving them wrong. No, I take that back. What Diana's final farewell is proving is what it took me 10 years to understand: underneath the composure, the adherence to protocol, a preference for the subtle gesture, the silent tears of mourning – beneath that cool British exterior lies the hottest, the heaviest and the most passionate of hearts. The British one.

كنا من الالف

comfort of  
strangers

in their grief,  
people enjoy a  
contact, a  
common  
experience  
they hardly  
knew they  
needed

david  
aaronovitch

Again and again this week people – almost always women – have told me the same story. It is about how they felt themselves compelled to go down to Kensington Palace. Some laid flowers, one or two signed the book of condolence. They knelt down for a moment, or just stood there and had their moment of silence, talked a little with strangers doing the same thing – and then went home to their children, their pets and their husbands.

But these were not avid Royalists, hysterics, or even Mills & Boon sentimentalists, looking desperately for emotional contact. Some of them I count as being among the most rational and level-headed people I know. So what force co-opted them into the National Grief?

Listening to their tales I was reminded of the characters from Spielberg's *Close Encounters*, who are drawn to the strangely shaped, isolated mountain in the American desert. The original lonely impulse to travel there surprises each one of them, they do not really understand the significance of the place, and they certainly do not know – most of them – that this is the chosen rendezvous for an encounter that is both historic and magical. But as they come closer, and discover others making the same inexplicable pilgrimage, they are comforted. They enjoy a contact, a common experience that they hardly knew they needed; a solidarity grows up among folk who hardly used to speak to their next-door neighbours.

"It was really lovely to see everyone all together and all feeling the same," said a woman who had attended a special service in Canterbury Cathedral on Thursday night. Today millions will take part in the final stages of the collective action – and it is virtually impossible not to feel moved by it.

It is enormously tempting to describe this as some kind of mass pathology. Media drinks can explain some of it in terms of the stages of the grieving process, or of hysteria. "I'd say, clinically, it's all a bit odd," was the

reaction of Oliver James on Wednesday's *Newsnight*. Before he was slapped down by the presenter for having said precisely what he was invited on the programme to say. And certainly the "sightings" of Diana's face in a portrait of Charles II haven't helped.

But I really don't think it is necessary to reach for our Freud when trying to understand what is going on here. We are not witnessing any frenzies; there is no flagellation, no persecution of the Jews, no rending of clothing or attacks on minorities. Rather, there is an enormous desire to be part of something bigger than ourselves, which links our quotidian experiences and emotions to those of others. It is – in a sense – the obverse of road rage, that anti-civil phenomenon born of paranoia and isolation. It is the excuse for smiling at perfect strangers, for crossing the boundaries of silence and suspicion that govern much of our lives.

It isn't new. In a minor way it happened very recently, when even those who care very little for football suddenly sported the cross of St George and knew the words to "Three Lions on a Shirt". Those who were alive for VE Day – when men and women fell into each other's arms all over Britain – can testify to other great moments of collective identification. We need to do it. Competition, continuous striving one against the other, or group against group, never was the whole story of humanity – particularly not for women.

That's why my usually monosyllabic African minicab driver told me – in a sudden burst of eloquence last night – that he would be standing on the route of the cortege, his young son's hand held tight, so that he too would be "a part of history". He, like millions of his fellow citizens, many of whom will never have met or spoken to a man such as he, will be together today, exercising power in the most unaggressive manner. You don't have to buy the hype to see that there is much here that is good.

The classical tragedy  
of Diana the hunted

by Ruth Padel

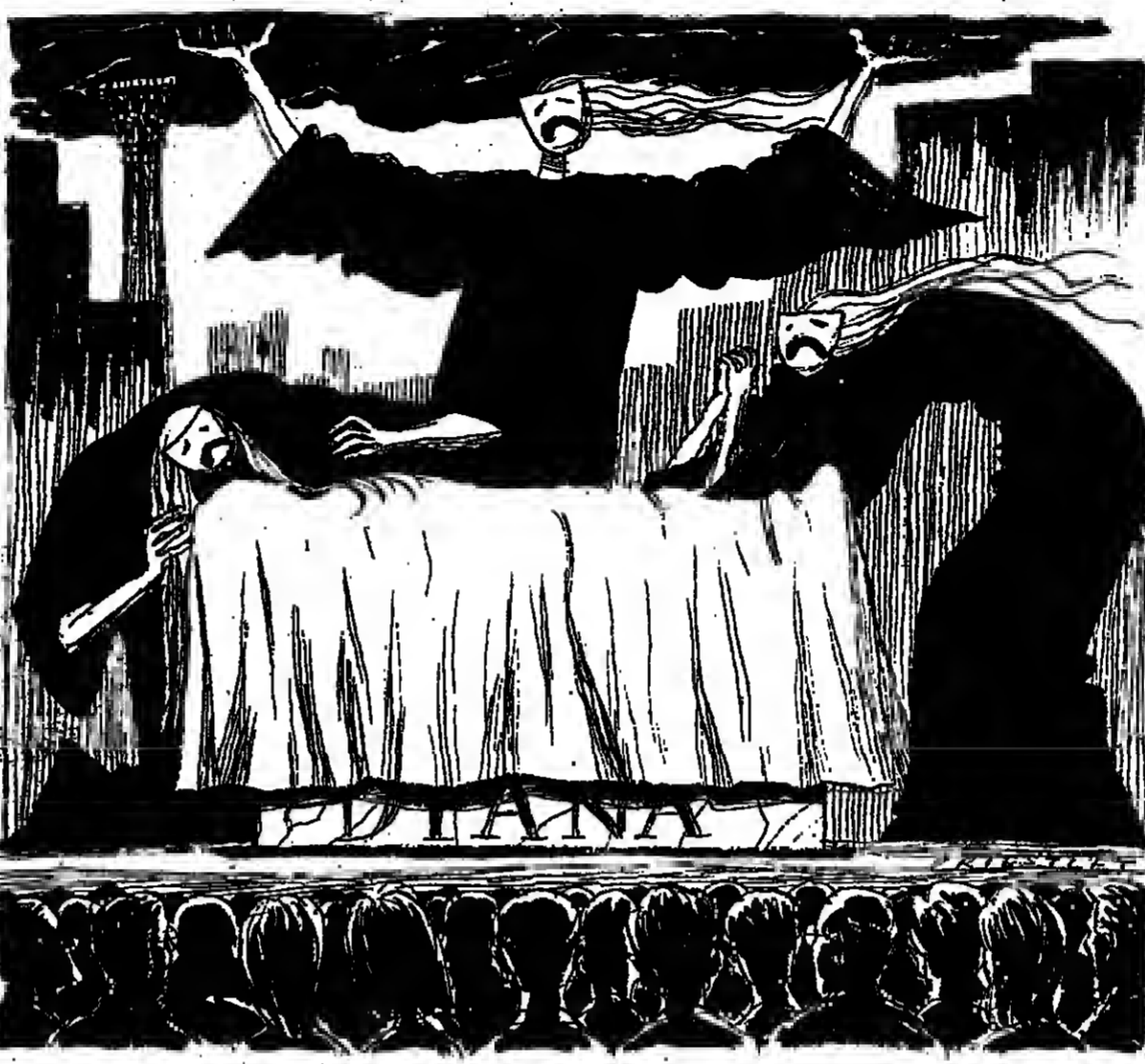
For these few days, we are the chorus and participants in tragedy. Tragedy – in its full, precise, ancient sense – has been an extraordinary presence in our capital city, and in ourselves, all week. Everything that happened in Paris, all the forces that led to that moment in the tunnel, all the results and implications – emotional, legal, moral, unprecedentedly public – strike deep into a sense of the tragic that lurks in our psyches in an unlooked-at, sewer-like way, and has erupted everywhere, surprising us with our own tears.

Tragedy is about public feeling. The Greeks invented it as a mass spectacle which gave shape and meaning to unbearable pain. They attended it in a theatre, a place of seeing, in a nine-day civic festival sacred to the god of wildness, violence, drink, madness, and community joy. Tragedy began (probably) as some sort of scapegoating ritual. It lived off publicity. To court public favour, politicians paid breathtaking amounts of drachmas for each play's glamorous costumes. Tragedy was the city watching the pain of an individual who mattered to everybody. You pitied that person but also trembled for yourself – because what happened to them could happen to you. Their pain became the people's pain.

Tragedy presented its mass audience with a fragile, hunted world where not even royalty and great wealth, Ritz hotels or armoured limousines, saved you from tragedy's chief ingredient: violent damage. That the crucial witness to this one is a bodyguard whose tongue has been torn out, who may never speak again, fits horribly. Tragedy is about things torn apart. A royal house torn apart; a specially marked-out, publicly hallowed body torn apart. And other people with it.

But tragedy wants to ask why catastrophic damage happens, and asking why has been part of our experience all week too. One characteristic ingredient in any explanation of tragedy is hubris: unjustly out-of-scale conceit, like the driver's boast to photographers, "You won't catch me tonight." And maybe the Princess's refusal of more security, on her holiday. Another tragic ingredient is a set of minor characters interacting innocently, or fairly innocently, to destroy royalty. A command to recall a particular but wrongly licensed driver, a hotel where somebody knew this driver drank off duty but no one refused a Fayed anything.

Tragic guilt always balances external with deep internal causes. The drive to publicity, which the Princess used to self-destructive as well as benefi-



Tragedy presented its mass audience with a fragile world where not even royalty and great wealth saved you from its chief ingredient: violent damage

cent effect, is an inner cause, from within her character. Its external expression, the publicity hounds in the tunnel, are the Furies: tragedy's talismanic demons, who savage their victim's body with whips and blazing torches, but are summoned from their Klades home by something in the victim's own mind. The drunk driver and callous greed of the paparazzi, plus the system they represent, are the external cause. Tragedy calls nothing accident. It offers a complex web of responsibility, through which it desires to make sense of otherwise meaningless pain. That desire is gripping everyone, all over the world, today.

The tragic condition is being alone in suffering, even though you matter to other people. The Princess mythically repre-

sented that too, in her own hurt counterpoint of publicity and solitude. For tragedy's main currency is myth. She understood it perfectly, in life and now belongs to it for ever. A figure who loved and gave, but was hurt and alone, dying in a tunnel in the night, pursued by Furies at a moment of brightness and happiness, in a tunnel in the dark, and mourned all over the world: this is the sort of myth tragedy comes from and gives to.

Libation, prayer, and offerings to the dead are the heart of Greek tragedy. Tragic ceremony is the enormously public sharing of pain, when one person's loneliness and violent death become, as far as possible, everyone's. We are part of that ceremony today. Tragedy's question is, *Why pain?* It never

answers; only asks. Or its answer is the performance, the ceremony itself.

One view of tragedy makes it a vision of unrelieved night. People who believe that can repeat today the words Cleopatra hears before she dies:

"Finish, good lady: The bright day is done, and we are for the dark."

But another view says tragedy mixes light with dark. The tragic hero is snatched by extreme suffering. It doesn't make her innocent, but allows her as if she'd passed through flame. On this view, tragedy gives you a way of sharing pain that opens some makeshift road to healing. As this week's letters in every newspaper demonstrate, we're all divided on this one. I vote for the side

that says tragedy is about life going on. Sharing pain is not sharing meaningless black, but sharing life.

Which brings us to those who traditionally, in our nation, organise ceremonious public sharing: kings and queens. The Greeks, more specifically Athenian democracy, decided tragedy's currency was royalty. Which was odd of them, because they'd kicked royalty out long ago themselves. But it meant they could examine the anxieties of

the day, of their own democratic psyches, at one remove. For Shakespeare, royalty was a crucial concept that had a lot to do with self. Like the deepest things – sex, family, the relationships on which society runs – royalty is mythically about giving, and being given to. If royalty was OK, so was the nation. Royalty touched everyone.

Touching is all. The King's Touch is the belief that the royal touch can heal. People have been saying over and over as they queued: "She touched us." They mean it in every way possible. She was royal in the deep old sense of mattering to, touching everybody. When King Lear realises that in his pain he shares some of his subjects' suffering, he passes into true royalty.

For naked wretches, where-so'er you are  
That bid the pelting of this filthy storm,  
How shall your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you  
From seasons such as these?  
O! have to 'em  
Too little care of this.

Royalty in the mythic sense means such taking care. When Diana was stripped of outer royalty, she turned more and more into its archetypal substance. Even back in 1981, when most people thought you could get Aids through skin contact, she held a patient's hand. She showed her sons people suffering and dying, made them aware of important pain, from Northern Ireland to homelessness to land-mines. Her son rewarded her by suggesting she sold those dresses for cancer and Aids charities. If the point of royalty is to feel with looped and windowed raggedness, she had already started him down that road. So far from wrecking the monarchy, she may have saved it. People are going to want, for their king, the son of a princess who tried to take care of their pain, while sharing hers with them.

Presidents are as expensive as kings. Plus they are not connected. What will matter now is a blood line from the mythic royalty of the heart. If Charles shows himself cherishing in her son that sense of arctic connection to other people, public feeling will gallop to meet him half-way, to everyone's benefit. For tragedy is finally about giving the dead a beneficent, positive, unifying presence in the community which remembers them. Let's hope this tragedy manages that too.

## Even the Queen can be the target of bullying

First, a note of caution. Please, please, let us not turn this most human of women into a graven image. I am sure that she would not, in her better moments, desire that and no flesh and blood should have to bear the burden of other people's desires. The graven image represents what we each want it to be, and we risk debasing her legacy if we simply pin our own causes on her memory. She was too catholic in her appeal to be possessed by any one group. Attention has been drawn several times to the number of black and Asian Britons who have turned out to join the queues at the Royal Palace; to some extent this is a reflection of the traditions of those minorities – public mourning is broadly speaking only gibbering among Anglo-Saxons – but it also highlights the fact that this was a Princess whose attentions embraced people of all backgrounds.

There is no evidence that she as an issue figured in her thoughts. But her actions spoke volumes. She cuddled black couples with Aids; she committed herself to charities supporting women who were victims of domestic violence, many from minorities; she identified with young black women who found themselves with children and no partner. When she finally decided to speak publicly on *Panorama*,



Trevor Phillips

The events of this week show that many people feel that the old ways of doing things are still excluding them

she bypassed the BBC's premier division and the Dimblebys-in-Waiting to give the opportunity to a little-known black reporter (which he used brilliantly). And of course, she, apparently found romance with an Egyptian.

In many ways, she herself was the Great Outsider. It should not surprise us that those Britons marginalised by race and ethnicity should have found a heroine in this Princess. She embraced the modern, multicultural, multi-racial Britain without any apparent hesitation. But those claiming to be her champions may not be of the same mettle.

Things are being said and done in her name that the Diana that we came to admire would have hated. For example, she famously disliked hunting; yet this week has been marred by the cruel pursuit of a woman she admired and respected, both publicly and privately. The Queen is what she is; it may be that the nation has moved on and our ageing monarch, once the symbol of our Britishness, has somehow lost the plot. But how does the hounding of a 71-year-old woman for not falling in with today's fashion for public displays of grief commemorate Diana's great gift – the capacity for empathy and compassion for those outside the mainstream of our society? In the first days after her death, we all promised to learn from her

humanity. Yet the one thing we appear not to have embraced is the idea that different kinds of people may express their feelings in different ways.

Yet this week's mourning, for example, is of a kind familiar to Caribbean people – public, garish, loud and prolonged. I grew up with people pointing disapproving fingers at what they considered the undignified and uncivilised behaviour of my relatives in such situations. Those who now bullishly demand weeping and wailing on TV are the very people who, a generation ago, would have been shrieking at how alien it all was.

It could still turn ugly. If even the Queen can be a target for a bullying majority, who is safe? I don't condemn the tabloids; they are doing what they do best, largely following public sentiment, rather than leading it. The *Sun* even went so far as to praise Prince Charles for standing up to his parents and demanding changes to protocol in order to meet the criticisms of the Royal Family. But public sentiment can be the tool of bullies, and can easily turn into mob rule, in which the views and feelings of minorities are crushed underfoot. The Prime Minister has resisted the temptation to play to the gallery; however, with his unerring touch for the right words and the right moment – even the

right clothes – he has seemed a living reproach to the Royal Family. It is not his intention, I think, but even his attempt to defend the Royal Family makes him seem to be a statesmanlike, unifying figure, somehow above politics. Number Ten's newly presidential style may even reassure wavering republicans that, as the old regime reveals itself to be out of touch with the people, there is a ready-made political alternative to speak for and to bring the nation together. However, in touch Blair may be, that is not his place; he is a politician, not a part of the constitution.

There may be a temptation, of course, for the politicians to make a platform to push the defeating of social exclusion higher up the public agenda. That would be a valuable consequence, and would no doubt be welcomed by the new Cabinet Committee on Social Exclusion. Yet the Government should draw an important lesson about who needs to be helped. Today, we will see the Princess's charities given pride of place at Westminster Abbey. However, it would be a mistake for us to imagine that only the poor and disadvantaged shared her sense of being alienated from the centres of power in our society. There is a powerful warning in the number of visibly well-off families who lined the streets and brought

flowers this week. They feel that the political class has ignored them.

There is a message in the emotional reaction of the young women, many of them probably successful professionals who clearly identified with the Princess: they are the people who are every day confronted with the reality of the glass ceiling at work. And there is a sign for the whole political establishment in the speed with which the resentment of traditional forms took hold around the country. The events of this week show that there are far too many people who now feel that the old ways of doing things are still excluding them: not from money, but from the right to have an influence on the course of important events. Exclusion is not just about economics – it is also about democracy. The reaction of many is perhaps the most dangerous of all – not anger, but weariness and indifference.

By contrast, the enthusiasm for the dead Princess hints at what may await the monarchy and the political class that supports it unless they wake up. People no longer care enough about the old order to quarrel about keeping them in place. The danger to the monarchy is not a republican revolution, but the absence of affection. The old regime may not go with a bang, but with a sigh of indifference.

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## obituaries

## Jeffrey Bernard

Jeffrey Bernard was his own Boswell. From 1976, when he was taken on at the *Spectator* by Alexander Chancellor, he wrote in hundreds of columns, week after week, ostensibly about low life in Soho and on the race-course; but all the time he was writing about himself. He had the rare gift of making the reader, once he had begun a column, want to go on to the end. And his writing was funny.

He wrote a spoof obituary of himself in 1978, which is acute but unfair, being self-deprecatory, presumably from motives of self-defence. "In 1946 (aged 14) he paid his first visit to Soho and from that point he was never to look upward. It was here in the cafés and pubs of Dean Street and Old Compton Street that he was to develop his remarkable skills, envy and self-pity."

On any day in the mid-1980s Bernard would arrive in the Coach and Horses public house, in Greek Street, Soho, a few minutes after opening time. He would be grey and trembling (his shakes amplified by the broadsheet of the *Times* in which he checked the racing). He would ask for a paper servi-

ette to blow his nose into and take his seat on a tall stool at the deep end of the bar, near the lavatories. Then he would begin to converse. Latterly it seemed sometimes a rehearsal for his column, though most of the run-throughs were forgotten.

One day in September 1987, a Soho eccentric, now murdered, known as the Red Baron came up to him and asked, "Do you know what Randolph Churchill said when he first read the Bible?" Jeff said, "No, and I don't fucking want to know. Why do you treat me like I don't know anything or anybody?" His voice rising to a shout, he continued, "I knew Dylan Thomas, I knew Ian Fleming and Anne Fleming . . ." and, turning to the stage-door keeper next to him, "I even know Gordon Smith."

All his stories have to be understood within the context of Soho, which had been dying at the same rate as Bernard for 40 years or more. Within that little world a dramatis personae of a few hundred characters collided with each other. One day someone used the word "collate". Bernard said, "Don't

use that word. The collator from Vine Street once arrested me in here. He was sitting down there just behind us and just said, 'You're under arrest.' He was very nice about it, just doing his boring job."

"I knew they knew a lot about people in Soho, but I didn't realise how much. We were walking past the Swiss on the way to the station and he said, 'You've been knocking off the landlord's daughter there.' Now how did he know that? I thought the landlord would kill me or break my legs or something, but all he said was, 'I'll give you £150 to marry her.' I said, 'No, it's not on.' 'All right,' he said, 'make it £300.' He must have been pretty desperate to get rid of her."

He liked people to talk back and carry the conversation on, and he was good at providing openings. He once said to Graham Mason, a former television journalist, "You know those fish in Richard's in Brewer Street, haddock particularly. You can tell if they're fresh by the eyes. Well, if you were a haddock I'd leave you on the slab."

Sometimes the openings

could be startling. "When I went to the lavatory this morning, the bowl was full of blood." He had been diabetic for many years and once said, "My thigh's like the triple 20 on a dart board." Or, when a friend and doctor came into the pub, "Oh, there's Neil. I'll ask him to come into the lavatory with me and look at my cock. I think I've got thrush." On that occasion there did indeed seem to be something wrong, and he followed it up by getting a prescription from a GP who turned out to be a woman: "When she looked at my cock she said, 'Oh, that's interesting. No one ever said that before. I felt like saying, 'Well, it's been in some interesting places.'"

Oddly enough I do not think that the increasing impingement of medical matters as a topic stemmed from self-pity. One of his great qualities was courage. He was dreadfully ill: his thighs ended up thinner than his knees; he had agonising pancreatitis, neuropathy, failing eyesight, insomnia, eczema and, of course, amnesia. He had an operation to remove two cysts the size of apples from his

neck. One leg, gangrenous from the complications of diabetes, was amputated below the knee. He would wave the stump to emphasise a point in conversation. His kidneys finally failed, and he lived until he decided to give up dialysis. But he was constantly fascinated by the strange and horrible things that were happening to him.

Until his fifties he was tremendously good-looking and charming, both to men and women, in his own theory attracting the latter with his "little boy" look. He always laughed at people blaming their childhood for what went wrong with their lives, but he referred to his own often.

His father, who died in 1939, when Jeffrey was seven, was a self-made stage and interior designer whose work is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. His mother, Fedora Roselli, was an opera singer. Jeffrey had a good voice, but hated singing "Oh for the Wings of a Dove" for her friends. Mrs Bernard also dabbled in Christian Science. Jeffrey went to Sunday school in Carzon Street from their house in Holland Park. At

public school he was confirmed in the Church of England, since he was too scared to mention the fact that he had never been baptised. This school was Pangbourne, which he loathed. His brothers went to the intellectual Westminster and the liberal Bedales. Pangbourne was neither, though perhaps there he learnt to be neat about his dress and lodgings.

"I remember school holidays being pretty ghastly. I spent every day dreading the return to school and the anxiety made me feel quite ill. Anyway there was little to do in Holland Park in the Forties apart from trying to destroy it." He sent a rocket down a chimney into a drawing-room where his mother and a bridge club were enjoying a quiet evening. He was surprised and felt betrayed when she immediately surmised the culprit and told the police.

Already at home he was half in love with his mother, "a cross between Maria Callas and Ava Gardner". At school there came smoking, worth the risk of a beating, then racing and drink. He was asked to leave Pangbourne and fell with delight

into the haven of Soho, where one of his brothers was an art student. He met Peter Arthy, who nearly 30 years later gave him a room to live in.

Bernard went Awol from military service, but got off relatively lightly thanks to the intercession of his brother Bruce. He worked as a miner, attracting the ridicule of his fellow miners by wrapping his "snap" in sheets of the *Times*. He was often skint when not working on a building site or washing up in a restaurant. He accepted drinks and money from rich "queers", as they were then known, including Francis Bacon and John Minton, who took him on a tour to Spain. At one time he qualified as a professional boxer.

In place of halves of bitter, whisky became his tipple, taken seriously when he was working for Michael Tobin on the tour of *Espresso Bongo* in 1962. By 1972 he had been sacked from the *Sporting Life* and was in St Bernard's (no relation, as he said) Hospital, Ealing, to "start again". He was dry for two years. But boozing had become his "first loyalty" - that's why

marriage is impossible. Drink the other woman." He turned from whisky to vodka, ice, sex and lime. His doctor advised him to cut out the lime, because of his diabetes. In 1986 I remember a conversation about how much he might drink a day. The consensus was one and a half two bottles of vodka.

Unless a woman shared his drinking habits, it is hard to see how he could have stayed married. (The last of his four wives said that she thought he would change and settle down.) But he continued to retain the affections of women, not just many of flames, but also generous souls who washed, ironed and cleaned up for him. One of his four landladies wrote an article in the *Spectator* about how impressing it was to have him as a lodger. He was shown it and gave permission for its publication unchanged. Wisely, for the sake of privacy, the editor decided not to use it.

Bernard was moved and mentally helped, if not fully, to see a successful play about him, Keith Waterhouse's *Jeff Bernard is Unwell* (1989), produced in the theatre where

## Sotiria Bellou

The national standing of the veteran Greek singer Sotiria Bellou might be judged from the announcement by the Greek Minister of Culture following her death that she would be buried at state expense in the celebrities' cemetery of Athens. A much earlier media announcement arguably speaks more eloquently of her status: it dates from early December 1995, from the Onassis Clinic, Athens, where the prime minister Andreas Papandreu had been fighting for his life in intensive care, while his entourage fought to prolong his premiership.

The report stated that Papandreu had asked to listen to his favourite recordings of Bellou's songs. To the anxious nation this gave a potent signal that, in spirit at least, the ailing prime minister was still the robust dancer of the 1980s, when newspaper photographs depicted him at bouzouki clubs, foot poised and arms outstretched in solitary eagle posture, while in the background the perennial owl-like figure of Sotiria Bellou, bespectacled and close cropped, beamed out the *rebetika* songs which had been her trademark for 40 years and had become the signature tunes of the Papandreu administrations of the 1980s.

These songs were macho, melancholic Greek blues, like "You Called Me a Bum One Night". "They've Stabbed Sakavliis" and "Cloudy Sun-

day", which Bellou's unadorned, butch voice rendered in a style that some described as "Doric" but others traced to the Byzantine chant she had learned from her maternal grandfather Papa-Sotiris, after whom she was named, a village priest on Euboea.

Bellou's recording career was launched in 1947 by the great bouzouki-player Vassilis Tsitsanis, after a lyricist friend had discovered her singing for small change in a little taverna behind Athens Polytechnic. She had left her native Chalkis for Athens seven years earlier on the day after war was declared between Greece and Italy, and, on her domestic front, between Sotiria and her parents, following the failure of her arranged marriage. Her grocer father, Kyriakos Bellou, had hoped that wedlock might curb the wilder excesses of her tomboy behaviour, while her mother had prayed it would put an end to her unseemly obsession with becoming a professional singer.

Bellou later attributed her survival during the great famine of the winter of 1941-42 to a guitar and to the predominantly European-style repertoire which she had learned from the films of her idol Sophia Vembo and which she now performed in the grubby tavernas of German-occupied Athens. (At that stage she could only offer Vamvakaris's classic *rebetika* song "The Prisons Echo" to low-life clientele.)

Sheer luck also played no small part in her survival through that decade of occupation and civil war, for her belligerent nature and unbridled spontaneity earned her brief spells of imprisonment and a number of memorable beatings from German soldiers, and later from right-wing thugs when she refused to perform Royalist songs at "Fat Jimmy's" taverna. She was also injured by shrapnel from an English shell in fighting near Omonia Square after briefly joining in the Communist insurrection of December 1944.

Her poignant renderings of the censored songs of dispossession, separation, and personal betrayal which she made popular during the third round of the Greek civil war still managed to express a broader social malaise and they remained central to her repertoire in the Cold War era. Towards the end of the civil war, Bellou also played a major part in a signal event in the process of "gentrification" of *rebetika*, instigated by the young classical-trained composer Manos Hatzidakis.

He selected Bellou and Markos Vamvakaris, the declining patriarch of professional bouzouki-players, to illustrate his lecture on *rebetika* in the Athens "Art Theatre" series. She later described the audience as comprising "aristocrats and men of letters", a class of folk rarely seen in the fashionable Athenian clubs where she worked with Tsitsanis, Hiotis and other prominent bouzouki-players.

The intrepid Hatzidakis had sensibly chosen a sanitised assortment of songs for his "hierophants" to perform in illustration of his provocative arguments that *rebetika* were musically descended from Byzantine hymns and comparable in form to ancient Greek tragedy. Bellou described the audience response as apotheosis.

Her ascendancy continued up to 1959, when she seems to have fallen abruptly into disgrace and been ostracised by her erstwhile collaborators. She never discussed the former or forgave the latter after resuming her career, in the vanguard of the *rebetika* revival. Her 1966 LP *The Rebetika of Sotiria Bellou* was the first of a dozen albums on the Lyra label which became especially popular during the Junta years and in the later 1970s, when she also renewed her collaboration with Tsitsanis, dabbled in collaborations with younger composers, and toured the Greek diaspora as far afield as Australia.

Bellou rode the wave of cultural populism throughout the 1980s, typically without securing her financial position. Having ostentatiously withdrawn in disgust from the sordidness of Athenian night-life in June 1990, she was reduced to selling cassettes of her greatest hits on the pavements of downtown Athens in 1994 amid widespread media coverage. An ex *gratia* pension was hastily announced at Papandreu's behest by the then Minister of Culture, while the Minister of Health intervened to fast-track her entry to hospital for tests on her ailing respiratory system.

In the male-dominated world of Greek popular entertainment, Sotiria Bellou prided herself on having competed for half a century with the toughest and most cunning of the men, not as part of the decor in the manner of the huxton and coquettish "stage-fish" (to use the Greek term), but by virtue of her talent, resoluteness and resilience - as the *rebetika* par excellence.

Stathis Gannitett

Sotiria Bellou, singer, born Halia, Greece 29 August 1921; died Athens 27 August 1997.



Bellou: macho blues

SMOKING CIGARETTES

Chief Medical Officer

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once worked as a stage-hand. Indeed he could have been an actor. His voice was good and he enjoyed working for Joan Littlewood in his friend Frank Norman's play *A Little Kaff Up West*.

Waterhouse's play did a marvellous job, using extensively the text from the *Spectator* "Low Life" columns. Bernard had known Peter O'Toole, who played him but did not imitate him on stage, since *The Long and the Short and the Tall* at the Royal Court in 1959. Jeffrey Bernard is *Unwell* played best with O'Toole in the title role. Sandwiched between his triumphant runs in 1989 at the Apollo and in 1991 at the Shaftesbury, the season in which Bernard was played first by Tom Conti, then by James Bolan, never had the same appeal.

During the three decades in which he kept up his contributions to the *Spectator* Bernard began to collect more commissions from other papers. The *Sporting Life* took him back for a time. He appeared in increasingly alarming picture features in Sunday magazines, and in television documentaries about old Soho. He was de-

lighted to be listed in *Who's Who*, like his father, and to be invited to choose his eight favourite records for *Desert Island Discs*; the programme turned out to be a *tour de force* of wryly melancholic introspection. He produced two books of racing anecdotes, *Talking Horses* (1987) and *Tales from the Turf* (1991).

Although his "Low Life" columns numbered some 1,000 he never wrote the autobiography that publishers invited him to undertake. Matthew Evans, of Faber, tempted him with the promise of £1,000 per chapter, each chapter to be completed in a month, but he wouldn't take the plunge. Instead, in 1991, Graham Lord, then literary editor of the *Sunday Express*, began his biography. It was published as *Jeffrey Bernard in 1992*. Though full of facts it was a negative study, seeming cruel in exposing every incident of spitefulness, questioning his virility and clothing all in a cloud of misery.

Bernard did not quite invent Norman Balon, the cantankerous but golden-hearted landlord

of the Coach and Horses, who figured in his column. Balon was a Frankenstein's monster waiting to be brought to life in print. A glimpse of the relationship between them could be gained from that day, 20 September 1986, when the police and Customs and Excise swooped on the Coach to arrest Bernard for acting as a bookmaker and evading betting duty of £31.12. At Vine Street police station where they had taken Bernard, Balon, fearing for his licence, said, "Jeff Bernard's a cunt; he's stitched me up for life." By half past six, when we were all back in the Coach, Balon bought him a drink.

Balon remained a friend to the end, cloaking his own emotions by glib references to him as a "bastard". He took lobster salads to him at his flat in Berwick Street; he provided the wards of hospitals, inspecting fellow patients with damning amateur diagnoses. Though Balon said another Soho character would replace Bernard in his pub he knew in his heart that the supply was running low and Jeffrey Bernard was impossible to follow.

Bernard always lived in one room—at someone else's house, whether Geraldine Norman's or Peter Arthy's. Even his last flat was organised round the room where he spent all day. This room always had a few fixed points: a bed, an Anglepoise, an electric typewriter, an overflowing ashtray, a bottle of vodka, a bust of Nelson, but, above all, photographs on the walls. Bernard was a good photographer himself and chose well. I remember about 50 photographs, mostly black and white, mounted in black frames: Jeffrey with Francis Bacon, Lester Figgott, Bruce Bernard, Terry Jones, Richard Ingrams, Fred Winter, his daughter, Graham Greene; other solo shots of wives, friends and himself. At a party once, a girl asked, "And is this Jeff's room?" His brother answered, "Well, it's either his or someone's who likes him very much."

Christopher Howse

Jeffrey Joseph Bernard, journalist, born London 27 May 1932; columnist, *Spectator* 1976-97; married four times (one daughter); died London 4 September 1997.



Bernard: a columnist constantly fascinated by the strange and horrible things that happened to him

Photograph: Bruce Bernard

## Births, Marriages & Deaths

### DEATHS

**OLDHAM:** Clare (née Chester), born in Manchester, died at Lower Hunt, New Zealand, on 29 August 1997, aged 84 years. Daughter of the late Anne and Henry Chester, of Hyde Road, Manchester, and sister and sister-in-law of Harry and Frances Chester, Walslow, Manchester. Wife of the late David and mother and mother-in-law of Ian and Valma, Gordon and the late Eileen Rounthwaite. Messages to Ian and Valma Oldham, PO Box 31493, Lower Hunt, New Zealand.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL, telephoned to 0171-293 2011 (24-hour answering machine 0171-293 2012) or faxed to 0171-293 2010, and are charged at £5.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, funerals, forthcoming marriages, Marriages) must be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number. The Independent's main switchboard number is 0171-293 2000.

### Birthdays

**TODAY:** The Right Rev John Bicknell, former Bishop of Bath and Wells, 70; Mr Brian Booth, Rector and chief executive, University of Central Lancashire, 55; Mr Simon Burns MP, 45; Mr Sheridan Cantuzino, former Secretary, Royal Fine Art Commission, 69; Sir Dermot Christopherson, former Master, Magdalen College, Cambridge, 82; Miss Britt Ekland, actress, 54; Sir Andrew Hugh Smith, chairman, Penna plc, 66; Sir John Johnson, former diplomat, 67; Mr Roger Knight, Secretary, MCC, 51; Mr Roger Law, puppeteer, 56; Mr George Mann, cricketer and former chairman, TCCB, 80; Miss Monica Mason, ballerina, 56; Lord O'Hagan, former MEP, 52; Sir Peter Pain, former High Court judge, 84; Sir James Stubbs, geologist, 96; Miss Jackie Trent, singer and lyricist, 57; Mr Terence Wood, former ambassador to Austria, 61.

**TOMORROW:** Mr John Baxter, Head Master, Wells Cathedral School, 58; Professor Malcolm Bradbury, teacher and novelist, 65; Lord Charteris of Amisfield, former Provost of Eton, 84; Mr Kevin Curran, cricketer, 38; Mr J. Paul Getty II, philanthropist, 65; Mr Peter Gill, playwright and associate director, Royal National Theatre, 58; Mr Chris Green, former chief executive, English Heritage, 54; Miss Margaret Hampshire, former Principal, Cheltenham Ladies' College, 79; Miss Dianne Hayter, chief executive, European Parliamentary Labour Party, 48; Lord Jenkin of Roding, former MP, 71; Mr Ella Kazan, author and film director, 58; Sir Ian Kennedy, High Court judge, 67; Sir Douglas Lovelock, former civil servant, 74; Professor Sir Brian Pippard, Emeritus Professor of Physics, Cambridge University, 77; Mr Michael Robbins, antiquarian and historian, 82; Sir Neil Shields, former chairman, Commission for New Towns, 78; Mr Graham Whetton, composer, 70; Air Marshal Sir John Whitley, 92; Mr Bruce Yardley, cricketer, 50.

### Anniversaries

**TODAY:** Births: Laurence Eusden, poet, baptised 1688; John Dalton, chemist and physicist, 1766; Vincent Novello, organist, composer and founder of the music publishers, 1781; Sir Henry Walford Davies, organist and composer, 1869. Deaths: Arthur Rackham, illustrator, 1939; Hendrik French Verwoerd, South African prime minister, assassinated 1966. On this day: the Pilgrim Fathers set sail in the *Mayflower* from Plymouth, 1620; the Great Fire of London came to an end, 1666; the first free lending library in Britain opened in Manchester, 1852; the first telephone exchange in Britain opened in Lombard Street, London, 1879; the first cricket test match in England was played at the Oval between England and Australia, 1880; William McKinley, 25th US President, was fatally wounded by an anarchist, 1901; T.W. Burgess swam the English Channel from South Foreland to Cape Gris Nez, 1911; German aircraft approached the east coast of England, but turned back, 1939; Juliana became Queen of the Netherlands, 1948; India invaded West Pakistan, 1965. Today is the Feast Day of St Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, Saints Donatien, Laetus and Others and St Eleutherius of Spoleto.

**TOMORROW:** Births: Queen Elizabeth I, 1533; Stephen Hales, botanist and inventor, 1677; William Butterfield, church architect, 1814; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,

statesman, 1836; William Friese-Greene, pioneer of the cinema, 1855; Anna Mary ("Grandma") Moses, primitive painter, 1860; Clarence Michael James Dennis, poet and journalist ("Intimate of the Larkins"), 1876; Dame Edith Sitwell, writer, 1887; Bruce Frederick Cummings ("W.N.R. Bachelion"), diarist and biologist, 1889; Sir John Anthony Quayle, actor, 1913; Gp Capt Lord Cheshire OM VC, 1917; Peter Lawford, actor, 1923; Charles Hardin ("Buddy") Holly, rock singer, 1936. Deaths: Catherine Parr, sixth wife of King Henry VIII, 1548; Henri Desmarest, composer, 1741; Hannah More, author and evangelist, 1833; John Greenleaf Whittier, poet and naturalist, 1892; René-François-Armand Sully Prudhomme, poet, 1907; William Holman Hunt, painter, 1910; Gertrude Lawrence (Alexandra Dugay Lawrence-Kloster), actress, 1952; Charles Burgess Fry, cricketer, footballer and journalist, 1956; Patrick Gordon Campbell, third Baron Glenavy, writer and broadcaster, 1981; Liam O'Flaherty, novelist, 1984. On this day: the Genesee defeated the Venetians at the naval Battle of Curzola, 1298; the French army under Napoleon defeated the Russians at the Battle of Borodino, 1812; the independence of Brazil from Portugal was declared, 1822; the Peace of Peking ended the Boxer Rising in China, 1901; the British explorer Sir Francis Younghusband led an expedition to Tibet, where a treaty was signed with the Dalai Lama, 1904; the "Black Knight", a British ballistic missile, was fired from the Woomera range in Australia, 1958; the musical show *The Fantasticks* was first produced on the London stage, 1961. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of Saints Almund and Tiburt. St Anastasius the Fuller, St Cloud or Ciodovald, St Grimoire, St John of Nicomedia, St Regina or Reine of Alise and St Sozo.

### Dinners

English-Speaking Union  
Sir Richard Eyre, Director of the Royal National Theatre, was guest of honour at the Opening Dinner of the English-Speaking Union 1997 Cultural Seminar yesterday, at 37 Charles Street, London W1. Baroness Brigstocke, Chairman of the ESU, was in the chair.

### Schools

King's College School, Wimbledon Term began on Wednesday 3 September at King's College School, Wimbledon. Mr Tony Evans took up the post of Head Master following the retirement, after 17 years in the post, of Mr Robin Reeve. Mr Kevin Hawkey has succeeded Mr Ralph Cate as Senior Housemaster. Mr John Davies, Housemaster of Glenesk, has retired after 36 years at KCS and has been succeeded in the post by Mr Gordon McGinn.

The Captain of School is Richard Todd and the Vice-Captain is Karim Naaji. The Captain of Rugby is Daniel Bowen. This term *Inside the Island*, the school's production from the Edinburgh Festival, will be performed in Collyer Hall Theatre, 12-13 September. The Gaudy for Old Boys who left between 1970 and 1974 is on 27 September and the Chamber Choir will sing Evensong at Ely Cathedral on that day. The school play, *Macbeth*, will be performed on 25-29 November. The Christmas concert will be at St Martin-in-the-Fields on 6 December and term will end with the Carol Service at St John's, Spencer Hill, on 12 December.

### Changing of the Guard

**TODAY:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 4pm. Nijmegen Company Grenadier Guards mounts the

Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 4pm. **TOMORROW:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am.

Today's FAITH & REASON column, by Paul Vallely, appears in the supplement *Diana: The Last Farewell*, on page 10

# SES CANCER

Officers' Warning  
ing Nicotine

**SILK CUT**

**ULTRA**

TOBACCO SERIOUSLY DAMAGES HEALTH

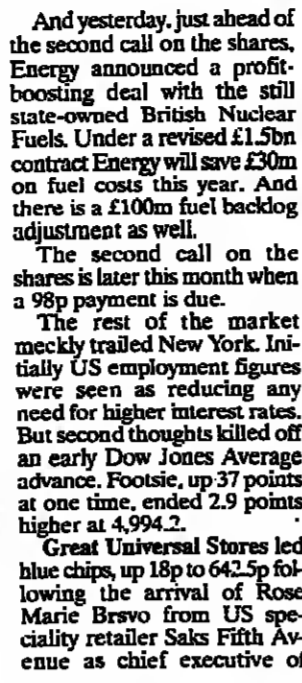




## British Energy shares pick up in time for second call

## Data Bank

## Share spotlight



## DEREK PAIN

But Mercury Asset Management had another downbeat session, falling 41.5p to 1.24p. The shares have lost 82.5p in two days. Record profits from the Schroders investment house failed to stop profit taking, leaving the voting shares off 52.5p to 1.815p.

BT managed to improve 4p to 415p (after 42.5p) as the MCI merger saga dragged on and EMI, the showbiz group, was up 4.5p to 576p. There is talk Seagram, the big Canadian group, wants to grow its music side and unload its drinks operation. One suggestion is it will merge its spirits business

with Allied Domecq and then descend on EMI.

Cantab Pharmaceuticals, the drug group, jumped 70p to 815p as Nick Woolf, the former Nomura drug analyst who has joined US investment group Robertson Stephens, described the shares as a strong buy. RS set up its London office a year ago.

Eidos, the computer game group which has had a roller coaster ride this year, rose over 67.5p to 665p. The shares have moved between 447.5p and 1,045p since March. The group, which produced the hit computer game *Tomb Raider*, was dropped by its auditor for failing to implement fully CAC

bury's corporate governance recommendations and then got hit by allegations that trading in its shares were being investigated.

Fetion, on the success of its new hand-held computer, jumped 60p to 397.5p but Misyf fell 118.5p to 1,480p following its US buy and £312m rights issue. Another takeover on the market's under card lifted Philip Harris 27p to 267.5p. It is merging with Nottingham Group in a deal creating a £70m education equipment supplier. Nottingham firm rose 1.5p to 82.5p.

Stockbroker Brewin Dolphin, rumoured to be on the takeover trail, has produced a modest deal for London Stockmarkets. Analysis, an investment research company. The stockbroker is paying £18,000 with further payments up to £532,000.

British Vita, the chemicals group, added 7.5p to 250p,

12-month high. Inferior results are due on Monday. Around £31m against £26.4m is expected.

BTG, the old British Technology group, rose 62.5p to 768.5p. The Shell oil giant has produced a range of oils to run in BTG's revolutionary Torotrak automatic gearbox. The company has a wide range of developments and Torotrak is regarded as one of its most promising. The Shell involvement suggests the new gearbox is likely to work.

Seet, the textile group, returned from suspension a 30.5p, down 5.25p. The firm paid rights traded at 4.5p. It has taken over a schoolwear supplier and a protective clothing company.

Romtec, an IT and business intelligence agency, held a 97.5p, near its year's high. Stockbroker Durlacher sees profits this year growing from £326,000 to £400,000.

Plantation & General jumped 12p to 108.5p, highest for years. The company is now controlled by Nick Roditi, the fund manager with close links to legendary George Soros. Mr Roditi has bid but wants to retain P&G's listing. His current stake is just under 44 per cent with few shareholders so far accepting his 80p offer. There is talk he has plans for intriguing developments in Africa. Rupert Penant-Rea, former Bank of England deputy governor, has become chairman. Four years ago P&G shares bumped along at 15p.

VideoLogic rose 6p to 70p, a 12-month high. It is still gathering contracts for its PowerVR 3D processors, developed with NEC, the Japanese group. Merrill Lynch sees VideoLogic moving - just - into profits this year with £5.7m likely next year.

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## Foreign Exchange Rates as of 04/20/73

## Foreign Exchange Rates as at 04/09/93

STERLING			DOLLAR			D-MARK					
Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months
US	1.5884	27.19	67.43	UK	1.5884	27.19	67.43	France	1.5884	27.19	67.43
Canada	2.715	77.69	229.21	Germany	2.8844	87.37	229.76	Italy	267.03	52.14	12.42
Germany	2.8844	87.37	229.76	Japan	161.81	104.15	301.30	Spain	1.6677	26.31	72.52
France	1.7521	54.62	159.52	South Africa	1.5884	27.19	67.43	Denmark	10.520	345.29	1120.30
Italy	267.03	52.14	12.42	Sweden	1.0936	126.48	379.53	Netherlands	1.0782	62.2	25.16
Spain	1.6677	26.31	72.52	Norway	11.211	335.29	895.82	Finland	9.4672	246.77	742.01
Denmark	10.520	345.29	1120.30	Greece	12.973	316.34	892.82	Switzerland	1.2272	114.16	325.46
Netherlands	1.0936	126.48	379.53	Australia	1.2272	114.16	325.46	Hong Kong	12.291	316.34	892.82
Norway	11.211	335.29	895.82	China	12.291	316.34	892.82	Saudi Arabia	8.969	316.34	892.82
Finland	9.4672	246.77	742.01	Singapore	2.4002	49.44	153.47				
Switzerland	1.2272	114.16	325.46								
Hong Kong	12.291	316.34	892.82								
Saudi Arabia	8.969	316.34	892.82								
Singapore	2.4002	49.44	153.47								

## OTHER SPOT RATES as at 04/09/93

Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months
Argentina	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Chile	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Brazil	2.0276	12.7348	12.7348	Colombia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Canada	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Costa Rica	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
France	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Cuba	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Germany	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Dominican Rep	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Greece	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Ecuador	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
India	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	El Salvador	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Italy	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Guatemala	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Japan	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Honduras	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Korea	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Indonesia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Malaysia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Israel	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Mexico	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Kenya	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Netherlands	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Laos	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Norway	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Lebanon	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Sweden	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Lithuania	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Switzerland	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Malta	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Thailand	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Moldova	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
UK	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Montenegro	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
USA	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Nicaragua	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
West Germany	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Paraguay	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Yugoslavia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Peru	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698

## Tourist Rates as at 04/09/93

Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months
Argentina	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Chile	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Brazil	2.0276	12.7348	12.7348	Colombia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Canada	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Costa Rica	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
France	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Cuba	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Germany	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Dominican Rep	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Greece	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Ecuador	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
India	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	El Salvador	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Italy	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Guatemala	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Japan	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Honduras	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Korea	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Indonesia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Malaysia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Israel	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Mexico	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Kenya	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Netherlands	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Laos	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Norway	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Lebanon	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Sweden	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Lithuania	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Switzerland	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Malta	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Thailand	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Moldova	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
UK	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Montenegro	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
USA	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Nicaragua	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
West Germany	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Paraguay	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698
Yugoslavia	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698	Peru	1.5884	0.8698	0.8698

## Interest Rates

Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months
US	7.00%	7.00%	7.00%	UK	8.50%	8.50%	8.50%
Germany	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	France	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
France	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Italy	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Italy	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Spain	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Japan	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Japan	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	South Africa	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
South Africa	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Sweden	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Sweden	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Switzerland	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Switzerland	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Denmark	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Netherlands	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Netherlands	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Australia	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Australia	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Canada	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Canada	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%				

## Bond Yields

Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months
US	7.00%	7.00%	7.00%	UK	8.50%	8.50%	8.50%
Germany	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	France	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
France	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Italy	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Italy	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Spain	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Japan	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Japan	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	South Africa	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
South Africa	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Sweden	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Sweden	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Switzerland	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Switzerland	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Denmark	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Netherlands	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Netherlands	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Australia	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Australia	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Canada	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Canada	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%				

## Money Market Rates as at 04/09/93

Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months
US	7.00%	7.00%	7.00%	UK	8.50%	8.50%	8.50%
Germany	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	France	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
France	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Italy	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Italy	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Spain	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Japan	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Japan	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	South Africa	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
South Africa	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Sweden	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Sweden	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Switzerland	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Switzerland	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Denmark	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Netherlands	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Netherlands	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Australia	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Australia	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%	Canada	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%
Canada	5.50%	5.50%	5.50%				

## Life Financial Futures as at 04/09/93

Contract	Settlement	High/Low	Est/Cont	Open
Long Gilt (Sep 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Gilt (Sep 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Sep 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Sep 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Sterling (Sep 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Sterling (Sep 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Oct 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Oct 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Nov 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Nov 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Dec 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Dec 93)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jan 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jan 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Feb 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Feb 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Mar 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Mar 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Apr 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Apr 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (May 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (May 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jun 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jun 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jul 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jul 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Aug 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Aug 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Sep 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Sep 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Oct 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Oct 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Nov 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Nov 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Dec 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Dec 94)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jan 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jan 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Feb 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Feb 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Mar 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Mar 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Apr 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Apr 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (May 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (May 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jun 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jun 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jul 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jul 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Aug 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Aug 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Sep 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Sep 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Oct 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Oct 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Nov 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Nov 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Dec 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Dec 95)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Jan 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Jan 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Feb 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Feb 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Mar 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Mar 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (Apr 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Short Euro (Apr 96)	115.04	115.05	114.28	147.88
Long Euro (May 96)	115.04	115.0		



# A fund worth \$63bn? It was simple

The news that Fidelity's Magellan Fund, the largest mutual fund (unit trust) in the world, has decided to close its doors to new investors sent me scurrying off to read one of my favourite books on the subject of investment.

This is a book called *Beating The Street*, by Peter Lynch. He is the man who first rescued the Magellan Fund from obscurity and turned it into the most successful retail investment fund ever devised by man, before retiring seven years ago to spend more time with his family.

At the time, received wisdom was that he had quit his job because he knew the fund had simply become too big to manage successfully. After 13 years, so they said, he had decided to quit while the going was good, and his exceptional performance record was still intact.

The fund then was valued at \$14bn, and comfortably ahead of most of its rivals in size. Lynch himself denied that size had anything to do with it: as he pointed out, the fund's first started saying the fund was too big to keep on growing when it reached the then unprecedented size of \$1bn in 1980.

A 14-fold increase in the subsequent 10 years was pretty conclusive proof that the critics were wrong. Just as compelling has been the subsequent performance. At the time of Fidelity's announcement 10 days ago, despite Magellan's great outperformance two years ago, when the manager put a large bet on bonds, the fund had reached a size of \$63bn, something like four and a half



Jonathan Davis

An outstanding fund manager bought companies he thought looked good value at the time

times its size when Lynch switched off his market screen for the last time seven years ago.

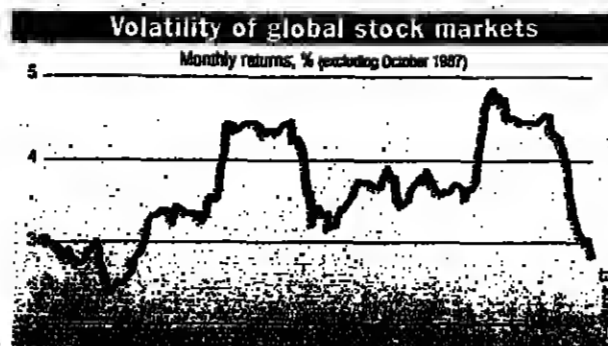
This, to put it into perspective, means that Magellan Fund on its own is something like three times the market value of the largest single company quoted on the London Stock Exchange. (It is also nearly 20 times the size of the largest unit or investment trusts in this country, so if there is a problem with size, it is not one which is likely to appear here in the foreseeable future.)

These are big numbers, even in a country where stockpicking is a national pastime, and money has been flowing into mutual funds over the last few years like a torrent, driving the great bull market on. Inevitably, there has been much earnest discussion about whether Fidelity's decision to close the fund tells us anything about (1) how close we are to the top of the bull market (answer - probably pretty close); and (2) yet again whether there is a point where actively managed funds do become simply too large to handle.

(I note with interest, given my comments last week about the tide running behind index-tracking funds, that Magellan is about to lose its top spot in the American mutual fund managed by the Vanguard group. One further advantage for index funds is that they are the only type of fund which automatically produces better results the bigger they become, since they enjoy clear economies of scale.)

While interesting, these questions seem to me to be of secondary importance to the question of how a single fund can have continued to grow and outperform its rivals for such a long period of time. Partly this is down to the marketing skills of the Fidelity organisation, which has not made itself the largest fund management group in the world simply by setting investment performance as its priority. These boys know how to sell their wares too.

What Fidelity has cashed in on, with Magellan and others in its stable of funds, is that the



selling of retail investment products is a tough but lucrative game in which the bulk of the spoils go to a disproportionately small number of fund managers, usually those with the best recent performance track record. (Lynch's success with its advertising campaign in the UK this year is a case in point.)

No matter, as Lynch himself points out, that for most mutual funds, as with most unit trusts, historic performance is a poor guide to future success. When you do have a genuinely outstanding fund manager such as Lynch in charge, however, and a track record which does persist, the commercial potential is simply huge. He himself is engagingly modest about his achievements, pointing out that when he took over Magellan for the first time in 1977, it was valued at just \$8m.

The market was still in the dumps and you could buy plenty of good companies on price/earnings multiples of five. (Compare that with the average p/e for the FT All Share Index today of 19 times).

"When stocks in good companies are selling at 3-6 times earnings, the stockpicking can hardly lose," he concludes.

Lynch also admits now that throughout his career he never really had a single coherent stockpicking strategy. Magellan was, and is, a fund whose primary objective is capital appreciation, which was a suitably broad remit to allow him a lot of leeway in what he bought.

He simply bought companies which he thought had good prospects and which looked good value at the time. If small growth companies looked good value, he bought them, and if large companies appealed he bought them too.

If he found lots of companies he liked, he used to go out and buy them all (one thing which is easier when you have a fund the size Magellan became under his tenure). It was only after he had retired that he had the time to sit down for the first time and tried to work out what his investment style had been.

Another distinctive Lynch trait was to buy companies with simple businesses that he found easy to understand (for example, fast food chains) rather than exotic technology stocks whose activities he could never fathom.

Perhaps his best advice, however, is that investors should not waste time worrying about the state of the economy or the overall level of the market, which he, like every other professional investor, invariably tended to get wrong.

He would not, for example, waste any time in worrying about the subject of my chart, which shows the trend in volatility of world markets over many years. (Those of a gloomy disposition believe that the marked recent increase in the number of sharp daily rises and falls in the stock market is a classic indicator of an imminent market fall.)

It is no surprise, Lynch points out, that there are more one-day falls in the market on Mondays than on any other day in the week. It is, after all, at the weekend that most people spend their time thinking about their investments. And when they start thinking about it, they start worrying about it too.

As a result, they tend to sell their successful stocks too early. Better to cut losses on shares which have failed to perform, but hold on to the winners.

Such simple ideas helped to turn an \$8m fund into something now worth more than the gross national product of several well known countries, so they have to be worth listening to.



Brian Tora

The economic miracle of South-east Asia was a horror story in the making

Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin. Or at least I will if you make certain you have the light turned on, all creaky doors closed and have made certain nothing may happen to cause you undue alarm. Because I am about to recount a horror story.

Quite why I have not written before about South-east Asia escapes me. I had been watching the gyrations of both currency and equity markets with increasing alarm. Too many people, particularly in the UK, have been caught out by believing the economic miracle of the Far East would continue indefinitely for us to ignore what has been happening recently.

The British problem of underweighting the US and overweighting the Far East has resulted in massive global underperformance for many managers. Popular wisdom has it that markets which have fallen as far as those of the Far East are now cheap enough to buy and certainly too cheap to sell. Popular wisdom is not always right.

Let us begin at the beginning. South-east Asia has always shown tremendous potential. Large populations enjoying a strong work ethic seemed ripe for development. Develop they did, and most successfully. But prosperity led to profligacy.

It is the most natural reaction in the world to spend when you are doing well. When that spender is a country, or even a region, then you must rely on the market to deliver the necessary correction.

Unfortunately this was all taking place at a time when South-east Asia enjoyed semi-fixed exchange rates. What was once a measure for Hong Kong became general practice for the region. There was tacit acceptance that the South-east Asian currencies were in effect a proxy for the US dollar.

This is not an entirely fanciful notion. The strength of these economies in the past has relied on the performance of the US economy in no small measure. While this has become less important as domestic momentum developed, there seemed every reason in the past to believe that what was good for the American bear suited the Asian tiger just fine.

What is wrong with artificial constraints, however arrived at, is that sooner or later cracks appear. In this

case it was interest rate differentials. Pegging one currency to another is fine - if you cannot arbitrage between the two. And if you can borrow in dollars at half the local cost of money, why not?

Well, from a relatively benign scenario, helped by capital inflows, rising reserves and strong economic growth, the situation soon deteriorated across the region. Foreign borrowing led to a deterioration in the current account position. Artificially high exchange rates resulted in strong import growth and a slowing on the export side as these currencies were dragged up by the dollar. High wages and declining productivity were beginning to make South-east Asia look like Western Europe a decade or so back.

But the killer was the level of spending - private, corporate and governmental - financed through borrowed money. There was just too much credit around. Speculative developments suddenly started to look unsound. If the collateral for the loan cannot service the debt and the value of security is in question, collateral damage will occur.

The implications are not comforting. At the very least GDP growth will slow as the position unwinds. Poor performing loans that represent highly leveraged commercial enterprises must inevitably devalue the residual equity. No wonder investors are nervous.

The present situation has focused attention on two unsatisfactory aspects of this whole sorry affair. First, the efficacy of central bank supervision and general regulation and standards is called into question. Lax accounting rules have allowed opaque capital structures to be introduced, so often the true extent of corporate liabilities is obscured by guarantees to subsidiaries or concealed responsibilities for loans.

Secondly, the absence of a significant risk premium in this particular marketplace has now been recognised and will inevitably result in a backlash by investors whose fingers have been badly burned. This in turn will delay the return to the real prosperity of which the region is undoubtedly capable.

Brian Tora is chairman of the Greig Middleton investment strategy committee and may be contacted on 0171-655-4000.

## Place your bets for another stock market crash

If the markets go down, a bear fund goes up. Rachel Fixsen explains

Share prices are teetering near record highs. This would be enough to trigger nervousness at the best of times, but at this time of year, it is making investors distinctly edgy. Will October, which played host to the stock market crash of 1987, witness another market collapse, and will you be hit?

Not if you've invested in a bear fund - the only type of unit trust which blossoms when the stock market withers. By using sophisticated financial instruments to take bets that the market will fall, bear funds can make swift gains when share prices plummet.

"For a long time now, there have been a lot of negative factors, like the Budget, which have had no impact on the market," says one equities analyst. "It looks like we're coming into a period when factors like interest rate rises are coming home to roost - so there are a lot more jitters."

Many experts foresee a period of weakness ahead for UK share prices, but stop short of predicting a market collapse.

John Govett Unit Management is the only fund manager to make bear funds reasonably accessible to private investors. It has seven bear funds, each covering a major world market, such as the UK bear fund, US bear fund or Japan bear fund.

"The bear funds are there to do exactly the opposite of what the index does," says Ian Taylor, marketing director at John Govett. They are authorised unit trusts, classified as futures and options funds, which hold the vast majority of their assets in cash investments. A small percentage is used to enter into futures contracts.

By selling a futures contract, a bear fund in theory promises to sell the stocks which make up the FTSE 100 index at today's prices at a set time in the future. Although in practice no shares actually change hands, if share prices fall between now and then, the fund makes a profit by buying back the contract at a lower price. The more share prices fall, the more money the bear fund makes.

So as long as the market falls, bear funds make a profit. But of course these funds have had a bad time in the last few years, with most bourses around the world surging ahead. As bear funds set out to inverse-track the

market, by definition if the market rises by 5 per cent, the fund falls a similar amount.

Not surprisingly, investments in some of Govett's bear funds have more than halved in value over the last year. A £1,000 investment in the Govett German bear fund would have shrunk to £378.88 over the last 12 months, according to financial data provider Moneyfacts, thanks in no small part to the strength of sterling. The same investment in the UK bear fund would have fallen to £738.58.

However, no one would recommend holding a bear fund for a year. These funds are only meant for short-term use. You buy into one when you think the market might fall, and sell again when the rout is over.

James Charrington, sales director at Mercury Fund Managers, which also runs bear funds, says investors might hold units for a month. "Although we have had people in these funds for up to a year," he adds. These investors might be aiming to protect themselves with a long-term hedge against a fall in US share prices, he says.

But these funds are not for the small investor. In any case, the minimum investment in any of the Mercury bear funds is beyond the average pocket at £250,000. To buy into one of the Govett funds you have to hand over at least £1,000.

"They are suitable for fairly sophisticated investors," says Mr Taylor. "Bear funds can be used for hedging. Rather than selling all your stock and buying it back, you can take a mirror holding in a bear fund - it's like portfolio insurance." Selling your shares and holding cash, which is the most obvious move if you take a dim view of the market's chances, means transaction fees and possibly having to pay capital gains tax.

If you're feeling bearish about the market but are not quite in the right league to use a bear fund, what can you do to protect your shares?

"The only reason why one would use a bear fund would be to hedge a pension fund or a very large portfolio," says Andrew Swallow of Ipswich-based Andrew Swallow Professional Financial Planning. He would advise nervous investors to switch assets into one of the guaranteed equity funds on offer.



Insure against this: Anguish on Sydney Stock Exchange as world markets crashed in 1987 Photograph: Reuters

Edinburgh Fund Managers offers its Safety First Fund. It invests in a managed portfolio of shares of major UK companies, including Shell and Glaxo Wellcome, and the units have a protected price, which is backed by a contract with NatWest Capital Markets.

The protected price is set at 95 per cent of the prevailing bid price of the units, and is "guaranteed" not to fall below this for the duration of the

contract, which ends next January. John Govett offers its UK Equity Safeguard Fund - a protected unit trust which has a quarterly lock-in, meaning the protected price is reset every three months. The protected price is set at 98 per cent of the fund's bid price at the beginning of each quarter.

But if your investment is for the long term, don't lose your nerve. If you hold

shares as part of a pension fund, which may be a 20 or 30-year investment, what difference does the odd stock market dip make?

John Govett Unit Managers, 0171 378 7979; Edinburgh Fund Managers, 0131 313 1000; Mercury Asset Management, 0171 280 2800; Andrew Swallow Professional Financial Planning, 01473 252 156

## The latest status symbol - a gold card from the Co-op

The battle for customers in the lucrative gold card market intensified this week with the launch of a low-cost card by Co-operative Bank, which claims to offer the best rate on the market.

The Advantage card will have an initial rate of 7.9 per cent APR, fixed until April. Thereafter, the card will move to a standard variable rate of 10.9 per cent APR.

Co-operative Bank says that, unlike some competitors, which

revert to a higher rate for new purchases, its low-start rate will apply not only to transfers but also to all outstanding balances until the end of March.

The card, which has no annual fee and no interest-free period, is aimed at people likely to leave an amount outstanding each month.

Simon Williams, head of marketing at Co-operative Bank, says: "We realise there is a significant proportion of the population who regularly bor-

row on their credit cards. For those people, the traditional card with an interest-free period is of no use whatsoever. It is far more important to have a card with a lower rate."

The Co-op's new card comes amid a growing number of gold card launches. Despite the continuing appearance of a range of ordinary credit cards, many observers feel that market is "mature", yielding few opportunities for growth.

Attention has turned instead

to gold cards, whose users are felt to be more affluent - the typical minimum earnings requirement is £20,000 - and offering greater personal service. Status-seeking is perceived as another reason for the flood of gold card applications.

Research by Mintel shows the number of gold cards in circulation has rocketed from 800,000 just four years ago to more than 2.5 million today.

The average amount spent by gold card users is more than

£2,350 a year, compared with £1,330 for ordinary cards. There are now 25 gold cards in issue, compared with four in 1993.

Two weeks ago, American Express joined the fray with a gold credit card charging 15.9 per cent APR, one of the lowest rates on the market. To sweeten its offer still further, Amex is offering an introductory rate of 12.6 per cent for six months.

Unlike the Co-operative Bank Advantage card, American Express offers a 56-day

interest-free credit period. Other competitive gold cards include Lloyds Bank and Nationwide, both charging 17.2 per cent APR on purchases.

Sainsbury's, one of the most recent entrants, charges 16.5 per cent. The Au card, issued by Royal Bank of Scotland, charges 13.9 per cent APR on both purchases and cash withdrawals, also coupled with a 56-day interest-free credit period.

Nic Cicutti

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# Swansea to press home advantage

Rugby Union  
CHRIS HEWETT

The shop window has been bare for years: far from breathing life across an international stage it once dominated with such glorious elan, the Red Dragon has whizzed and painted its way pathetically from one apologetic disappointment to another in a decade smothered by sackcloth and ashes. A rugby stronghold? Wales? Pull the other one.

But there are very real risks in judging this particular book by its cover. For all the faults and frailties regularly exposed by rival test sides in sandy Five Nations Championships and World Cup, the Welsh can still flex an effective muscle or two at club level. Only one band of cross-border visitors, the French grandees from Toulouse, have won a Heineken Cup match in the principality since the launch of the competition in 1995, and Swansea, who open this year's tournament by taking on the English-kings Wasp at St Helen's tomorrow, have no intention of allowing that tally to be doubled at their expense.

Gavin Jenkins, appointed captain of the All Whites last season in a bold and so far suc-

cessful experiment in school bully-turned-perfect psychology, believes his club are beginning to shed their image as the unpredictable, unreliable mavericks of the Welsh game.

"Inconsistency has been a big problem in the seven years I've been at St Helen's - as recently as last season we simply failed to show up at a couple of games we really ought to have won - but we've consciously addressed the problem and added some backbone, a layer of steel," the former Welsh hooker said.

Much of that strengthening work was performed by Mike Ruddock, a gifted and resourceful coach, before his departure to Leinster during the summer. Happily from Swansea's point of view, John Plumtree, a 32-year-old New Zealander brought in as Ruddock's full-time replacement, is coming from a similar direction. It should be an explosive mix: traditional All White adventure underpinned by some equally traditional All Black discipline.

"Home advantage is a big factor in rugby these days and it's getting bigger all the time, so victory over Wasp tomorrow is a minimum requirement in terms of our progress in this competition," said the 32-year-old coach from Taranaki who

this time last year was still playing big-time rugby in Durban for Natal. "In the Heineken two home wins are a must. If you can also get a result on the road you're pretty much guaranteed a place in the knock-out phase."

"I'm here on a two-year contract and I've come to win things, obviously. The end result is the thing people look at and judge you by, so silverware on the shelf is the target. But I also want to see Swansea's rugby improve in all departments, and that means picking up the intensity of what we do, both in training and on match day."

"Above all, I want to see us get out of the hole of going to some small, out-of-the-way place and allowing a side to compete with us when, in reality, they are nowhere near as good. We should be capable of working out opponents for 25 minutes and then burying them. The days of one good performance and one bad are gone."

Plumtree accepts that "his" Swansea have yet to be tested, although the 47-11 victory at Ebbw Vale in the opening round of Welsh premiership matches provided some evidence that the "away thing" has been summarily dealt with. However, Wasp, led by Lawrence Dallaglio and equipped with international performers in every department, will ask the kind of questions their English rivals found all but unanswerable last season.

In particular they will throw up their extraordinarily effective blanket defence and dare Arwel Thomas, Scott Gibbs and company to plot a route through it - or, if the off-the-wall Thomas is on song, around it, over it or under it. "I've never seen Wasp play, but I know of their reputation as a strong defensive side," Plumtree said yesterday. "The game is based more on defence now than at any other time in its history - it really is a huge part of winning rugby - so Wasp will give us an indication of exactly how good we are."

Swansea must launch their Heineken challenge without a third of their first-choice side as Simon Davies, Mark Taylor, Andy Moore, Colin Charvis and Stuart Davies are all unfit, and while Jenkins is a long-term subscriber to the "get your retaliation in first" philosophy, he is not the sort to hide behind early excuses.

"Wasp have a strong squad with class in all positions, but we have a good squad too and this sort of game gives us the exposure we need," he said. "It's just like the good old days, when matches between Welsh and English clubs really meant something. The rivalry is back and with a European trophy on the end of it I'm expecting some intense rugby over the next few weeks."

# Du Plessis has wings clipped

CHRIS HEWETT

Carel du Plessis, the Springbok three-quarter christened the Prince of Wings by his adoring Cape Town subjects, yesterday completed a very public fall from grace by being unceremoniously dumped as South Africa's national coach. Du Plessis was only halfway through his 12-month contract, but a series defeat by the Lions and record hidings from New Zealand and Australia left his goose cooked to a frazzle.

Under his stewardship the Boks were beaten five times in eight outings. Nick Mallett, the former Oxford University No 8 who played two Tests for South Africa in 1984, is the hottest of favourites to succeed his former Western Province colleague. Ironically Mallett was considered the front-runner for the job before Du Plessis was chosen ahead of him last spring.

Du Plessis can consider himself a touch unfortunate. Injuries undeniably sabotaged his chances of prevailing over the Lions, and several of his Test defeats were by frustratingly narrow margins, but he also made

life unnecessarily difficult for himself by ignoring hardened international performers in Flenie le Roux and Kobus Wiese, and, even worse, fielding sides with no proven goalkicker.

The Welsh Rugby Union, meanwhile, yesterday raised the stakes on the club versus country affair by warning its top players of the consequences of cold-shouldering international call-ups.

Terry Cobner, the Wales director of rugby, said: "From this moment on, any player making himself unavailable for any senior Welsh team other than for reasons acceptable to the WRU - births, deaths or marriages, for example - should forfeit his right to be selected."

The issue was brought to a head by last weekend's Test with Romania, which was scheduled 24 hours before an Allied Dunbar Premiership match involving Richmond, who have a number of high-profile Welshmen on their books. Two of the Richmond players, Allan Bate and Barry Williams, agreed to play after a compromise over testing requirements, but a third, Scott Quinnell, did not make himself available.

# Armstrong's ambition

Cycling

Just 11 months after discovering he had testicular cancer, Lance Armstrong said on Thursday he intends to find a new team and return to European competition next year.

Armstrong, speaking on a telephone conference call from a cycling trade show in Anaheim, California, said his decision stemmed from good news he received during a doctor's visit last week in Indianapolis.

Armstrong said: "They were extremely optimistic - I'd never seen that from them before. Before, they were hesitant and cautious what they said to me."

Armstrong's cancerous testicle was removed on 3 October,

the day after diagnosis. But soon it was discovered that the disease had spread to his lungs, stomach and brain. Chemotherapy and brain surgery followed.

Armstrong, who lives in Austin, Texas, added that doctors told him the chances of future surgery were "almost zero" and death was "almost totally out of the picture."

Last week's news was not all good. Cofidis, the French cycling team, told Armstrong it would not exercise the second year of a two-year contract, forcing him to seek another team.

His agent, Bill Stapleton, said they have between four and six weeks in which to find a new team. Armstrong said he has not had the chance to discuss contracts yet.

Stapleton said he and Arm-

strong "haven't even thought" about what they would do if a team cannot be found. Armstrong probably would not consider riding in races in the US.

Armstrong said: "I consider myself part of the European (cycling) community. That's what I want to return to."

Armstrong plans to return to a serious training schedule by November at the latest and is riding for two hours a day.

He said: "I didn't just take a year off. It's a year in which physically I went through a lot of hard stuff. Tests indicate nothing has changed for me physically. So, it's just a question of how much did I lose by taking a year off?"

He said that he was "very curious" about how well he will be able to ride in 1998.

# Goodway visits Gregory's lair

Rugby League  
DAVE HADFIELD

Andy Goodway's first match since his appointment as the Great Britain coach takes him to the lair of the man some thought should have got the nod.

Goodway's Paris are at Salford, the side coached by his former Wigan team-mate, Andy Gregory, in the preliminary round of the Premiership playoffs tomorrow.

Gregory could feel that he has something to prove after being overlooked for the international job, but insists: "It's not entered my head. I never regarded myself as a candidate - it was just other people talking about it."

"It doesn't bother me one bit. All the best to Andy Goodway; my only concern is doing the job here at Salford and I don't

want our season to finish at 4.30 on Sunday."

Gregory, whose side exceeded most expectations by finishing comfortably in mid-table in Super League, will be without three forwards - Cliff Eccles, Craig Randall and the newly-signed David Bradbury - but will have David Hulme back on the bench.

Tomorrow's other tie sees two sides who experienced contrasting seasons meet at Thrum Hall. Halifax went into a steep decline from mid-season onwards, while Castleford recovered sufficiently under their new coach, Stuart Raper, to avoid relegation and end the campaign in optimistic mood.

Provided Halifax's plans to move in with the local football club at The Shay go ahead, this will be the last competitive match at Thrum Hall.

Paul Davidson, Oldham's

in-form but problematic second-row forward, has been suspended for three matches for using a forearm, while Sheffield's Waisale Solovata has escaped suspension on a striking charge.

Davidson's ban starts with the match at Leeds on Monday, for which the home side will have Martin Masella back after an ankle injury. The game was originally scheduled for this evening, but has been postponed, along with the programme in the amateur leagues, because of the funeral of Diane, Princess of Wales. One game that will be played today is in Philadelphia, where the touring Great Britain Students play their American counterparts.

The quarter-finals in the Divisional Premiership will be decided tomorrow, with the draw for the next round to be made immediately afterwards.



Daniel Komen on his way to a world record in the 5,000m in Brussels last month

Photograph: Allsport

# Komen running fastest down the well-trodden path

Paul Evans was in reflective mood as he flew back from last month's Ivo Van Damme meeting in Brussels.

Now concentrating mainly on marathon running, the 36-year-old Briton had run a satisfactory 10,000 metres, breaking 28 minutes. But four laps from the end he had been lapped by a man travelling at bewildering speed - Paul Tergat of Kenya, who was in the process of setting the world record of 26min 27.85sec.

Evans, who finished 11th in the 1992 Olympic 10,000m final, smiled ruefully at the recollection.

"I couldn't believe it," he said. "I feel sorry for our track boys now. They just have to say to themselves that they are running in another race from the Africans."

Evans is competing in an area where it still seems possible for European runners to win - as he did in Chicago last year. But even in the marathon, the lists tell a similar story - the top three performances of all time are by Africans. Rob De Castella, Steve Jones and Carlos Lopes's times of the mid-Eighties have been surpassed.

This summer, world best times in middle and long distance events have been equalled or broken 11 times - all the work of African runners, or in the case of the 800m, a Kenyan who has adopted Danish nationality.

As the season draws towards its close, the pre-eminent performer to emerge is a softly spoken 21-year-old Kenyan, Daniel Komen, who will run tomorrow in the Bupa Grand Prix at Gateshead.

He set his first world record in Rieti last September, taking nearly five seconds off Noureddine Morceli's mark for 3,000m as he clocked 7:20.67.

Afterwards he commented: "I think I

can be better in the 3,000 and 5,000 and the two-mile. Those records can all go lower, maybe next year."

The 3,000 apart, it has come to pass. Komen began by becoming the first man to break eight minutes for the two miles, lowering Haile Gebrselassie's world best from 8:03.54 to 7:58.61.

After winning the world 5,000m title, he was defeated over the distance in Zurich by Gebrselassie, who set a record of 12:41.86. But nine days later in Brussels, the loping figure of Komen, urged on by an African drum band and a commentator on the verge of delirium, made the record his own with a time of 12:39.74.

He has also established his right to be regarded as a potential record-breaker at 1500m and the mile, completing the former distance last month in 3:29.46, the time which stood as a world record to Said Aouita for seven years until 1992.

"We're just finding out what Daniel can do over the shorter distances," says his manager Kim McDonald, who looks after a group of around 30 Kenyan athletes at his training base in Teddington.

McDonald was a respectable runner himself, with a best of 13:49 for the 5,000m, but as a developer of Kenyan talent he has made himself world class.

Athletes such as Joseph Keter, the 1996 Olympic steeplechase champion, William

Tanui, the 1992 Olympic 800m champion and multiple world champion Moses Kiplanui have all made regular use of the South London centre. Now Komen has come through.

Out of Teddington, always something new.

When they are not running around Bushey Park, the Kenyan athletes like to go out shopping in Loodoo. But the items purchased tend to be things like generators to take home to their family farms.

Komen, who first made his mark as an eight-year-old when he came ninth in a senior high school 10,000m track race, has a background that is typical of many of his fellow Kenyan athletes.

By the age of 12, he was running 12 miles a day to and from school.

His mother used to sell potatoes by the side of the road. But with his new-found wealth - last year alone, he earned \$250,000 (£160,000) in winning the over-all IAAF grand prix - he has bought a farm in his native Nyaru which provides a living for the rest of his family, seven brothers and six sisters.

At the end of last season, Komen bought himself an Armani suit. But he has now, apparently, exchanged it for one of Keeney manufacture.

Unlike many of his fellow runners, who have scholarships at American universities, Komen returns home when he is not competing to spend time on his family farm. "I like driving the tractor and milking," he said.

His extraordinary range of talent - he began life as a 10,000m runner, finishing ninth in the 1994 Commonwealth final after a mad dash to the lead - has put him at the centre of what has been an African pass-the-parcel routine with world records.

In every event there is another keen challenger - Hicham El Guerrouj in the 1500m and mile, Gebrselassie and his Kenyan colleague Paul Tergat at the longer distances. It is a depth of talent, African talent, which will ensure that the records continue to fall.

In the 5000m, for example, McDonald believes the 12:30 mark will be the next one to go. Then perhaps the 12:20 mark. "You can't put a limit on it," he said. He seems to be right.

AFRICA'S MIDDLE AND LONG-DISTANCE DOMINANCE			
5,000m	World record	12:39.74	Daniel Komen (Kenya)
5,000m	Previous record	12:41.86	Gebrselassie (Ethiopia)
10,000m	World record	26:27.85	Daniel Komen (Kenya)
10,000m	Previous record	26:57.52	Gebrselassie (Ethiopia)
1500m	World record	3:29.46	Daniel Komen (Kenya)
1500m	Previous record	3:30.00	Said Aouita (Morocco)
1 mile	World record	3:59.46	Daniel Komen (Kenya)
1 mile	Previous record	4:00.00	Said Aouita (Morocco)
3,000m	World record	7:20.67	Daniel Komen (Kenya)
3,000m	Previous record	7:25.00	Noureddine Morceli (Algeria)

# Redgrave in line for seventh gold

Rowing  
HUGH MATHESON  
reports from Lac d'Aiguebelette

This morning, Steve Redgrave and Matthew Pinsent, aided by Tim Foster and James Cracknell, new to the glare of attention that follows their golden partners, will hope to lead a procession on the near-perfectly fair course here at the World Championships in Eastern France to their seventh World and Olympic gold medal in seven years.

For any other combination in any other sport such confidence would give hostages to fortune and the normal British entry would immediately crumble to disarray.

Their confidence, however, is firmly built on the ruthless manner with which they crush opposition. Yesterday, Pinsent talked unselfishly about the time they first discussed the coxless four during Redgrave's brief post-Olympic retirement a year ago and how they did not expect to arrive here unbeaten.

Since it was formed in April, the crew has not had to use the devastating change of pace they can produce in the final quarter of the race.

The women's double scull of Gillian Lindsay and Miriam Batten is a new arrival on the scene - born from the comparative failure of a quadruple scull, which was stranded after the first round of the World Cup at the Munich regatta. Their victory in the semi-final here showed the wonderful togetherness, which only comes in a double with as much art as science in its make-up.

Mike Spracklen, the coach, who has just returned from eight years coaching in North America, has found the key to turn previous under-achievers into something special in a matter of months. "He is a very psychological coach, who has given us confidence in our ability," Batten said.

Batten's sister, Guin, has reached the final of the women's single scull with an aggressive race which showed oodles of the disappointing lethargy of her summer when she was affected by a virus.

Her lightweight shadow, Jane Hall, has over-learned the spirit to race, but in her first year in the singles scull has had to develop the wisdom and race plan to go it alone after four years of medal-winning in crew boats. She felt her place in the final was worth a medal in any other event. "The single scull is so much harder than crew racing and the satisfaction is greater because of that."

The men's coxless pair of Bobby Thatcher and Ben Hunt Davis have followed the six-time winners, Redgrave and Pinsent, to finish second in the World Cup this summer and to take a place in the final here as third fastest overall.

The men's lightweight eight has five novices, led by three former champions, including the Falklands' veteran, Jim McNiven, and is guided by a great coxswain, John Deakin. They may well spring the surprise of the regatta in a final in which any of the six crews might emerge as winner.

# Smith's cup credentials take a dip

Sailing  
MATTHEW SLATER

Nigel Northridge probably thought his race at the Royal North of Ireland Yachting Club would be plain sailing when usual. After all, persuading Lawrie Smith, the British Olympian and Whitbread Round the World race skipper, to guide your boat should be enough to guarantee victory at a club competition in Cultra, County Down.

The Whitbread, a 31,000-mile marathon, starts on 21 September. The financial wind in the sails of Smith's entry, Silk Cut, is provided by Gallagher, the tobacco manufacturer, and Smith was appearing at Cultra as a favour to Northridge, Gallagher's senior marketing director.

With Smith at the helm, Northridge's 18ft squid took an immediate lead, and the race seemed over. Northridge, reflecting on a successful day's sailing, could rest assured that Gallagher's sponsorship input was in the hands of a reliable skipper. What Northridge did not account for was the human element. Smith, in one of those off-days at the office, lent over too far and capsized. After 15 minutes of sailing, it was an inauspicious omen for the nine-month-long Whitbread race.





## sport

## England's stalwart still on the defensive

Gary Pallister has seen them come and seen them go. Since making his international debut he has played under four England managers and seen 22 other centre-halves wear the three lions, nine of them as defensive partners.

This week he has been celebrating his 10th season as an England international, but if he plays against Moldova at Wembley on Wednesday it will only be his 23rd cap. Why has he not played more often?

"That's difficult to say. Obviously, everyone would like to feel they could have played more games for their country. I'm just pleased to be involved at the moment with the World Cup coming up," was his bland answer after training at Bisham Abbey this week.

Anyone looking for clues would have had one right under their nose. Pallister's foot was wrapped in an ice pack. Another injury?

Not this time; just a bruised toe where his foot had been trodden on in training, not that Pallister regards himself as injury prone. Indeed, the mere subject is a sensitive one, with

the Manchester United defender being known to preface interviews with "I'm not talking about injuries". "I keep hearing I'm injury-prone this and injury-prone that but I played a fair number of games last year and for people to keep talking about it is annoying," he said this time. "I'm fit as far as I'm concerned."

Since Pallister missed 15 United games last year and 21 this season before, it is hardly surprising he is regarded as having an injury problem. The most serious aspect has been his back which, when at its worst, meant he was struggling to play two games in a week. That factor was certainly responsible for his missing out on Euro 96 and hardly augurs well for his World Cup chances in France next year.

"I have not had any trouble with it since November when I was out for three weeks," he said. "I just have to be careful. There were daft stories about not being able to travel - about having a bed in the house - that's not true."

Until two seasons ago Pallister had missed only eight League games in nine years, so maybe his

Despite an international career spanning 10 years, Gary Pallister (right) is not guaranteed a place in Hoddle's plans. Glenn Moore reports

recent reputation is undeserved. He certainly appears fit enough. A lack of training may sometimes tell on his physique, but experience at reading the game gives him a yard start and he has been outstanding in Manchester United's perfect defensive start to the season of five clean sheets.

More telling, perhaps, when it comes to international selection is the memory of Barcelona in 1994, when Romario and Stoichkov bamboozled Pallister and Steve Bruce, and Oslo in 1993 when he was left exposed on the left of a back three by one of Graham Taylor's more bizarre selections.

That was several years ago, however. In his two appearances for Glenn Hoddle, in Moldova and as a second-half substitute at Wembley against Poland, he has looked

comfortable. He does appear happier as half of a central defensive pair, as with Bruce or Tony Adams, than in a three but the same was once thought of Adams. Pallister cites Alan Hansen and Mark Lawrenson as his heroes and, given the chance of playing in the centre of a three, could prove a success. Several seasons of European football with United have improved his distribution and perception.

"It's always difficult to evaluate your own form but I'm playing at the moment so the manager [Alex Ferguson] must be pleased. We have seen over the years he is prepared to change things if he is not happy."

There have been some great players leave the club and if you can't match his desire, his will to win and to improve all the time, you could be one of the names going out the door.

"He has an unbelievable passion for success and that is reflected in the team. You should have seen him in our dressing-room after we played Coventry. It was the first time in my career I had won 3-0 and got a roaring. He was not happy, we were not about our business; Coventry could easily have got something and he didn't hold his punches afterwards. That sums him up."

Ferguson's determination to improve United saw him invest £5m in another centre-half, Henning Berg, this summer. He, Pallister, David May and Ronny Johnsen will now be competing for two positions.

"It keeps you on your toes, which is probably a reason we have kept the clean sheets. Last year we had a few injuries and the manager wanted to ensure there was not a repeat of the situation in the Champions' League last year when, at times, two of the centre-halves were injured."

Pallister was also in the dressing-room for when Hoddle dished out his biggest roasting to date, after the fortunate 2-1 win over Poland at Wembley last year.

"They [Hoddle and Ferguson] have different styles but both have got that passion to win. Because he was not a box-to-box player like Bryan Robson people might have a perception that Glenn is one of those silky, glossy players without passion but, if you listen to his team talks, you can see he has plenty."

"After the Poland game he let us know what he thought in no uncertain terms."

Due to injury, being out of favour or England not qualifying, Pallister has yet to play in a major tournament, and he added, with bope, "Playing in a World Cup would be the pinnacle of my career."

Having outlasted the Walkers and Wrights, and seen off the Ruddocks and Coopers, he must have a chance but Tony Adams is still in the frame and the young guns - Sol Campbell and Gareth Southgate - have muscled ahead.

Time is running out for 32-year-old Pallister and he, more than most, will be awaiting the announcement of Wednesday's team with interest.

England's 23 centre-halves since Pallister's debut, February '88

Robson Taylor	Vanables	Hodkins	caps
Gary Pallister	2	9+1	8
Tony Adams	10	9	12
Dave Watson	2+1		2+1
Mark Wright	10+2	13	2
Terry Butcher	23		23
Des Walker	23+2	33+1	56+3
Paul Parker	1	4	6
Earl Barrett	1		1
Gary Mahboub	3		3
Martin Keown	8+1		4
Nath Orie	1		1
Carlton Palmer	2		2
Steve Bould	7		7
Nell Ruddock	4		4
Steve Harvey	2+1		2+1
John Stables	1		1
David Unsworth	2		2
Colin Cooper	8+2	9+1	15+3
Gareth Southgate	3		5+1
Gary Neville	4		6
Stuart Pearce	0+1		0+1
Ugo Eliegi			6
Sol Campbell			8

Appearances in chronological order since Pallister's debut, refer only to matches played as a central defender (referee in central duo or trio). Butcher, Wright, Adams, Watson, Mahboub have previously played there.

## Southgate ready for armband's burden

England's footballers will be keeping their heads down this weekend as Glenn Hoddle prowls the corridors of their home counties retreat like Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*, writes Glenn Moore.

Instead of an axe, the England coach will be wielding the captain's armband, the most revered but feared honour in the game. Leading the national team out at Wembley may be every young Englishman's dream, but those close to doing so against Moldova on Wednesday are all too aware of the jinx which has stalked Hoddle's leaders.

Captain No 1 was Alan Shearer, now laid up until Christmas at least with a broken leg.

Captain No 2 was Tony Adams, still struggling to overcome a knee injury which has dogged him ever since.

Captain No 3 was Paul Ince, who misses the World Cup tie through suspension.

Captain No 4 was Stuart Pearce, who limped out of Newcastle's European Cup match in Croatia, and this England squad, with a pulled hamstring.

Captain No 5 was likely to be Teddy Sheringham, until he underwent a bone scan on a bruised chest this week and discovered two broken ribs.

"There must be a curse on the captaincy," bemoaned Hoddle.

So when the team, who go home this morning, return

tomorrow night he will be roaming the rooms, calling out: "Gareth? David? Rob? Anyone home?" Sadly the player who would appreciate the honour most (though he is also the most superstitious) will not be subject to the coach's entreaties. Paul Gascoigne may be the most experienced player left in the squad, a veteran of nine seasons as an international and 51 caps, but he still appears to have the mind of a child too often for comfort.

Not that Hoddle admitted this yesterday, instead he paid tribute to Gascoigne's new "maturity". "He's stayed injury-free, which was my main concern and he looks in good condition. He is the most experienced player in the squad and he enjoys the responsibility of being 'senior pro'. He is showing more maturity. When he had those problems [the allegations of wife beating and subsequent confession] I said I did not expect him to learn in five days, nor even six months. It was up to him to mature and he is doing so."

Hoddle felt this also applied on the pitch, and he added: "There are things you don't understand at 22; you think you know it all. His understanding of the game has matured."

So, Captain Gazza then? Hoddle, when asked directly, refused to rule it out, insisting: "He has a chance." But he then spelled out exactly why Gascoigne will not be leading the team on Wednesday. "I have to consider the whole occasion. It will be very emotional. It is a one-off, both an important World Cup game and a unique occasion. Whoever is captain must be controlled."

That rules out Ian Wright as well as Gascoigne, leaving the most likely candidates as Gareth Southgate and David Seaman. Newly appointed skipper of Aston Villa and long a captain in the making, Southgate has the right blend of diplomacy and will to handle both the occasion and the Moldovans.



Glenn Hoddle at Bisham Abbey after a training session in preparation for next week's match against Moldova

Photograph: David Ashdown

## McCarthy looks to Kilbane to break ice

Kevin Kilbane, West Bromwich Albion's new £1m winger, is set for a World Cup debut with the Republic of Ireland as Mick McCarthy's team try to snatch second place in Group Eight and a back-door opportunity to reach the finals in France next summer.

McCarthy, Ireland's manager, will not name his team to face Iceland - the first of two vital qualifying matches in five days - until just before kick-off today in Reykjavik. But with three key men out through injuries, he is ready to call for the quick and mobile Kilbane, whose only previous international experience comprises three caps at Under-21 level.

"Would I throw him in? Yes, I would. He's always been in this squad and he's got a chance of playing," said McCarthy, who has lost the injured Ray Houghton, Keith O'Neill and Niall Quinn from his original squad for the two games.

McCarthy knows only a win today is good enough, with the

other second-place challengers Lithuania and Macedonia meeting in Vilnius directly after the Iceland game finishes.

Macedonia are two points ahead of the Irish having played one game more, and Lithuania - whom the Republic visit on Wednesday - trail McCarthy's men only on goal difference.

Keith Rowland, the West Ham midfielder or wing-back, has been added to the Northern Ireland squad for their World Cup Group Nine qualifier against Albania in Zurich on Wednesday, after Sheffield Wednesday's Ian Nolan withdrew with a knee injury.

Jim Magilton has also pulled out of the Northern Ireland squad. The midfielder, who is set to join Sheffield Wednesday from Southampton, damaged his ankle at Chelsea last weekend. Ipswich's Danny Sonner has been called up to replace him, while Newcastle's Aaron Hughes has been drafted in to replace the Bolton centre-half Gerry Taggart.

## No one likes them, they don't care

Dan McCauley, the chairman of Plymouth Argyle, has announced that he wants to sell up and leave.

Forgive the Home Park faithful, likewise the manager, players, kit washer and tea brewer, for feeling like Mars Bar wrappers tossed aside in a howling wind, but this is the second time in a year that Mr McCauley has taken the last tonal-kickling bite and decided to spew out the lot.

He wants to recoup something in the region of the £3m he has invested in the Pilgrims, whose progress has been less than remarkable since he took control of a club whose history has its roots in rugby.

The Argyle Athletic Club was formed in 1886 in a town which was a wobbly ball strong-hold until servicemen introduced it to football. It spread quickly and, initially, the club played both sports in the colours of green and black. A number of exhibition games so convinced the locals of the feasibility of running a professional club that the rugby section was disbanded, heralding the formation of Plymouth Argyle FC in 1903.

They have had their moments in the subsequent 94 years, but in truth there has generally been little to cheer at Home Park unless, of course, you happen to be a diehard whose main interest in life is the

winning, drawing or losing of the team you would walk a million miles for.

What, then, makes a man want to plough his money, time and energy into the running of a football club? Could it be ambition? Added wealth? Power?

There could be an element of all those things, yes, but for many the real reason is the craving for celebrity status; the desire to be the big man in town.

Anybody who has been in a club boardroom will tell you that the arrival of the chairman after a match is akin to St Peter's presence at The Gates. There is much handshaking, a queue to proffer large gin and tonics and a competition to see who can elicit the biggest laugh from the most feeble of jokes. This, mark you, is when you have lost.

Such worshipping at feet is the fulfilment of the chairman's dream and is not something that can be lightly relinquished.

It is a little-known fact that some 30 years ago, when the halcyon period he is now enjoying at Chelsea was merely a pipe dream, Ken Bates assumed the chairmanship of my beloved Oldham Athletic. In those days I was a young Latent fan and it still excites me to recall the events of the Boxing Day fixture that was

## Phil Rostron finds football club chairmen united by the lowest common denominator

the first under his stewardship. Oldham were struggling horribly at the wrong end of the Third Division when his arrival was announced just before Christmas. As the team took the field there were gasps all round, with no fewer than five new signings making their joint debut in a club kit that had suddenly been transformed from blue and white to electric orange.

A big, blond centre-forward called Frank Large was one of them, and he was to become my all-time hero. Moreover, Oldham won. Bates, who owned a concrete business in the north-west in those days, was hailed as the club's saviour. Oldham avoided relegation but the fairytale was doomed when Bates issued his mission statement for the following season: "The club's wages come from home gates. The club needs £75,000 a year, therefore attendances must average 15,000. The fans want victory or they don't turn up, therefore the team must win matches."

Here was a man who meant business. It was sanctioned

that Oldham were to become the first club in the country with executive boxes (though some unkind souls suggested that these would be of the upturned wooden variety, which had previously contained South African grapes).

Bates later committed what to many supporters was a cardinal sin. One year and a day after signing him, he sold Large to Northampton Town for a paltry £13,000, responding to my protest with a two-page letter explaining the economics of a lowly placed football club. For that, at least, I shall be eternally grateful.

Nobody is ever going to be Mr Popular in that role. Take Doug Ellis at Aston Villa. When it was announced that a new construction at Villa Park was to be called the Doug Ellis Stand, supporters viewed it as an incredible act of self-indulgence. He justified it by saying it was only because of the express wishes of the board that this course of action was being taken. Apparently the next completed construction is to be called The Not The Doug Ellis Stand.

It is said that Elton John has taken up a second term at Watford only because his lyrics have dried up and he can now pinch some new ones from the chants of the fans.

I suspect that only a small band of people will be form-

ing an orderly queue for the privilege of adopting the Plymouth mantle, but I would draw to their attention a trick that was taught to me by an old mentor.

If your purpose in life is to acquire a football club cheaply, then this is what you do. You apply to your local planning authority for outline permission to build 50 dwellings. The bigger the mix, the better. Perhaps a dozen houses, a piggery, a pub, a chippy and a warehouse.

That department would be obliged to reveal that an application had been received for such a development - right on the football club's land.

Another obligation would be to reveal the name of the planning applicant, and that is where the real fun would start. Such fear and horror would overcome the board members that an invitation to join their number would be forthcoming forthwith. At this point you issue an ultimatum: you either go in as chairman or proceed with the planning. You will, naturally, have the full backing of the shareholders.

It is a little scam, unworkable of course, dreamed up by a friend who is upset at the way "his" club is being run. He will never enter the realms of those who liked the club so much they bought it. Perhaps he should count his blessings.

Olivia Blair is on holiday

There was an unprecedented case of "Groundhopper Stops Play" on the opening day of the season. An ardent hopper known as "Tram" (because he works as a tram driver in Blackpool) travelled 250 miles to watch a Wintonleed Kent League match at Greenwich Borough FC. Tram specialises in touching both crossbars at every new ground he visits.

However, at Greenwich Borough, he found he could not reach the woodwork. Tram subsequently complained to the match referee, alleging that the crossbars were 10 feet off the ground!

Out came the tape measures and it became apparent that the wrong dimensions were in place. The kick-off was delayed by seven minutes while the crossbars were pulled down and repositioned.

Tram is just one of the growing army of groundhoppers that trail the country for their footballing fare. Objectives are simple. To watch matches at as many different grounds as possible.

Many hoppers collect club badges, programmes, scarves, replica shirts and any other paraphernalia they can lay their hands upon at games. The clubs benefit from this income, plus the increased use of bar and refreshment facilities.

Like Mr Tram, most hoppers have self-enforced guidelines for visiting new grounds. For example, some don't count a visit to a ground if they have seen a goalless draw there. Rumour has it that one intro-

## No 222 Groundhopping FAN'S EYE VIEW by Tony Incenzo

pid gentleman has been back to Stenhousemuir three times and still hasn't seen a goal! Then there is the hopper who has to walk around the four sides of the pitch, inside and outside the ground. Some take photos of the grandstands, others sketch the ground and Mr "Mega-Statto" takes 20 pages of notes at every game.

Pete Llewellyn and Dave Jolly combine their groundhopping hobby with a passion for botany, seeking rare alpine flora on their trips to new grounds. And Barry Perthen took flying lessons so that he could photograph non-League grounds from the sky.

But it seems that the groundhopper who puts himself under the most pressure is the Hertfordshire-based Dave Roxborough. He makes it his business to touch the match ball at every ground he visits.

Dave usually stands near the corner flag, hoping to throw the ball back when it goes out for a corner. "When I arrive at a new ground, I walk around trying to work out where the ball will be easiest to retrieve by me," he says. No wonder the other assembled groundhoppers burst into spontaneous applause every time Dave gets his first touch of the ball.

The groundhoppers have a convention every Easter. This year, 400 hoppers achieved a world record by watching seven Devon League matches in 35 hours and 30 minutes over Good Friday and Easter Saturday.

It started at Alphington FC at 11am on the Friday and finished at 6.30pm the following evening at Willand Rovers. A convoy of cars and coaches ferried the hoppers between each match in football's version of Wacky Races. The former Football Association chairman, Sir Bert Millick, was on hand to present certificates to the exhausted hoppers after the final game.

A similar event is planned in Devon for next Easter. The groundhoppers cannot wait. Once again it promises to be a unique social gathering of like-minded people building up friendships and having a good time. Their appetite for new grounds is insatiable.

The first match is at Topham Town on Good Friday morning. See you there!

Tony Incenzo is the editor of the groundhopping magazine *Pyramid Football*. For a sample, send £2.20 to Pyramid, PO Box 107, Chelms Masson, Stevenage, Hertfordshire SG2 0RH.





**Pallister on parade**  
Glenn Moore meets England's  
central stalwart, page 26

# sport

**Race for the pennant**  
Headley fires Kent into  
pole position, page 25



## Rusedski plans grand entrance

### Tennis

JOHN ROBERTS  
reports from New York

The Americans are slowly coming round to the notion that Greg Rusedski might take their men's singles title over to Britain. A Californian college, Joel Drucker, has gone so far as to put the prospect in a historical context. "Last time one of your guys won a major," he said, "Neville Chamberlain thought Hitler was a rational fellow."

Appraisals of Rusedski - who meets Jonas Bjorkman here today for a place in the US Open final - tend to incorporate a reminder that he was, of course, born and raised in Montreal. This is meant to make him appear an unlikely successor to the great Fred Perry, who was born in Stockport and took American citizenship long after his last hurrah at Wimbledon in 1936.

Rusedski's mother was born in Yorkshire, and he held a British passport when welcomed aboard by the Lawn Tennis Association in 1995. He also has an English girlfriend, Lucy Connor, and has since adopted Arsenal and appeared in the quarter-finals at Wimbledon.

By advancing to today's semi-finals, Rusedski equalled Mike Sangster's progress at Forest Hills in 1961. The big server

### US Open semi-final head-to-head

Greg Rusedski (GB) v Jonas Bjorkman (Swe)

Bjorkman leads 4-1

1994 Tokyo	hard	R32	Bjorkman	7-5, 4-6, 7-6
1995 Hong Kong	hard	R16	Bjorkman	7-5, 6-4
1995 Toulouse	carpet	R32	Bjorkman	3-6, 7-6, 6-2
1995 Essen	carpet	R64	Rusedski	3-6, 7-6, 6-4
1996 Key Biscayne	hard	R64	Bjorkman	6-4, 7-6

from Torquay was defeated by Rod Laver, which was something of a privilege. John Lloyd was the last Briton to contest a Grand Slam men's singles final, losing to Vitas Gerulaitis at the 1977 Australian Open.

Bjorkman, a Swede who has done well enough to live in Monte Carlo, plays Rusedski for the right to be tomorrow's seeded finalist against either Michael Chang (No 2) or Pat Rafter (No 13). Aside from being a fine player, Bjorkman is a locker-room mimic; tennis's answer to John Virgo. He has mastered Rusedski's pass-the-towel routine but has yet to serve at 142mph.

His speciality is the return of serve, and he has beaten Rusedski in four of their five matches, most recently on a concrete court at the Lipton Championships at Key Biscayne last year. "Jonas is probably returning better than anybody in the world right now," Rusedski said. "He's in the Agassi class in that respect. He's got a lot of bounce and energy."

In a further attempt to edge the pressure into Bjorkman's court, Rusedski said: "I think I'll be more relaxed because he's higher ranked [No 17] and will be the favourite on paper. He's the one they call the hottest player in the world at the moment."

No player has been hotter than Rusedski here. Yet to drop a set, he has caused jaws to drop at the dimension of his game in defeating David Wheaton, Marcus Ondruska, Jens Knippschild, Daniel Vacek and Richard Krajicek.

"Greg doesn't have to serve at 142 mph," his coach Brian Teacher said. "I've told him to mix it up. He's just as tough then. I thought he did that very well in the wind against Krajicek."

While not underestimating Bjorkman's ability to mix it with the best, Teacher has noted one or two flaws. "I've seen him falter at times in matches," he said. "But all players go a bit off in matches. Greg does that sometimes. This is the best I've seen Greg, mentally."

Bjorkman, while expecting to face the familiar Rusedski he knows and respects - "big lefty serve, playing serve and volley, still really aggressive", acknowledged that his opponent has successfully developed a plan B.

"If his serve is not working that good, he doesn't have to be afraid of staying back because he's been improving his game from the baseline," the Swede said.

Rusedski considers that his attitude has improved along with his strokes in the two months since his defeat by the Frochman, Cedric Pioline, at Wimbledon. "I was extremely disappointed in myself losing in the quarter-finals," he said. "I think I was physically and mentally exhausted. I didn't know how to handle the situation."

"I learned it doesn't matter how fatigued you are out there, you have to try to be fresh and have to be hungry to win every point. There's no excuses because nobody remembers who lost in the quarter-finals; they usually only remember who wins or keeps on going."

At least at Wimbledon he could count on the majority of spectators being on his side. What about the New Yorkers? "You never know," he said, having finally experienced what it is like to play more than one singles match after three fruitless visits to Flushing Meadow. "We'll have to see how it goes on the day. I think they just enjoy watching a good match."

If he goes all the way to glory tomorrow, how did he think his life would change? "Lucy is a positive influence," he replied. "No matter how many matches I win, Lucy makes sure I stay the same old Greg. But if my ranking ever slipped, I know I'd be able to get more wild-cards."

## When Sangster flew the flag

When Greg Rusedski goes on court today for his US Open semi-final against Jonas Bjorkman he will be the first British man to appear in the last four at the championships for 36 years.

It was in 1961 that Mike Sangster was beaten in the semi-finals by Rod Laver. In those days the US Open was played on grass at Forest Hills; today the championships are staged on hard courts at Flushing Meadow.

Sport - and much else - has changed dramatically in the intervening years. In 1961 a bottle of beer cost two shillings (10p), a loaf of bread was 5p and John Leyton's "Johnny Remember Me" was No 1 to the pop charts.

It was a great year for British tennis, with Angela Mortimer winning at Wimbledon and Sangster also flying the flag. No signs of the long, cold winter that was to follow.

Elsewhere in sport, Tottenham's cockered rule the roost as the north London club won the first League and Cup double since 1897. The Home Nations competition was a popular part of the international scene, though perhaps more popular in England than Scotland; the Scots lost 9-3 at Wembley that year.

Arnold Palmer won the Open. Floyd Patterson reigned in the ring and Burnley were in Europe. These were the golden years for English cricket, but the Australians were still better than us, and won the Ashes un-

**Matthew Slater**  
looks back to 1961  
when a Briton last  
took the US by storm

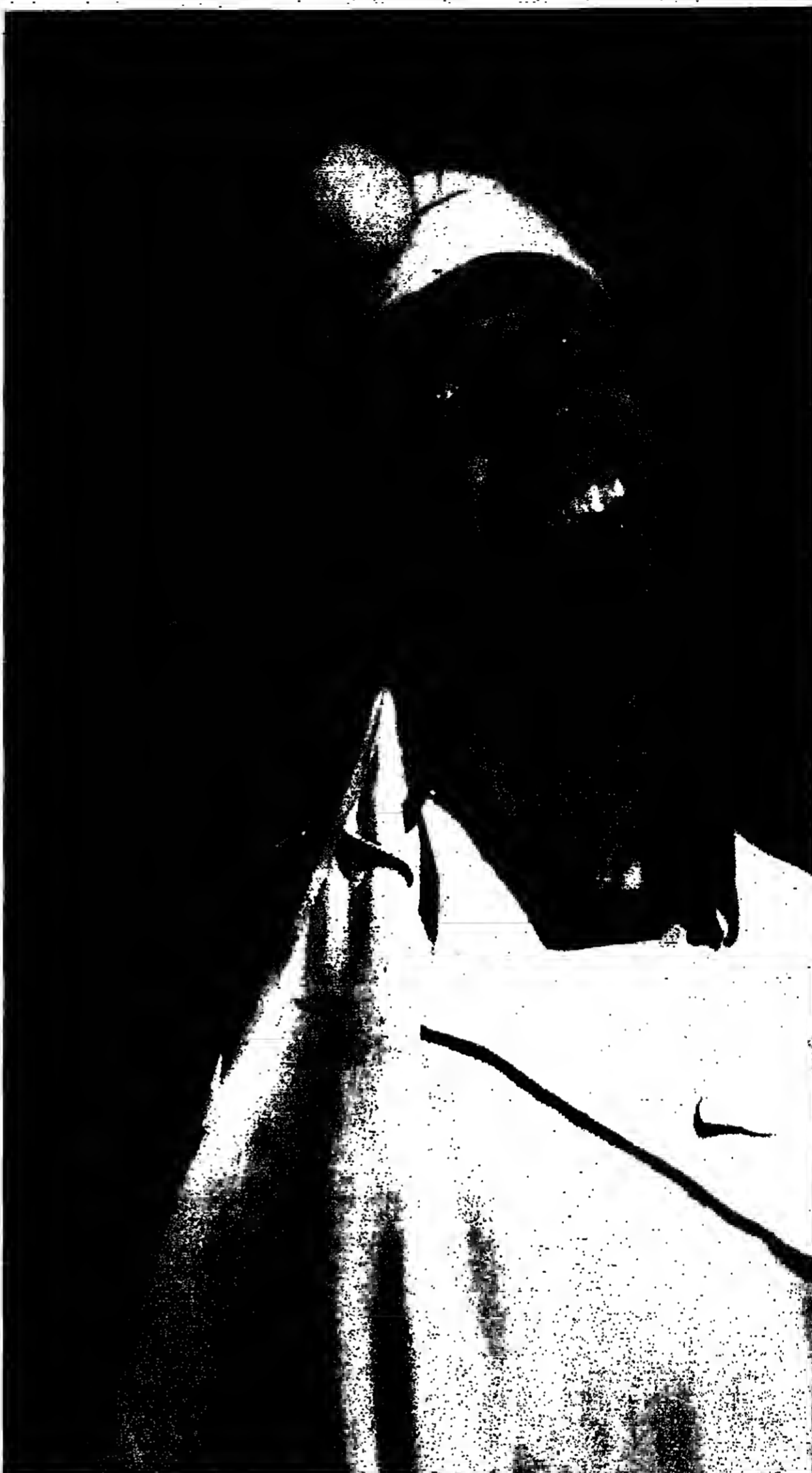
der Richie Benaud. Marvelous effort, that.

Harold Macmillan was Prime Minister, assuring us that we had "never had it so good". The international scene was dominated by the Cold War. John F Kennedy was all smiles at the White House, and Khrushchev was growling at him from the Kremlin. With tensions high the East Germans decided to build the Berlin Wall.

Macmillan's response should be an inspiration to Greg Rusedski. As Berlin threatened to burn, the PM played golf, in what *The Spectator* called "a collector's piece of unflappability".

Another source for inspiration for Rusedski - as it has been for Christmas television schedule-makers ever since - should be the bumper crop of films from 1961. For heroics Rusedski should look no further than *Spartacus* or *El Cid*, and if he wants to iron out those North Americanisms for the press conference, *Whistle Down the Wind* is just champion.

In 1961 we bade farewell to George Formby, King Zog of Albania and Carl Jung, but perhaps the best role model for Rusedski is another who handed in his badge once and for all, Gary Cooper, who certainly knew a thing or two about a showdown.



Wind-up: Greg Rusedski shapes up for today's semi-final showdown at Flushing Meadow

Photograph: Chris Cole/Empics

## Forest referee given 'loan'

**Football**  
NICK DUXBURY

The referee in charge of Nottingham Forest's infamous 1984 UEFA Cup semi-final against Anderlecht was paid £18,000 by the Belgian club, it was claimed yesterday.

The Anderlecht chairman, Roger Vanden Stock, said that his father Constant, the club's former chairman, had paid the Spanish official "a loan" the day after the second leg, which Anderlecht won 3-0 to go through 3-2 on aggregate.

Forest's youth director, Paul Hart, who figured prominently in controversial incidents during the game, said: "At the time it looked as though we had been cheated, but obviously we were not aware of the full circumstances. I scored what looked to be a perfectly good goal late in the game that would have put us through to the final. We also had a very, very dubious penalty given against us."

The money was allegedly handed over to the Spanish referee Guruceta Murro on 26 April - the day after the second leg. Anderlecht lost the final on penalties to Tottenham Hotspur.

Vanden Stock said: "He [his father] refused two, three, four times and in the end, the day after the game, he eventually said 'all right, I'll give to this man who is in financial trouble. I'll give him a loan of one million francs'."

"In [my father's] eyes this is not bribery but something to help someone. He did not realise the consequences. It cost him a lot of money and it will certainly cost a lot more, certainly."

Celtic are optimistic that their striker Darren Jackson will make a full recovery from the brain operation he underwent earlier this week.

"The operation from a technical point of view was a success," Peter McLean, the club's public relations manager, said. "The signs are very promising but, of course, only time will tell."

Jackson was forced to pull out of Celtic's UEFA Cup tie with Tirol Innsbruck because of a brain operation. Hydrocephalus - fluid on the brain - was subsequently diagnosed. During Tuesday's operation a five-millimetre hole was drilled in Jackson's brain to allow the fluid to escape.

Diego Maradona has been called to appear before the Argentine Football Association next Tuesday after testing positive for a banned substance.

The 37-year-old Maradona tested positive on Wednesday in a follow-up analysis that confirmed a test from more than a week ago.

Officials would not reveal which banned substance had been found, but the suspended Maradona, who tested positive for drugs in 1991 and 1994, has admitted that he is addicted to cocaine.

BBC in talks with Manchester Utd over TV channel, page 16

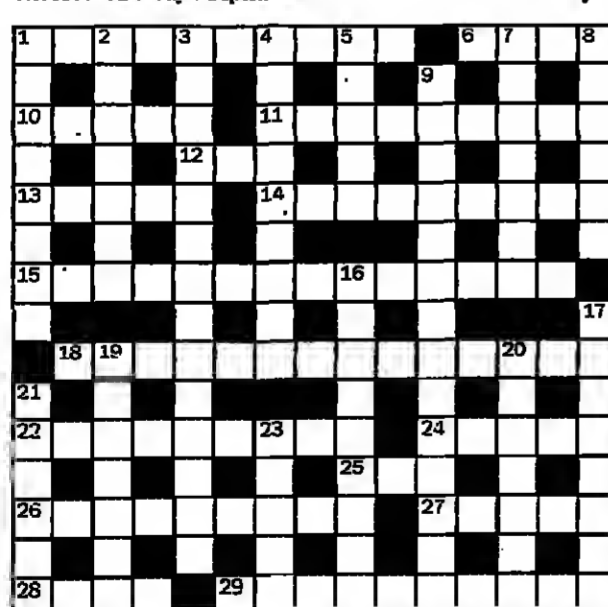
## THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3397, Saturday 6 September

By Phi

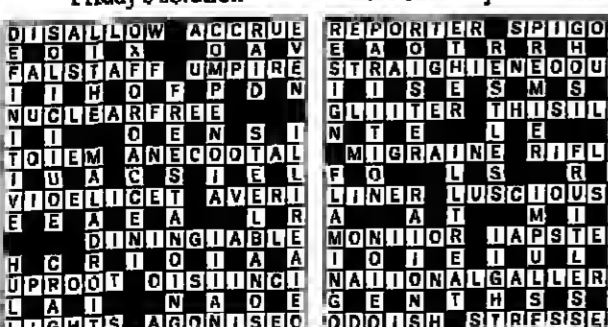
ACROSS

DOWN



Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution



- King lodged in a little ruined chapel for first home (10)
- To desire some now is hopeless (4)
- Writer's article penned by very close relative (5)
- Give wrong facts to girl on song we hear (9)
- Item that's nailed to end of house (3)
- Place to sit for head of scientists in base (5)
- Making things too pale? Most of light can be controlled (9)
- Furthermore, grinding makes teeth bony (2,3,4,5)
- Naval instruction - everyone's getting their cards! (3,5,2,4)
- See man for behaving esoterically here! (9)
- End of the opening race? (5)
- A little information being out back (3)
- Trick cast performing for composer (9)
- Religion: one's enthralled by description of God, without hesitation (5)
- I had to enter borders of Turkey - everything in order? (4)
- Marine chap - a symbol of piracy (5,5)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardback copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: G Smith, Sheffield; L Hopkinson, Banbury; D Belton, Chesham; G Wilson, Edinburgh; S Jones, Bellingham.

## Athens wins 2004 Olympics

**Olympic Games**  
MIKE ROWBOTTOM

Athens, denied the centennial Olympics of 1996 through overconfidence, was last night awarded the 2004 Olympics after seeing off the challenge of the favourite of the five bidding cities, Rome.

It was a fitting reward for six years of hard work following the trauma of losing out to Atlanta for the last Games, something which left Greeks crying in the street and prompted campaigns to boycott Atlanta corporations, Coca-Cola and CNN television.

Each of the five bids were supported in Lausanne by high-profile personalities. Buenos Aires was backed by the Argentine president, Carlos Menem; Rome had Luciano Pavarotti in their line-up; Stockholm had Bjorn Borg.

Giaona Angelopoulos-Daskalaki, the exotic and impressive president of the Athens bid, had travelled the world to promote the claims of her native city. Angelopoulos, who has a home in Chelsea and a wealthy industrialist husband, has been described as a cross between Melina Mercouri and Mrs Thatcher. But her charm was wasted on Primo Nebiolo,

president of the Rome bid, when the two met at last month's world athletics championships in Athens.

Nebiolo, president also of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, refused to shake hands and turned away. His subsequent statement that the Greeks were incapable of organising major sporting events was not supported by the facts - the IAAF world championships were very well organised this year.

As the IOC members witnessed final presentations yesterday from each of the five bidders in Room 280 of the Palais de Beaulieu, several questions hung in the air.

Would Nebiolo's criticisms prove counter-productive for Rome? Would the sequence of bomb attacks in Sweden blow a hole in Stockholm's challenge? How strong was the guilt over Athens?

And what emotional charge would be carried in the personal appeal by South Africa's President, Nelson Mandela.

The result means Britain is committed to bidding for an Olympics in London in the near future, and will almost certainly go for the 2012 Games rather than those of 2008.

Why there is no catching Africa's runners, page 23

## In Monday's 24-page sports section



A South African fan came up to me, gave me his Springboks scarf, and told me he was going to miss not seeing the two best scrum-halves in the world in opposition. I put the scarf round my neck, and got on the plane for the loneliest flight of my life.

Bob Howley tells Ian Stafford how he has coped with the injury that denied him the chance of rugby glory with the Lions in South Africa.

Plus

John Roberts at the US Open tennis championships  
Derek Allsup at the Italian Grand Prix  
Derek Pringle and Henry Blofeld at cricket's NatWest Trophy final

THE INDEPENDENT

# Diana

1961-1997



*A single rose says it all: millions will stand today to pay their respects to the tragic Princess*

## Britain says goodbye

Waves of emotion will overcome the mourners watching her go past on the gun carriage. John Walsh reflects on the tragedy of the Princess

**I**t will seem the longest two miles in the world. Every inch of the funeral route through the heart of London will be redolent of memories. From her home in Kensington Palace, along Kensington Road past the Albert Hall which she used to attend with such delight, down Knightsbridge past her beloved Harvey Nichols and within sight of Harrods, which her last beau was to inherit, through the heart of Sloane Ranger land, that mythical social territory with which her name was synonymous in the early Eighties, past Hyde Park, where she used to ride with James Hewitt, and down the hill to Buckingham Palace

and the Mall, with their walls, railings and trees festooned with tokens of love for the Princess of Wales. One can only guess at the wave of feeling that will overcome the solid block of mourners in the Mall – standing 40 or 50 deep – as they watch Diana's coffin, mounted on a gun carriage and flanked by mounted police, roll down Constitution Hill to the Palace whose senior echelons treated her so ill – ignored her, treated her coldly, behaved to her with blank indifference and finally took her royal title away. It will be hard to bear the significance of the moment – Diana on a gun carriage: a broken butterfly on a wheel.

And if, when the coffin and the King's Troop

riders have gone, the crowds mill about within sight of the giant screens in Hyde Park, and the traffic is becalmed because 6 million people are refusing to go home, will some of them remember that the last time London was brought to a standstill and several thousand people jammed Hyde Park Corner and stopped the home-going buses, it was for Diana as well – the night of the royal fireworks, on the eve of the big wedding in 1981. We all piled onto the streets that night with a raucous naïveté, to offer a jolly send-off to this pleasant-seeming nervous young blonde who was marrying the most diffident, worried and

*Continued on page 11*



Millions came to mourn, millions more will line the route tomorrow when the tragic Princess makes her last journey

## INSIDE

**4 Virginia Ironside:** She was the archetype of everyone's friend in the 90s.



**5 Jack O'Sullivan:** Without the semi-detached Princess we are a motherless nation.

**8/9 The Abbey funeral service in full.**

**10 Paul Vallely:** Some deaths prompt thoughts of sainthood

**11 An elegy to a Princess.** Oliver James: the mourners on the couch.

**12 Suzanne Moore:** She brought into public life a language of pain

**13 Serena Mackesy:** The Mona Lisa and added iconography

# We laughed when she said she wanted to be

*Continued from page 1*

perennially neurotic man in the kingdom but (we thought) might make him more human. Sixteen years later, we're older, wiser and considerably sadder, and we're offering a heartbroken send-off to someone quite different. But who? What has Diana become?

It's too simplistic to say "a saint", despite the canonisation that followed her death. To call Diana "Britain's lost queen" doesn't make sense - nobody wept about her loss to the monarchy when she and Prince divorced last year (though it gave one quite a frisson to read about the black woman in the Bronx, New York, who, when asked why she was leaving flowers and salutations at a shrine to a posh aristocrat on the other side of the Atlantic, replied, "Isn't it obvious? She was the Queen of the World"). It's too sentimental to say she's become an angel, despite the wings with which young mourners are being encouraged to equip the late Princess in coloured felt-tips. It's not enough to recite her "achievements" again, as the television stations did so relentlessly last Sunday, which suggests that it is merely the combination of glamour and being nice to the sick that has given her this purchase on the nation's lives.

There is something else at work here - a kind of private contract between the Princess and the British people. It's hard to fathom. It defies reason. The Queen herself, who has seen a fair variety of the things available to human sight, will have looked out of the Palace windows on her return from Balmoral yesterday, looked at the sea of flowers and messages and candles, and not understood what is going on either. Something has happened to the whole British nation, that goes beyond mere grief for a dead royal, that inhabits a whole new territory with a personal language beyond ordinary forms of public expression,

of protocol, of judicious editorials in the broadsheets, clichés in the tabloids, analyses on Newsnight, the whole paraphernalia of accepted opinion-forming. The people have taken the lead themselves, have organised - apparently spontaneously - their own response, have found a voice of their own. It's the voice you find in all those messages that accompany the flowers in the Mall and at Kensington Palace.

Ah, the Mall. It's been one of the strangest experiences in Londoners' lives to walk down the

royal thoroughfare this week, past the patiently queueing thousands of punks, piastripes, tourists, dowagers and Diana-clone young women waiting to sign the condolence books, past the Harrods emergency-snack vans kindly sent by Mohammed Al-Fayed, through the ocean of crackly Cellophane and vilely-patterned

flowershop wrapping paper, the blown roses and massive sunflowers, the Queen of Hearts playing cards, the shiny helium balloons, the teddy bears in plastic raincoats and koalas with corks in their hats, the crown-shaped candles and Chinese paper lanterns and school-project collages, the fusillade of sniffing, the paper hankies, the extra-kindly policemen being photographed with children in their arms, the whole odd, oxymoronic atmosphere of carnival melancholy. It gets to you. It's got to everybody. I am a London journalist, with all that that implies - seasoned, pooh-

poohing, unimpressed by displays of sentiment, suspicion of factitious emotion. In the crowds, I mentally note the high percentage of slush among the messages, the high incidence of the words "queen", "heart", "star", "light", "caring", "angel", "candle" and practically laugh out loud at the predictability, the bargain-basement obviousness, of it all. Then ten minutes later, for no reason, I cannot see where I am walking for the tears in my eyes.

"If only you knew how much you are loved by us all," writes Sandra, David, Mark, Paul and Alison. "Sleep well, sweet princess. You brought to me and to millions such happiness" writes Jean B., the ink on her card stained with rainy tears. "Diana - so loving, so caring, so beautiful, so sad. God bless you, love from All of Us" runs an anonymous note. "Now you are in Heaven," observes another sympathiser, "no more pain, no more heartbreak, no more rejection, no more lies, no more deceit - and no more PRESS to suffer". Many mourners offer acrostics: DIANA becomes "Delightful. Intelligent. Admirable. Noble. Angelic". There is much poetry, with long Ogden-Nash-style lines meandering off in search of a rhyme.

You look at these little messages, some conventionally sentimental about "finding peace" and being "together forever" with Dodie Al-Fayed, others embarrassingly personal, and you marvel at the closeness of the relationship they suggest. A lady called Hilary has written Di a letter in a relaxed, conversational style, describing, as though to a temporarily bedridden friend, the scene in front of Buck House; she has, she admits, put a previous letter to the dead princess in the post Kensington Palace, despite the futility of both enterprises. "Dear Diana, Please excuse this card..." begins another politely. Some messages are sweetly confiding, as if written to a cousin. Onde is "From Carol and family - and Olive who can't be here today". "Always in our thoughts."

*It is a contract between the Princess and the people. It's hard to fathom, it defies reason*

John L. ...



Against the rails, outside Kensington Palace, a typically touching 'icon' of Diana sits bravely in the midst of the floral tributes

## the Queen of Hearts, but amazingly that's just what she did

Continued from page 11

say a couple called Alison and Keith, in a form of words they might use about, say, Alison's granny. A lady called Michelle risks an analogy: "As children, we often have our favourite toy taken away to teach us a lesson for not treating it properly. I know I've learned my lesson. So when are you coming back?" Pausing beside a tree to look at another outcrop of spray carnations, you can overhear people chatting with great assurance about the royal family, as if gossiping about the neighbours: "Of course, William's quite strong-willed, like his Mum. It's Harry I worry about..."

Here, perhaps, in the unbearably touching assumptions of intimacy, we may be approaching the heart of the mystery - the true nature of the contract that existed between the Princess and the people, and which has been affirmed with such head-spinning enthusiasm in the week that's gone by. It's about love. Of all the many forms love takes - family love, romantic love, sexual love, amitie amoureuse, love of country - the love of a royal person for his or her subjects, and vice versa, is probably the hardest to gauge. Kings and queens do not, by their nature, get the chance to meet their subjects in any meaningful way, but a few public events at which the latter get to applaud the candelabrum of the former. Subjects, for their part, may feel fond of the odd royal personage in a benign, vaguely approving, "she's-a-very-special-lady way; they may grow attached to the old party whose face appears on the stamps - but, generally speaking, that about as warm as it gets.

Into this truism steps a woman who, from her broken childhood home to her broken body in the morgue of the Salpêtrière hospital, never received enough love. Who once said, at a charity dinner, her voice trembling with self-reflexiveness, that the worst

affliction in the world was the absence or denial of love. She married a prince who never loved her, was betrayed by her later lovers, marginalised by the Palace and driven into isolation; and there she started to fight back, driven solely by the hope that the people would love her.

But of course, that's a nonsensical subject. Only a madwoman would imagine that anyone could win the unforced affection of fifty million people. It's a ridiculous hybrid of vanity and hope. Diana, we told ourselves, was sadly deluded by too many hospital visits where everyone was nice to her and the press went "Ahhh..." when she cradled a poorly child, and from these localised, stage-managed displays of approval she concluded, by extrapolation, that everyone thought well of her. How we guffawed during the Panorama interview when she was asked about her future prospects and said she wanted to be the queen of people's hearts. In your dreams, we said, you poor sap, thinking millions of indifferent, monarchy-fatigued Britons cared a jot about you. Only last week we were complaining about her again, running around the Med with a skirt-chasing playboy, criticising the previous government, letting the side down...

But she was right. It's the most amazing thing. She was right all along. The British public actually loved her. That's the other side of this uniquely puzzling contract. Just as she didn't know "the people" beyond meeting a few thousand of them in schools, hospitals and submarines, and could not possibly infer any affection from the generality of the nation, so "the people"

have spent the week protesting their love for a woman they've never met, would never have met, whose private behaviour, time and time again, elicited only their disapproval.

What has erupted beside the walls of St James's Palace is a kind of mass outbreak of fundamentalism. Just as orthodox Moslems believe in a god that's closer to them than their father, mother or children - a god that's effectively inside them, a fundamental part of the way they think and talk and operate - we've now taken Diana inside ourselves. She's now in every family, in every home, in every tiny community where old decencies are preserved. Everyone of those artlessly natural messages ("Although we can't be with you, we are thinking of you always"; "Excuse the handwriting...") expressed it: Diana isn't being seen as a royal any more, nor even strictly as a Princess, she's become one of Us.

She has become the glue that binds us. People in the streets this week, marvelling at how there's only one subject to think or talk about, one topic of news anyone cared to read, one feeling in the air, one conversation to have, also marvelled that it should be she who pulled us all into a sudden, seamless whole, a nation of emotion. Not a war, not a World Cup, not a disease, not a political movement, not a religion - just the gorgeous clothes-horse with the slightly skewed nose and the terrible taste in men, who embarrassed the royal family and talked about bulimia and adultery on television. The woman whom we ticked off sometimes for failures of taste ("Will Carling?" we shuddered. "How could you? And as for James Gilbey..."), and laughed at for

her affectations of saintliness (like the "Halo" T-shirt she wore during the land-mines protest walk, which seemed, for a moment, to have always been part of her wardrobe) turns out to be the great unifying force of the British nation.

And we realised that, of course, she'd always been there. She was the soundtrack to our lives for 16 years, the amniotic whoosh of reassurance in our ears, the kitchen radio that never gets switched off. She was always up to something, schmoozing someone, off somewhere, pulling strokes, meeting folks. It was all high drama. One minute she was the Establishment Girlfriend and the Holy Mother, then the Loose Cannon, the Destabilising Rebel, the Eurotrash Sexpot. She was a long continuing story, of which you sometimes lost the plot but never grew tired. You thought it was a story that would go on all through your life; and then suddenly it stopped. Outside Buckingham Palace, someone has adapted W. H. Auden's celebrated funeral poem to read:

"She was our noon, our midnight, our talk, our song. We thought that she would last forever; we were wrong".

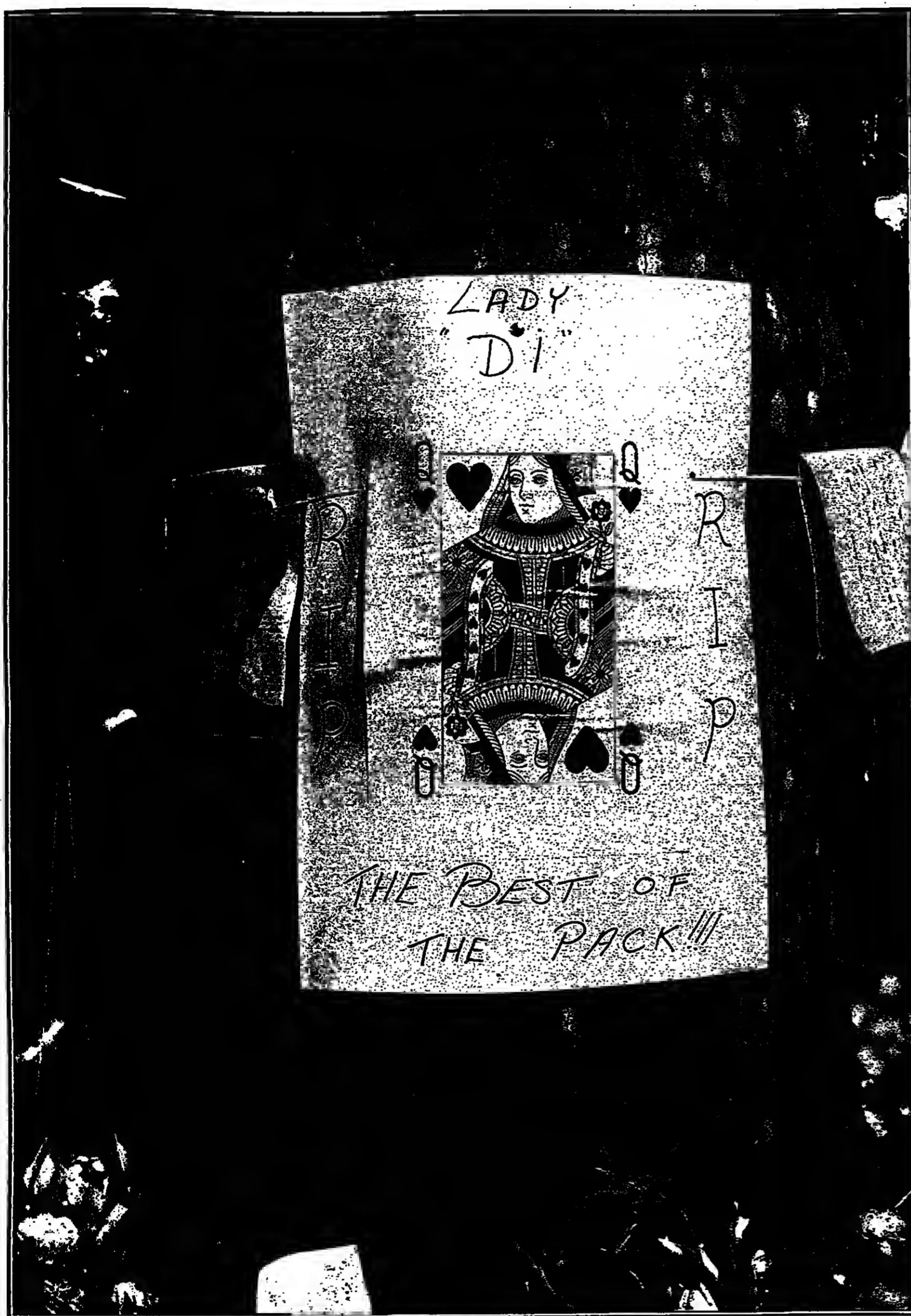
There's a significant guilt factor, of course, in the public's adulation, a nagging sense that we didn't treat her right while she was alive, that we somehow failed her, as we all unthinkingly neglect those we love because we are too busy with our lives. "Forgive us," reads one message in the Mall. "We all share guilt."

Continued on page 11

She was the Queen of Cosmo,  
one who shared our cares.  
See next page

# A living Cosmo woman, just as troubled as us

By the time of the split, writes Virginia Ironside, we had all become extraordinarily emotionally involved with her



She captured all our pain and guilt: a typically touching tribute from one of the Princess's people

Last week I described Diana in this paper as an unhappy, confused woman, but "mad, bad and dangerous to know". On Sunday night I was in floods of tears, shambling miserably down to Kensington Palace with a geranium in my hand. My experience is not unique. Diana was the girl we all liked to gossip about over the garden wall, we all liked to whisper about behind her back – and whose qualities we never really acknowledged until she was gone.

What was it about her that made me cry, that made huge bard-bitten middle-aged men weep uncontrollably in Kensington Gardens?

She was, indeed, a woman of our times. Like Diana nearly everyone under 40 has become pre-occupied with the injustices of our age. Animal welfare, saving the whales, stopping wars, improving the environment – these are issues that we are all concerned with in a way that we never had time to be in the Fifties and Sixties. But it wasn't just hand-holding with Aids people, her good works at Great Ormond Street, her anti-land-mine campaigns, and her cuddling of black babies that touched us. If that were the case, were Princess Anne to die tomorrow, there would be same reaction as to Diana's death. But good and saintly as Princess Anne undoubtedly is, her death would never spark off such huge national mourning.

First, Diana had come at exactly the right time. The Royal Family was losing popularity and becoming a joke. Peter Cook and Co had started it all off with irreverent references to them in *Beyond the Fringe*. Everyone went round using the mocking phrase "My husband and I". *Spitting Image* later portrayed the Royal Family as a bunch of buffoons – from the big-eared Prince Charles to the Liverpudlian Queen Mum. They were dingy and grey, commanded no respect, and "charisma" was no longer their middle name. Then Diana came along, and when she split with the Royal Family, it was as if, along with her half of the wedding presents, she took all the glamour due the Royal Family with her. She became a one-woman Royal Family of her own.

By then we had become extraordinarily emotionally involved with her. I was told about her death by a friend on the phone who said: "Have you heard the latest?" and I assumed she was going to tell me some scurrilous piece of news about a mutual friend. When she told me of Diana's death I was shocked at my emotional reaction until I realised that she had indeed told me a piece of news about a "mutual friend". Diana was the archetype of

everybody's friend in the Nineties. She was a living Cosmo woman, troubled, as so many women are, about her self-image, struggling out of a loveless marriage in which her husband, among other things, had trouble showing his feelings (a classic Nineties dilemma) and revealing herself to have eating problems and suicidal thoughts. She went on television using phrases like "low esteem" and "denial".

The whole of England took sides. Were we a "Di" person or a "Charles" person? Women took Diana's side; men, on the whole, took his. Every woman in the country either felt like, or knew someone, who felt like Diana, trying to combine a fulfilling life with bringing up children, trying to become her own woman. Her affairs were forgivable – what woman, after a separation, has not had affairs with unsuitable men?

Then there were her looks. She wasn't classically beautiful. She had a huge nose and a tiny mouth, but somehow because of her shy body language, her figure and her staggeringly stylish clothes, she managed to look beautiful. She had an immensely feminine and sexual look, possessed by no other member of the Royal Family. And those little problems like a tiny bit of a tum and slightly lumpy thighs (revealed, ironically, by the paparazzi) only endeared her to us more. If she could look beautiful, maybe we, too, could look beautiful.

And corny as it may sound, we loved her because she was such a wonderful mum. We loved her because she took the boys rollerblading; because she didn't just take the boys to Alton Towers; she went on the Log Flume with them and screamed with laughter as she got splashed; because she took them for coffee in ordinary cabs in the high street; because she wanted to protect them from the press; because, like all foolishly loving mums, she wangled for Harry to get in to see a film in Kensington for which he was too young.

And, of course, we feel upset because she was in the prime of her life, as if she had, after years of sadness and struggling, got her act together, found her niche and, best of all, had found a man who appreciated her; a man who didn't tell her to "pull herself together" but a man who loved her, courted her, who took her for dinner in the Ritz in Paris.

In almost every way she pressed our buttons, and we all wanted it to work for her, because we want life to work out for ourselves. The tragedy of it all is that even days before her death she probably had absolutely no idea of how much she was loved; an even bigger tragedy is that we never realised how much we loved her.

## It is hardly surprising she is being commemorated as a martyr

Continued from page III

guilt. May we treat Wills and Harry better." The guilt that some of us feel has been turned into anger this week and directed at the Royal family in a series of petulant requirements – how the Queen should be with the crowd in the Mall or addressing the country on television or flying a flag at half-mast. All three the Queen is now doing, but the memory remains of the nation demanding that it be looked after – demanding that a royal mother come and soothe and comfort the population, now that the person best equipped for the role has gone.

All the cavilling and complaint against the royals is just a symptom of a vast psychic hurt that's in the air, along with the image of the suffering princess. The

whole Diana frenzy is predicated on two things: she was nice to people and she suffered. The suffering part is crucial. It's noticeable that the first stabs at hagiography on television – full though they are of airbrushed obituary ("At school she shone at sport, especially swimming...") – still keep in, among the compassion and the charities, the footage of royal coldness, the princess's loneliness, the sorry chronicle of marital disaffection. It's hardly surprising that she is being commemorated as a martyr, in a way that puts her in touch with the martyr in everyone. During the week, I rang an elderly relative in the west of Ireland, someone you'd imagine would not be especially touched by the tragic news. "I just cried and cried all day when I heard," she said. But why? "Because she cared about people and she had an

awful life – like me," came the sorrowing reply. I suspect a good deal of the current wash of sadness occupies the same arena of mirrored empathy. We're suffering like Diana; and we're being compassionate like Diana. We are turning into her, just as she's been subsumed into all of us. And for everyone who's lost a parent or friend before they had a chance to say how much they loved them, Diana is a potent symbol too. "I just wish," reads a card on the gate of the palace where she is lying, "that when you at your darkest moment, you knew how much we all cared for you".

There's never been a moment in this country's history when such a huge, variegated, rainbow coalition of Britons collectively wrung their hearts over the loss of a human being – even Queen

Victoria, even Churchill. Call it retrospective guilt or proxy grief, call it self-pity or a groundswell of anti-monarchy radicalism, there's no doubting the intensely personal quality of feeling that has drawn millions to the streets of the metropolis and global billions to their television sets this morning. It's never happened before, and it probably won't again. It's so strong you can almost feel it as a physical thing, which would be entirely appropriate. For Diana was the most touchy-feely of women, the most tactile of princesses, an urgent stroker and hugger and reacher-out, both for love and in sympathy. And now in an unprecedented, unrepeatable whirlwind of fundamentalist devotion, the country extends a giant, umpteen-million-fingered hand to caress the traumatised cheek of the former Queen of the World.



Last respects: thousands crowd the approach to Kensington Palace to sign the books of condolence

## A nation left in search of a mother

Until this week, many people imagined we were waiting for a new king, for Charles to succeed his mother. Or perhaps for William to take the throne instead of his father. In the long run, Diana, the semi-detached princess was not, according to conventional theory, important anymore.

This week's emotional outpourings destroyed this fallacy. For it is matriarchy not kingship that lies at the heart of the modern British monarchy. Like many countries, we need a mother as figurehead of the modern nation. Men are all but irrelevant, provided they give us a matriarch we can love. Women typically excel at the transcendental being and feeling that is the essence of modern monarchy, which royal men, trained in striking the anachronistic military postures of their warrior ancestors, find virtually impossible. And when the matriarch-in-waiting dies, we are in trouble, like the family that loses its mother and starts to feel unstable. A father can die, but the family unit is not threatened. Last week we behaved with the hysteria of a motherless nation.

This dominance of royal females – at least in the public imagination – has been true in Britain for more than a century. Unconvinced? Ask yourself who we will remember in years to come from the Royal Family over the past 150 years? Queen Victoria, of course, who by the end of her reign was seen as the grandmother not just of Britain, but of Europe. Queen Alexandra, perhaps, who though overshadowed by the long reign of her mother-in-law, was in her elegant beauty an icon of the Edwardian era and far more popular than her philandering husband. Then there was Queen Mary, statuesque and with a forbidding presence. Chips Channon, a diarist of the time, said that meeting her was like meeting St Paul's Cathedral.

The Queen Mother will be remembered along with Churchill as the great leader in Britain's hour of need, comforting the nation in the face of Hitler's threat. And, of course, there is the Queen, providing stability throughout the dismantling of the British Empire.

**Royal men are irrelevant, provided they give us a matriarch we can love. Women excel at the feeling essential to monarchy, argues Jack O'Sullivan**

Diana was the next in a great line.

In contrast, future generations will struggle to recall the four kings from this period. The only figure to stand out will be Edward VIII, forced to step down, not because he was disliked, but because he refused to provide Britain with a suitable queen. The Abdication was, in truth, a matriarchal crisis.

Diana would have been the mother figure for the new millennium. Even when Charles divorced her, he was unable, fortunately for himself, to extinguish that popular fantasy. He could not quite undo the good he had done himself by marrying her for she was quickly reinvented as Queen of Hearts. Last weekend's car crash finally killed the dream.

Indeed, Diana had to a great extent already succeeded to the all-important position of chief matriarch. The awkward silence of the reigning Queen, until last night's broadcast to the nation, suddenly threw light on the extent to which the monarch has latterly abdicated that role. Her behaviour towards Diana raises questions about her understanding of how to ensure a smooth succession. Instead of being so concerned about getting her son on the throne, perhaps she should have worried more about keeping a good woman close to it.

Much of the imagery of these women is, of course, about public fantasy, the need to project on to royalty the ideals of the good mother. It may have nothing to do with reality. Queen Mary, for example, says the

royal biographer Elizabeth Longford, "was shy, rather remote and found it difficult to express maternal feelings". The present Queen, says Hugo Vickers, a royal historian, "had understandable difficulty in

being both a good queen and a good mother, particularly for her two older children". But the public has always been able to overlook the gap between reality and fantasy. Until now. It may be, after Diana, they will expect more genuine warmth from the women they look up to.

The big question is the extent to which the Queen, following on from her broadcast, can fill the huge gap that has been left. It falls to her to do what Queen Mary did after the abdication crisis: provide the strong female presence that produced stability until the present Queen Mother established herself properly as a support for the sickly George VI,

who had little appetite for kingship.

But the Queen is well past retirement age. And she is not, in any case, a natural motherly type. Her reign has always been short on expressed emotion, which is so much demanded by the public. She has instead relied on doing her duty, conjuring up the image of the reliable, dependable mother rather than the hugging variety. Until Diana came along, the Queen Mother, whose longevity masked her own daughter's inadequacies, was more easily projected into that role. "She has the build of a maternal person," says Dorothy Rowe, the psychologist and author. "For

many years she has had the soft round face of a mother." But the Queen Mother cannot live forever. Suddenly a family that was awash with potential matriarchs is found wanting.

Charles is a problem, but not because of his eccentric, aloof style. We have lived with kings like him. George V, says Hugo Vickers, "was a dull old stick who enjoyed sticking stamps in hooks and shooting pheasants". But he had Queen Mary at his side. Likewise we have tolerated, with barely a whimper of discontent, the ridiculous Prince Philip. The problem with Charles is that, like Edward VIII, it seems impossible for him to provide a suitable matriarch. Britain will not accept Camilla Parker-Bowles as the matriarch trusted to share our feelings and express our emotions in the 21st century.

In the short term, Prince William shares his father's problem. Too young to marry, his bereavement means that he can not only not Diana's matriarchy, as the King Mother, to carry him through until he finds a suitable partner. But popular opinion is working out a sticking plaster solution. Ask many Britons whom they would like to succeed and they say they want Prince William with Princess Anne as Regent. The Queen's daughter may be frosty, dutiful and cast from a different mould than Diana, but if the monarchy is to survive, she may have to take a much bigger role as matriarch.

There is a more radical solution, given the shortage of matriarchs. Prince Charles might provide a radical rethink of kingship, a warmer, more "feminine" image. Wishful thinking? Perhaps. But real emotion in moments of national trauma, which Bill Clinton offered after the Oklahoma bombing and Tony Blair gave after Diana died, offers a model of male leadership. Who knows, Prince Charles, out of his tragedy, could yet emerge as New Dad, New King.

**The messages of condolence, the words of love and affection. See next page**

*The problem with Charles is that he cannot provide a suitable matriarch*

# Bishops, children, prime ministers and

**"I** didn't realise until she died how much she did really. I've never really been interested in the Royal Family. I don't particularly admire them."

*Racheal Haile, 22-year-old English literature student*

"I am greatly distressed at the news of the death of Princess Diana and the awful suddenness in which it came upon us all."

"My deepest sympathy goes out to all the Royal Family and particularly to her two sons, to whom she was so devoted. She will be remembered with great gratitude by so many of those who she endeavoured to assist in so many ways."

*Cardinal Hume, leader of the Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales*

"I've got no time for the Royals. I've never laid flowers anywhere and I've never signed a book of condolence, but I've taken time off work and I'd do so again and again."

*Susan Jarrett, a 39-year-old advertising agency supervisor*

"It's very important to me to come here and pay my respects to Diana. She was the queen of the people and has been torn from us in the most tragic manner."

*Anne Kersey, a 40-year-old former airline stewardess, Knightsbridge*

"This is all very touching and there is a real air of sadness. People have been crying as they leave the building."

*Sharon Lilley, 44*

"We are spending the day singing bhajans and kirtans (devotional songs) for her atma (soul)."

*A temple spokesman, Hindu Temple in Neasden, north London*

"I've never seen anything like it. It's quite overwhelming. I've had the odd tear or two welling up in my eye."

*Outside the Palace gate, a policewoman*

"The shame is she's not here to see this, how much people loved her."

"This is breaking my heart. She was so full of life and fun, the best of them all. We can't bring her back, but we can tell her what we feel."

*Pensioner Emily Grayson, 72*

"I am utterly devastated. The whole of our country, all of us, will be in a state of shock and mourning."

"Diana was a wonderful, warm and compassionate person who people, not just in Britain, but throughout the world loved, and will be mourned as a friend. Our thoughts and prayers are with her family, particularly her two sons, and with all the families bereaved in this quite appalling tragedy."

*Tony Blair, Prime Minister*

"I cried my eyes out when I heard about Diana. We're nearly the same age, two sons, you know what I mean. It's so sad for the boys. It just makes me want to make the most of everything."

*Mother, Angela Warwick, 38, of Pimlico, London*

"I am ashamed. I am from Paris. Forgive me."

*Mestari Kadar, 29, a chef from Versailles*

*'I've got no time for the royals... but I've taken time off work and I'd do so again and again'*

"I thought Diana deserved to be happy and should have been allowed to see Dodi in peace. It's a great loss to the nation."

*Nurse Annette Dejoya, 51*

"When I heard of her death I was devastated. I thought it was a dream and I would wake up and it wouldn't be true. She helped change my life. I really don't know what I would have done without her."

There were millions of words of sadness and thanks, messages of condolence on scraps of card and paper, in formal books, even on the Internet. These are a small selection



Burning with a simple sincerity: messages like these have appeared in their thousands outside the royal palaces

*Mr Seabrook, 27, security guard, Ilford, Essex, met Diana when previously homeless*

"The prayers of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, indeed the whole Church of England, will be with the families of Diana, Princess of Wales and Mr Al Fayed at this tragic moment."

*The Rev Dr William Weaver, a spokesman for the Archbishop of Canterbury*

"Like, I suspect, everyone else in the nation, I am speechless with shock at the horror and sadness at this terrible tragedy."

*'I don't think the Press alone are to blame - it's everyone's fault'*

My thoughts and prayers go to her family both near and far."

*Paddy Ashdown, Liberal Democrat leader*

"I loved Princess Diana. She was so beautiful and nice to everyone. I am very sad."

*Seven-year-old Jade Tilley, Northolt, Middlesex*

"We are shocked and saddened. This tragic news will shock and sadden people around the world."

"I always found the Princess to be warm-hearted and vulnerable. She was one of the icons of our age and she will leave an imperishable memory in the minds of millions."

*John Major, former prime minister*

"I'm absolutely shocked. My heart goes out in particular to Prince William and Prince Harry."

*William Hague, leader of the Conservative Party*

"I can't believe we will never see her happy, smiling face again."

*Margaret Forsey, 31, from New Zealand*

"The fact that the guy had been drinking makes the tragedy even more unbearable."

*Joshua Waters, 30, from Nottinghamshire*

"This should never have happened. I feel

angry about it. It's not right."

*David Hickey, 60, from Northampton*

"This is a ghastly tragedy."

*St Edward Heath*

"We didn't know her, but we feel so empty."

*Tricia McDonald, 30, housewife, from Hove, Sussex*

"She touched all our lives and is simply irreplaceable. She had to endure so much pain and suffering throughout her life but always battled on. I suppose the only consolation from this whole tragic affair is the fact that she died with the man she loved."

*Mary Hilton of Charing, Kent*

"Diana loved children. They knew her as the pretty lady in the photos. This country has lost its shining light. Lots of people criticised her but she had so much love to offer."

*Hazel Johnson, 34, from Bracknell, Berks*

"I am shocked and broken-hearted."

*Henry Kissinger, former US Secretary of State*

"She was a saint, not just a Princess. The people will never ever forget Diana. Her star will always shine."

*Mike Ashford, 25, of the Rhondda valley, south Wales*

"It has ended, at a young age, the life of a person who held a particular fascination for many people round the world."

*John Howard, Australian Prime Minister*

"I heard the news and I just broke down. She was such a lovely person. I can't imagine life without her."

*Marjorie McTaggart, 48, from Bolton, Lancs*

"I heard news of her death with great shock and distress. She was well loved and admired and was emerging as a potent symbol of our common humanity."

*Chief Emeka Anyaoku, The Commonwealth Secretary General*

"Finding answers in the difficult days ahead will not be easy."

*Martha Viners, 78*

"I think she will be turned into a saint. She deserves nothing less. I am shocked. It is not the way anyone should die. I don't think that the press alone are to blame - I think it is everyone's fault."

*Ian Leckie, 25, Glasgow*

"She was a real lady, an example to us all. I still can't believe it has happened."

*Susan Laney, 49, of Mill Hill, north London*

"It is like losing my own daughter, my own flesh and blood. She was so wonderful, so beautiful, so caring. She could have just sat there and enjoyed her position, but she

*'Thank you for being the brightest star. I want you to have my wedding bouquet - I was married the day before'*

didn't. She worked so hard for so many good causes. She had a heart of gold and was brave and courageous even when her own life was in turmoil."

*Margaret Glover, 64, of Banbridge, County Down, Northern Ireland*

"The Princess of Wales was Centrepoint's patron for a number of years and we were always struck by her interest and commitment to homeless young people - not simply as a deserving cause but at a very personal level. We will miss her very much."

*A spokesman for Centrepoint, the charity for the homeless*

"Diana was an angel. It is a sad, sad day for England."

*Sam Galloway, 22, from Kirkby Stephen, Cumbria*

"The world has lost a diamond. I just hope the people of the world are given a place where they can pay homage to Diana. Her spirit must live on forever. She must never be forgotten."

*Martin Dixon, 45, from Basildon, Essex*

Messages to the "peoples princess"

"Rest in peace. You will be remembered

for everything you have done."

*Pensioner Jean Witek, of London*

"Thank you for putting a sparkle in our princess's eyes."

*Elizabeth Dews from Bahrain*

"To William and Harry: your mother seemed not to know how important she was to the entire world. She had both courage and beauty and will be sorely missed. Do not follow other people but use your mother's example and follow her path."

*American couple, from Portland, Oregon*

"Diana, my eight-year-old daughter Leanne died of leukaemia in January. She always wanted to give you flowers - she can now do this in Heaven. God not only has our princess in his garden; He has you as well."

*The Kisko family, Aldershot*

"Diana, thank you for being the brightest star. I want you to have my wedding bouquet (I was married the day before). You will never be forgotten. Love always."

*Jane Harris*

"Dear Diana, thank you for treating us like human beings, not criminals. You were one in a million, from David Hayes and all the lads in HM Prison, Dartmoor."

"To the greatest, most caring lady ever to grace this earth, with love from Elga."

"Di, sunflower of England, you shone over the world, Colin and Janet."

"Thank you for bringing heaven and earth closer together, from Middlebury College, NYC, USA."

"A person is not judged by how much they love but by how much others love them. Be happy, Tracy, Keith, Charlotte and Thomas."

"We'll look after your boys."

*Katy Fox, Alicia Sur-Sapiro, 15*

"Through the good times and the bad you carried on, you cried for the poor, you cried for the ill, for the world to be happy was your biggest thrill."

*Marika Stamatis*

"Bye, bye, Diana."

*Jocelyn Stephens, 7, Humberstone*

"What a waste. Our prayers are with you and your lovely sons." Elizabeth Williams, granny, Liverpool.

"Our nation needed you."

*Anthony Jones, dad of two*

"You are safe now my little angel."

*Arthur Miller, grandfather*

"When I first met you in 1995 you gave me such strength. I only wish I could have been there for you."

*Josephine Rogers, cancer victim*

"Our holiday has been shattered with the news of your death."

*Frank Delzen, 49, Dallas, Texas*

"The good on earth are always snatched the earliest."

*Jenny Goodall, Barnsley*

*'Dear Diana, thank you for treating us like human beings, not criminals'*

"I feel appalling guilt at the senselessness of your death in my home city."

*Leanne Vichi, Paris*

"We are still in deep shock. The tears have yet to flow. But when they come we don't know how we will ever stop them."

*John and Barbara McNayre*

"The children should have returned to school this week but it was at their insistence that we travel to London. It was the right decision for we cannot bear to be without you."

*The Mechin family, Stockport*

مكتبة الصلح

# parents ... all wanting to say goodbye



Awash with flowers: tributes have overflowed from the gates of Buckingham Palace down The Mall

"Your loss must bring all families closer together."  
Tim and Jane Robinson, 26, New Forest

"When you looked into someone's eyes you showed so much love. You will always be in people's eyes, especially mine."  
Raymond Hussey, 21, from Stepney

"Hope that you rest in peace oow that you find true happiness."  
Helen McCash, an accountant, from Hertfordshire

"I took you for granted like so many did. Please forgive me. I didn't realise how much I cared till you had gone."  
Hayden Jones, 25, a writer, from London

"I hope the boys will grow up the way you wanted them to."  
Theresa Chung, 54, jeweller, from Plymouth

"You were the heart and soul of the country. Your soul will live on in our hearts forever."  
Mark Allan, 21, student, from Watford

"How can I ever forget you?"  
Roger Williams Cruise, 55, caretaker from Berkshire

"A totally unforgettable lady."  
Linda Shanahan, 40, housewife

"How could I ever forget you?"  
Micheal Shanahan, 40, printer

"We will all miss you so much."  
Hayley Shanahan, 10, Watford

"You were my role model."  
Ann Lane, 41, mental health administrator, Chiswick

"You deserved to be happy. You did everything right for the country."  
Aimee Richardson, 16, student, Bexleyheath

"Thank you for your love and compassioo and dedicatioo to all people."  
Sister Rita Cahill, 71, nun, County Tipperary, Ireland

"Thank you for the love you gave to the poor. May the Lord make you a saint."  
Josepha Burgos, 58, housewife, from the Philippines

"It is sad that you had to die for us to realise how much you were loved."  
Theresa Flynn, 57, cancer researcher, Oxford

*'She was well loved and admired and was emerging as a potent symbol of our common humanity'*

"Such a vibrant life cut short."  
Vera Lewis, 46, civilian worker at Brixton police station

"Dolphins have strength to be free. Now you are free with Dodi in heaven."  
Selai Yabaki, 17, student

A homeless man who couldn't afford flowers left behind a copy of *The Big Issue* featuring an article by Diana on homelessness.  
"Thank you," he wrote oo a piece of paper.

## Messages posted on the Internet

"How could ooe who has all the opportunity to be Royal bring herself down to show the rest of us her heart? I will always be grateful for your way of showing us what class is really about ... Most of all I will remember the beauty in your soul."  
Dane, Poland

"She is gooe and oo one will change that. Sure... She was attractive, famous, and still a young woman. So what... why make such a big deal about Her death? Hundreds of

young people die every day and nobody gives all of them even a fraction of the attetioo they give Her. Are they worse than She was? Hm... I doo't think so. Why shouldn't we let Her rest in peace and get off her back for good."  
Tomasz Grzesik, Chicago

"She had everything. That is what we thought. But, sadly, happiness is something that can't be bought. She had more than her share of personal sorrows, but that sweet smile never left her as she dreamt of better tomorrows. And in her world of unseen stress she tried so hard for that bit of elusive happiness. To add to her misery, was the hounding by the press. Laying bare her smallest actions for the world to see. Now she is beyond all that and at last free. Rest in peace sweet Princess Di."  
V S Shirali, Mahim, Bombay, India

"You oever say goodbye to someone that you love; you just say, I will see you tomorrow, for life oo earth is so long there

*'Why shouldn't we let her rest in peace and get off her back for good?'*

is no time in Heaven... I know that you and your family will be in my prayers for some time to come. So I shall say, I'll see you tomorrow my sweet Princess. May God Bless and Be with You All. 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18."  
Lauri Stanger, Sheridan, Wyoming

"She did so much good, so many simple things a Royal would oever do. She showed the world that she was a great soul. She has been quoted as the "Queen of Love" and the "Queen of LIFE", for oo ooe shall forget her. My thoughts, prayers, and heart go out to her childreo in this time. Words canoot express what I and the world feel. She lives oo in our hearts and dreams, and through her life... ours is better."  
Mark Bailey, United States, Vermont

"May Heaveo be all the more a desired place to host such an angel as she... God bless you."  
Keri L Williams, Brownstown, IL USA

"I know that she oow rests in a much happier place where she will oever have to run from a flash again. Goodbye kind princess."  
Christina Sawyer, Cincinnati, Ohio, USA

"I feel deeply sorry for the tragedy. Princess Diana is and will always be the most beautiful and kindest princess. I really do feel empty after knowing she's gooe. Princess Diana... rest forever in peace. Sincerely, Alan."  
Alan Ko, St Louis, MO

"I don't know you persooally Princess, but you will surely be missed by me and the whole world. Whoever did this to you must pay. My heart cries for your children. Not only they lost a wonderful mother but a best friend as well. Farewell Princess. At least you are in better place now than all of us here oo earth. Sweet dreams my Princess."  
Carla Acera, Covina, California

"My heart goes to the family and friends of such a beautiful woman! I only wish that I had persooally known her! I treasure her as I do Jackie Kennedy! Both wonderful womeo! Diana is in my prayers! Now she is finally at rest and at peace! May she rest in the peace of Christ! I think of the song "Bring Him Home" - change the words to "Bring Her Home"! God love her."  
Bill W Barrette, Negaunee, MI, USA

Compiled by Jennifer Rodger, Tom Kelly and Holly Andrew

Westminster Abbey, 6 September 1997: Service in full. See next page

# Order of Service for the funeral in Westminster Abbey,



## THE PROCESSION

During the Procession of the Cortège from Kensington Palace, the Tenor Bell is tolled every minute.

The service is sung by the Choir of Westminster Abbey, conducted by Martin Neary, Organist and master of the Choristers.

The organ is played by Martin Baker, Sub-Organist of Westminster Abbey.

Music before the service, played by Stephen Le Prevost, Assistant Organist, Westminster Abbey.

Second movement (Grave)  
Organ Sonata, no. 2  
*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47)*

Prelude on the hymn tune 'Eveotide'  
*Hubert Parry (1848-1918)*

Adagio in E *Frank Bridge (1879-1941)*

Prelude on the hymn tune 'Rhosmedre'  
*Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

Choral prelude:  
*Ich ruf zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ, BWV639*  
*Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)*

Elegy *George Thalben-Ball (1896-1988)*

Martin Baker plays:

Fantasia in C minor, BWV537  
*Johann Sebastian Bach*

Adagio in G minor  
*Tomaso Giovanni Albinoni (1671-1751)*

Slow movement, from the Ninth Symphony  
(From the New World)  
*Antonin Dvorak (1841-1904)*

Canon *Johann Pachelbel (1653-1706)*  
  
'Nimrod', Variation 9  
arranged from *Variations on an Original Theme*  
(Enigma) op.36  
*Edward Elgar (1857-1934)*

Prelude *William Harris (1883-1973)*

The members of the Spencer Family are received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

All stand as they are conducted to places in the North Lantern, and then sit.

All stand as the Procession of Visiting Clergy moves to places in the Sacristy, and then sit.

Members of the Royal Family are received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and are conducted to St George's Chapel.

All stand as they are conducted to places in the South Lantern, and then sit.

Her Majesty The Queen, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, and His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, are received at the Great West Door by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

All stand as Their Majesties and His Royal Highness are conducted to their places in the South Lantern.

All remain standing as the Cortège enters the Great West Door.

The Collegiate Body of St Peter in Westminster moves into place in the Nave.

All sing

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

GOD save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen.  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us:  
God save the Queen.

*Thesaurus Musicus (c. 1743) arranged by Gordon Jacob (1895-1984)*

## ORDER OF SERVICE

The Cortège, preceded by the Collegiate Body, moves to the Quire and Sacristy, during which the Choir sings

## THE SENTENCES

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

*St John 11: 25-26*

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

*Job 19: 25-27*

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord

*1 Timothy 6: 7; Job 1: 21*

*William Croft (1678-1727) Organist of Westminster Abbey 1708-27*

THOU knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us out, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee. Amen

*Book of Common Prayer*

*Henry Purcell (1659-95) Organist of Westminster Abbey 1679-95*

THE LORD, a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

*Revelation 14: 13*

*William Croft*

All remain standing. The Very Reverend Dr Wesley Carr, Dean of Westminster, says

## THE BIDDING

WE are gathered here in Westminster Abbey to give thanks for the life of Diana, Princess of Wales; to commend her soul to Almighty God, and to seek his comfort for all who mourn. We particularly pray for God's restoring peace and loving presence with her children, the Princes William and Harry, and for all her family.

In her life, Diana profoundly influenced this nation and the world. Although a princess, she was someone for whom, from afar, we dared to feel affection, and by whom we were all intrigued. She kept company with kings and queens, with princes and presidents, but we especially remember her humane concerns and how she met individuals and made them feel significant. In her death she commands the sympathy of millions.

Whatever our beliefs and faith, let us with thanksgiving remember her life and enjoyment of it; let us rededicate to God the work of those many charities that she supported; let us commit ourselves anew to caring for others; and let us offer to him and for his service our own mortality and vulnerability.

All remain standing to sing

## THE HYMN

I VOW to thee, my country, all earthly things above,  
Lentire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:  
the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,  
that lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;  
the love that never falters, the love that pays the price,  
the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,  
most dear to them that love her, most great to me  
that know;  
we may not count her armies, we may not see her King;  
her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;  
and soul by soul and silently her shining bounds  
increase, and her ways are ways of gentleness and all  
her paths are peace.

*Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918)*

*Thaxted Gustav Holst (1874-1934)*

All sit. Lady Sarah McCorquodale reads:

IF I should die and leave you bereft awhile,  
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep  
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.  
For my sake - turn again to life and smile,  
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do  
Something to comfort other hearts than thine.  
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine  
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.

All remain seated. The BBC Singers, together with Lynne Dawson, Soprano, sing:

LIBERA me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die  
tremenda quando coeli movendi  
sunt, et terra: dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.  
Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussio  
venerit, atque ventura ira.  
Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae, dies  
et amara valde.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua  
luceat eis.

DELIVER me, O Lord from eternal death in that  
dread day when the heavens and the  
earth shall be shaken, and you will come to judge  
the world by fire.  
I tremble in awe of the judgement and the coming wrath.  
Day of wrath, day of calamity and woe, great and  
exceeding bitter day.  
Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual  
light shine upon them.

*Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) from The Requiem*

All remain seated. Lady Jane Fellowes reads:

TIME is too slow for those who wait,  
too swift for those who fear,  
too long for those who grieve,  
too short for those who rejoice,  
but for those who love, time is eternity.

All stand to sing

## THE HYMN

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his  
and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
my ransomed soul he leadeth,  
and where the verdant pastures grow  
with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
but yet in love he sought me,  
and on his shoulder gently laid,  
and home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
with thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
thy unction grace bestoweth;  
and O what transport of delight  
from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days  
thy goodness faileth never:  
good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
within thy house for ever.

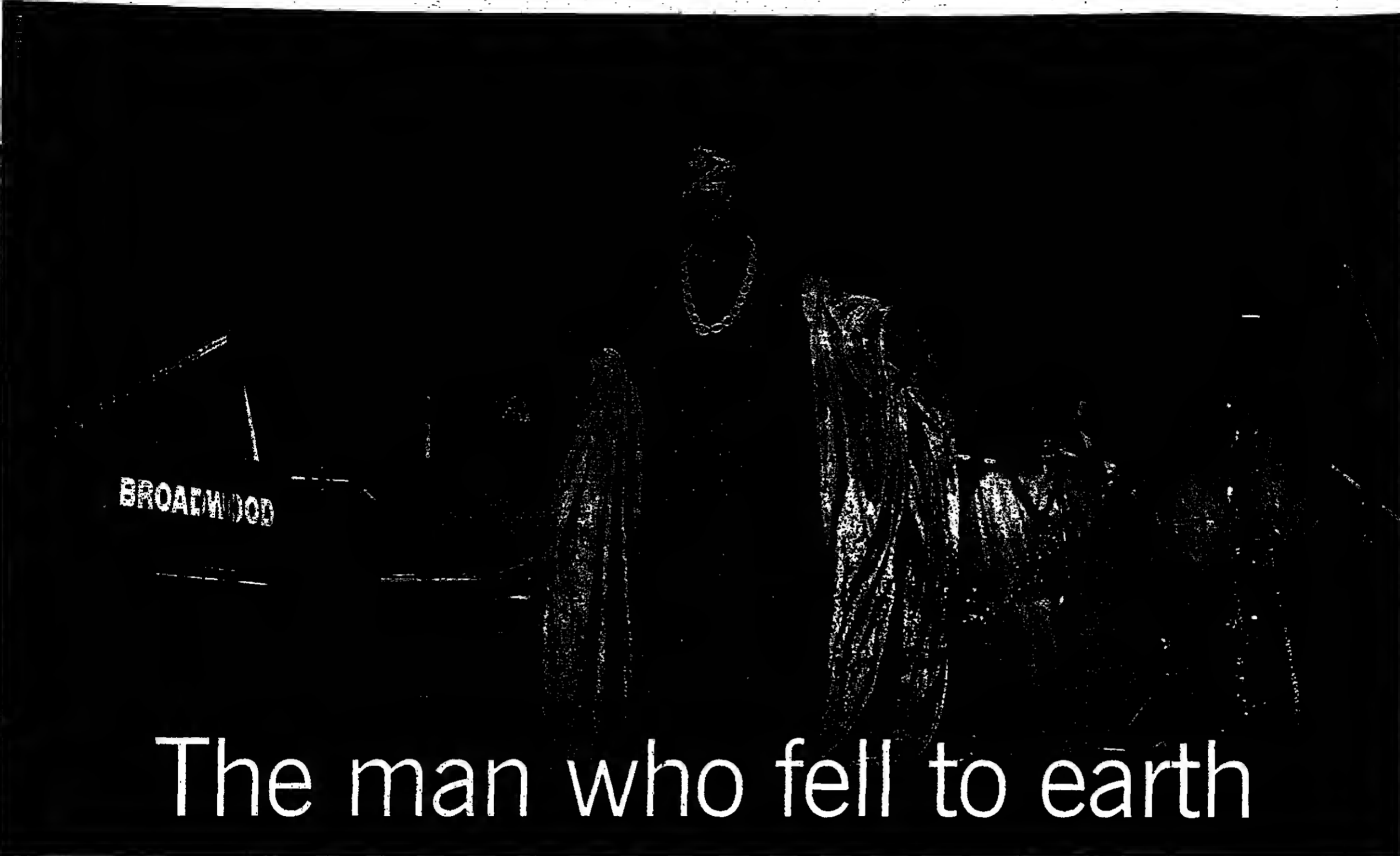
*H.W. Baker (1821-77) Psalm 23*

*Domineus regit me J.B. Dykes (1823-76)*



# the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 6 SEPTEMBER 1997



## The man who fell to earth

He came from Saturn, so he said, and his music was from outer space. But when the tubby old gent mounted the platform for his performance at the Brecon jazz festival in 1990, three years before he died, he seemed as earthbound as you or I, despite the back-foil breastplate and the thrift-shop issue cosmic hat. And when his orchestra (or Arkestra, as he styled them) began to play, he seemed even less extra-terrestrial. Classic jazz arrangements in the vein of Fletcher Henderson, the great jazz bandleader of the Twenties and Thirties (with whom Ra had played in the Chicago of the 1940s), were interwoven with weird percussion interludes, sci-fi solos by Ra himself on piano and synthesizers, and strange, Isadora Duncan-like interpretative dances by a hefty female chorus. It was impressively odd, and even high camp, but it still spoke of this world rather than the other.

The career of Ra - celebrated in *Songs from Saturn*, a four-part Radio 3 series now starting next Saturday (not tonight, as originally scheduled), and the subject of *Space Is the Place*, a marvellous new biography by the American academic John Szwed (to be published by Canongate Press later this month) - has been obscured by the outer-space stuff ever since his recordings on ESP-Disk began to appear in Britain in the late Sixties. Then, he seemed to have beamed down fully-formed as a completely off-the-wall eccentric with roots in the free-jazz movement of the time. As it happens, even ESP-Disk wasn't what it appeared, the title coming from an abbreviation of Esperanto (and the label's profits being based on a series of language-tutor records) rather than referring to psychic experiences, while Ra had a history going right back to his home-town of Birmingham, Alabama, where he was born in 1914.

One of the many virtues of Szwed's biography is that it succeeds in putting Ra back into culture, rather than continuing

OK, so he wasn't really born on Saturn. But, when it came to jazz, Sun Ra was definitely on another planet. By Phil Johnson

to consign him to a happy-clappy cult of fans of weird music. As is quite proper, however, the truth is stranger than any fiction. "He's not from no Mars!" his sister - who had observed his birth - was recorded as saying, and, indeed, his nephews and nieces knew him as Uncle Snookums. Named Herman Poole Blount - after a famous black stage magician, Black Herman - Ra grew up in a city weirder than any science-fiction fantasy. Coming from Birmingham in the Jim Crow years, one feels after reading Szwed's book, was more than enough reason to go inter-planetary. The 10,000 lights of the sign on the city's railway station proudly proclaimed Birmingham as "The Magic City", and Ra grew up in a world where there was little commerce with the ruling white caste, and where a network of black theatres, nightclubs and quasi-mystical guilds and social clubs (which would later serve as the seedbeds of the Civil Rights movement) provided a complete galaxy. As a child, Ra joined the secret society of the Woodmen scout troop, and, after he had learnt to play the piano, he would perform at the extravagant annual balls of the Knights of Pythias.

A studious, quiet boy with a voracious appetite for books of all kinds, especially those dealing with religion, he trained as a schoolteacher at the Jim Crow Agricultural and Mechanics Institute, and hung around the Communist Party-backed Modern Bookshop in downtown Birmingham. In the evenings he played in various local venues, with bands like the Society Troubadours, who wore Eton jackets. Later, he led bands of his own and began to develop a private book of compositions, such

as *Thermodynamics and Fusion*, influenced by articles in *Popular Mechanics* and science fiction magazines.

During the war, Ra registered as a conscientious objector and was briefly imprisoned and later sent to a work camp in Pennsylvania. Szwed includes in his text a series of quite heart-breaking letters from Ra to the officials of the National Service Board, pleading to be let loose to continue with his music. After a psychiatric examination, he was deemed "a psychopathic personality" (a common label for black jazz artists of the time, also given to Lester Young), and categorised as a "well-educated coloured intellectual" ... subject to neurotic depression and sexual perversity. His sexuality was, however - as far as can be judged - largely dormant, as he suffered from a particularly painful hernia condition and had no record of affairs or relationships.

Like many fellow Southerners, he moved to Chicago after the war, and was employed as a rehearsal pianist at the swanky DeLisa club, where he met and played with his hero Fletcher Henderson, his career then on the slide. Ra's reading continued to take an Afrocentric, Gnostic slant - according to Szwed he had over 15,000 volumes in his library - and while he was forced by poverty to accompany strippers in mob-run nightclubs, he was beginning to group around him the musicians who would eventually become his Arkestra. His musical influences were also very earthbound, following his reverence for Henderson with an enthusiasm for the kitsch sounds of Les Baxter's *Saturday Night on Saturn*, and *Music Out of the Moon*, inspired by

the Sputnik craze of the Fifties. When the first records on his own Saturn label began to appear, with hand-drawn cover art and occasional mishaps whereby the same music was recorded on both sides of the disc, or different albums were given the same titles, his legend began to catch on.

The move to New York in the free-jazz years, and then to Philadelphia, the extraordinary story of how he was employed as a lecturer at Berkeley (special subject: "The Black Man in the Cosmos"); how black porn star Johnny Keyes came to appear in an abortive feature film about him; his relationship with the Black Panthers, the White Panthers and, of course, those pesky Gnostics; and the truth of his visits to Egypt, Russia and the set of *Saturday Night Live*, can be gleaned from Szwed's biography. It is, all in all, a quite extraordinary story that anyone with an interest in black music and culture will want to hear. And after you've heard about the life of Sun Ra, Saturn sounds almost cosily domestic.

*Songs from Saturn* begins next Saturday at 6pm on Radio 3

### "An Ironic Whisky Sour of a Play for Today"

Nicholas De Jongh, Evening Standard

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The Pink Paper

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BBC

## No popcorn, please, we're British

It is, apparently, the curse of *fin de siècle* film-going. Popcorn is to be banned at the Barbican Centre cinemas in London, I hear, because of the non-aesthetic noises emitted in the digestion of the same, be it sweet or salted. Or, as spokeswoman Valerie Gillard informs me, "The people who watch films here don't feel they can concentrate, with all that munching going on."

Barbican filmgoers are indeed a serious bunch with intense powers of concentration. They have in possession those qualities to find the entrance to the cinemas. But their hostility to popcorn is more intense than even their concentration. Barbican MD John Tusa has commissioned, at some expense, a survey of cinema patrons at the Centre, and found that a staggering 85 per cent of them would not come if popcorn were sold, sweet or salted. One chills to think of the torments they must suffer at virtually every other cinema in the country. I do share some of their distaste for popcorn, sweet rather than salted, but less over the munching and more because of the way the discarded pops of corn on the floor stick to the soles of one's shoes.

But such niggling is as nothing to the venom of Barbican cinemagoers. Chris Travers, head of marketing, who conducted the survey, says people come from across London, and one customer even from Devon, to avoid popcorn-infested cinemas. His research also discovered that a bucket of popcorn costs one penny to



David Lister  
arts notebook



make and is generally sold for £1.50. A case for investigation by the Culture Select Committee perhaps.

The other dislike found in the survey will not be so easily remedied. Adult cinemagoers wanted to see PG and U certificate movies but did not want to be surrounded by children. *101 Dalmatians* was a particular example named, "We might have children-free screenings of family films," says Mr Travers, "but it's a bit of a tricky one." Not necessarily. Sell popcorn at the entrance to the Barbican Theatre and seed the kids off to see *Cymbeline*.

Many Allen has just completed her first week at the helm of the Royal Opera House, spending some of the time preparing her evidence to the House of Commons select committee inquiry next month. I suggest she takes a highly radical line. Pressed as she will be about making Covent Garden "The People's Opera" and taking both opera and ballet to the people, she should read out the advance ticket sales for both opera and ballet at their new temporary London venues. They are, to put it mildly, poor; and in the case of the Royal Ballet at the Labatt's Apollo, Hammersmith, pitiful, at under 30 per cent. A company as brilliant as the Royal Ballet

currently is has been taken to the people, at a pop venue, and the people don't want to know.

Part of the reason is that, in all the clamour against supposed elitism, one key point has proved too politically incorrect for anyone to mention. Both opera and ballet need an atmosphere of grandeur, plot, costume and the raw emotions can all seem uncomfortable in downmarket settings. Deprived of that pomp, opera and ballet can look artificial and anachronistic. And there is no *pomp* in a converted cinema. For similar reasons, the plan by the opera house chairman Lord Chadlington to relay performances to multiplexes is also doomed to failure. The way to heat elitism is not to take the wares to pop show venues or cinemas, but to keep them in plush surroundings and lower the ticket prices. Keep the prices down and keep the venues upmarket, and the audiences will come.

There are, we are told, definitely no plans to record Elton John's reworking of "Candle in the Wind" that he is singing at today's funeral. But three months is a long time in the music business. I predict that, come Christmas, a version of the rewritten song will be released - either a new recording or, more probably, today's emotionally charged live version, with the proceeds, one hopes, going towards Princess Diana's charities. And, unlike the original, it will be assured of the No 1 spot.

### PLUS

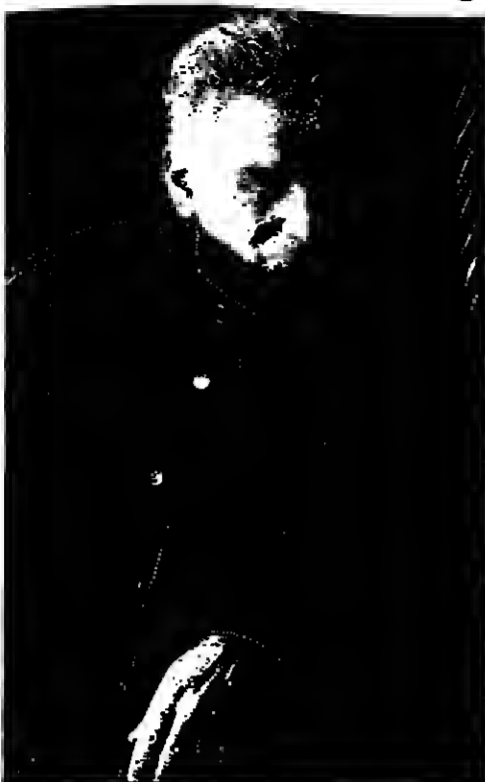
Arts reviews ..... 11  
Books ..... 23  
Today's TV ..... 12

### INSIDE

Chris Darke on the Gaumont season in London, page 11  
From Paris to Peking with Simon Calder, page 13

# With a little help from his friends

The postmodernists' guru has gone from deconstructing modern ideas to reconstructing ancient ones, reports Jonathan Rée



Philosophy's Picasso, now 60-plus and as inventive as ever: Jacques Derrida SYGMA

*Politics of Friendship* by Jacques Derrida, translated by George Collins, Verso, £16

The fundamental concept in social science," according to Bertrand Russell, "is Power." To those who have accepted the premises of the modern world order, this cynical doctrine will seem a platitude. But there is an alternative and more venerable conception. A family may be united by blood and other bodily fluids, but a city, a nation or a state, according to ancient Greek tradition, is politically unified by bonds of personal friendship. Friendship, however, is always trailed by suspicion. We hope our friends are true and firm, but fear they may prove fickle. Think of the advice offered by fussy Shakespearean parents: "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel" (Polonius to Laertes); and "keep thy friend Under thy own life's key" (the Countess to Bertram, *All's Well That Ends Well*). A hard lesson for a generous son: make prisoners of your friends.

But what, after all, do we make friends for? For their sake or our own? To give them the benefit of our company, or take advantage of theirs? Time will tell, perhaps: a friend in need is a

friend indeed, as the proverb says. The statement is easily misconstrued, however, and for half a lifetime it seems I always got it wrong.

Needy friends will always cling to you, I thought, however unwelcome they may be. It was another harsh lesson in reducing the generosity of friendship to the cynicism of power.

This kind of conceptual roller-coaster is a natural vehicle for Jacques Derrida. As everyone knows, the works he published in the Sixties, with their painstaking deconstructions of scientific certainties and their festive celebrations of indecision, made him into the great Parisian prophet of what was later called "postmodernism".

In the 1980s, however, when modernity went spectacularly out of fashion, he contrived to keep out of step by returning to Marxism and reorchestrating its old-fashioned belief in progress towards a democratic egalitarian future. This, his latest major book, will perplex the trendsetters yet again as it takes him a few steps further into the past.

The philosophy of friendship has been largely neglected for four centuries. Although Derrida gives a fair share of his attention to Nietzsche, and still more to Carl Schmitt, his true intellectual companions are decidedly pre-

modern. They range from Plato, whose good disciple Derrida earnestly seeks to be, through Aristotle and Cicero to the infinitely affable Montaigne.

The argument of the book is easily summed up. There is something rotten in our classical conceptions of friendship, and therefore politics, because they are tied to an idea of freedom as personal self-sufficiency.

We imagine a continuum running from friends, through good friends, to close friends, and finally the best friend – "one soul in bodies twain." To use a phrase favoured by Montaigne. But if friendship is a matter of closeness, then the friendly project of reaching out towards others is doomed to failure. It will never liberate us from our walled-up selfhood, but only fill it up with captive friends.

This double-bind led Montaigne to contemplate "a remark that Aristotle so often repeated: 'O my friends, there is no friend'." The phrase is pretty enigmatic, but Derrida pursues it energetically up and down the centuries.

He follows it to Blake and Michelet, for instance, and then back again to the original Greek. But here he meets a snag. It turns out that the quotation is not from Aristotle at all but merely a rumour, circulated centuries after Aristotle's death by Diogenes Laertius, a

gossipy friend of all the dead classical philosophers.

Undeterred, Derrida works out dozens of interpretations for the rootless little phrase. My friends, there is no friend: does it affirm the plurality of friendship, a kind of safety in amiable numbers? Or its masculinity, from blood-brotherhood to the brotherhood of man? Or perhaps its temporality – the fact that true friendship can never be known in the present, since it may always prove false later?

On his travels between these various possibilities, Derrida coins a new term to describe a style of befriending that would not be overshadowed by the high walls of masculine self-sufficiency. *Aimance*, he calls it, meaning a respectful responsiveness to the incalculable strangeness of others.

*Aimance* is a lovely word in French, and perhaps a future translator will devise a better English equivalent than "love", which sounds too like a chirpy declension from trappiness to rapture and plenty of rapture.

But Derrida is pointing out intricacies in old conceptions of friendship rather than proposing a new one. And in a confident flourish he finally impales the poor orphaned pseudo-Aristotelian phrase that he has pursued throughout the book.

For it is probable that the Greek has always been mistranslated. Contrary to Montaigne or Nietzsche, it does not mean "My friends, there is no friend" but "Many friends, no friend". In other words, the more friends you have, the less friend you are.

Like all the messages that Derrida shakes out from the curious little phrase, this one too makes good sense. In friendship, as in philosophy, never spread yourself too thin.

And the great cascade of meanings has a wider implication still, which is indeed the generous lesson of Derrida's work as a whole. Truths are multiple, so take great care – one truth may conceal another.

Derrida is proving to be philosophy's Picasso. He is now in his sixties, and brilliantly inventive as ever. But his genius for turning any linguistic doodle to philosophical account has provoked loud and querulous complaint. By what right is he so prolific, so varied, so assured? How dare he be so esoteric (indeed starkly incomprehensible to anyone ignorant of his precursors) – but at the same time so vivid?

Like Picasso, Derrida has suffered from his fame. For the time being, this great philosopher is encircled by too many enemies, and also by too many friends.

## Obey the Old Norse code

Name: Susan Jeffreys. Occupation: writer. Subject: Magnus's memoirs

*I've Started So I'll Finish: the story of Mastermind* by Magnus Magnusson, Little, Brown, £16.99

Third in the pub quiz this week. If only we hadn't let ourselves be persuaded that the *Last Emperor* had come out in 1991, not 1987. True, the other teams were in tearing form. The Gypsy Ginos had their star player back and the mysteriously named Side Show Bob were firing on all cylinders, but we still threw away a chance of gold.

It's serious stuff out there in the quiz world. I've never thought that Magnus Magnusson, despite his air of gravitas, has ever quite understood that. His gaffes, his lack of precision, his mangling of French that put any specialist in matters Gallic at a terrible disadvantage, grated on the nerves of quiz buffs for the 25 years that he was *Mastermind* inquisitor. But he looked right.

Broad-browed, granite-featured, he fitted perfectly into the night-mare set. It was, literally, that. The BBC had been casting around for a rival to ITV's *University Challenge*. Racked by dreams of his wartime experience with the Gestapo, producer Bill Wright came up with the idea of an isolated contender and a remorseless interrogator. The chair, a customised executive model, and the music, "Approaching Menace" by Neil Richardson (remember that, it could come up in a quiz), helped pile on the doom.

Contestants groped towards the pool of light and the terrible chair. *Mastermind* started with an audience of 1.5 million, which grew to 6.5 million. A change in scheduling put it on peak-time Thursdays, and its audience shot up to 12 million.

I'm quoting Magnus on these figures, and he can be a bit slapdash on this sort of thing. I noticed my brother's name in the text just about as wrong as it could be, which cheered me up but is not what you expect from a quizmaster supreme. The ex-most famous Icelandic is pretty upfront about his mistakes,

remembering those terrible moments when he called Ho Chi Minh Chinese or turned Polonius into Hamlet's father. He assures us that contestants took these things in good heart, but that's not what I've heard. Those who sat through the recordings spoke of the burn-numbing boredom of endless re-takes.

What with cross punctuation (lots of exclamation marks!) and chapter headings such as "The Team Spirit" and "Winners All", this book is like one of those school histories by an amiable retired headmaster. But the Old Norse does have a real affection for the old boys and old girls. There are some strange stories lurking here: Christopher Hughes the underground driver, who tried to dupe a Fred Housego and launch himself onto the choppy seas of a media career; Ian Meadows, a hospital driver with a Trinity degree obsessed with doing a thesis on the History of Smoking. There are contenders who triumphed over crippling illnesses, the highly strung and the highly dedicated.

Arfur Wyn Hughes, an art teacher, made a terrible mess on his specialist art round, scoring five to become *Mastermind*'s lowest ever scorer. He toughed it out by holding a party at his house, which his wife filled with helium balloons with the word PASS on them.

It is an obsessive business, and Magnusson does catch that: the nights spent in the reference library, the tape-recording of questions to speed up reflexes. I had a lodger who was a *Mastermind* semi-finalist, and a high scorer. Contestants are allowed tickets for family and friends, but my lodger lost to a man who had no family to cheer him on. He gave up quizzes not long after that and went on a world tour. I wish he'd come back, though; he'd be handy this Tuesday against Side Show Bob and the Gypsy Ginos.



London on a day more carefree than today: boys jumping from Westminster Bridge in 1934. From Brian Moynahan's vividly evocative history-in-photographs of this country's experience over the past 100 years, *The British Century* (Weldon & Nicolson, £30)

## The stucco façade that saved a life

Shusha Guppy follows the long journey of a camp survivor from silence to serenity

*Literature or Life* by Jorge Semprun, translated by Linda Coverdale, Viking, £16.99

On 11 April 1945, Buchenwald was liberated by the Allied armies. Three officers, two English and one French, arrived at the camp to take charge of the operations: "They stood amazed before me, and suddenly, in their terror-stricken gaze, I saw myself – in their horror," recalls Jorge Semprun nearly half a century on. "For two years I had lived without a face. No mirrors in Buchenwald."

Born in 1923 in Madrid, into a Republican family, Semprun was a Civil War refugee in Paris when the war broke out. In 1942, a huddling poet and Sorbonne stu-

dent of philosophy, he dropped out to join the Resistance. A year later, he was arrested by the Gestapo, tortured, and deported to Buchenwald.

What followed was "living death". Even those who survived "had not escaped death, but crossed through it... we were not survivors, but ghosts, revenants". Semprun owed his own survival, he assumed, to his fluency in German (he worked in the camp administration) and to what Primo Levi called "an insatiable curiosity". Back in Paris he begins a novel, yet "I realise that the joy of writing could never irradiate the despair of Memory... Only forgetting could save me". It is the encounter in a train with Lorenz, a beautiful Swiss woman, their romance and the rediscovery of his body, "not in the strict economy of survival but in the largesse of love", that makes him choose life.

For 16 years Semprun did not write. Instead he joined the Spanish Communist Party, became a member of its Central Committee and lived clandestinely in Madrid. Then in 1963 he published *The Long Journey*, a novel based on his deportation to Buchenwald. It was an international success but a few months later he was expelled from the Party by Dolores

Ibaruri herself – the famous La Pasionaria – for his "revisionist" views.

Semprun began *Literature or Life*, his journey beyond death, on 11 April 1987, the anniversary of the liberation of Buchenwald and the day that Primo Levi committed suicide. He soon abandoned it to become minister of culture in Felipe Gonzalez's social democratic government. A year later he resigned and returned to Paris, and to his manuscript. In a final chapter he recounts his trip to Buchenwald in 1992. There, a guide gives him a copy of his 1944 matriculation paper on which his profession is declared "Student". The official who had filled the form on his arrival had saved his life by this little lie. As a student, he would have been considered useless and sent to the gas chamber.

In the last months of the war, Semprun witnessed prisoners arriving from Auschwitz ahead of the Russian advance, not knowing that "the liberators of Auschwitz were the creators of the Gulag". That knowledge would have saved him, he believes, "years of unproductive delusion, of fruitless struggle to renew and reform Communism". This is the only expression of regret at his involvement with the "idiocy of commu-

nism". Buchenwald reopened three months after Liberation, under the auspices of the KGB, and survived to 1956.

*Literature or Life* has the sweep of a symphony as it moves back and forth in time, from Semprun's privileged childhood in Spain to his present position as one of France's most eminent men of letters. He lets a profusion of memories, dreams, nightmares invade his narrative: the German voice shouting over the loudspeakers "Shut down the crematorium!" before the arrival of the Allies; the Kadish he hears coming from the mountain of corpses to be bulldozed into a common grave, which enables him to save the man; the Spanish Civil War veteran dying of dysentery after the Liberation, repeating "No hay derecho!" – it's not fair!

*Literature or Life* achieves what Semprun set out to do all those years ago: a Dostoevskian exploration of good and evil in the light of human freedom. It deserves a place beside Primo Levi's *If This Is A Man* and Shalamov's *Tales From Kolyma*, while Linda Coverdale's translation conveys something of the lyrical eloquence of Semprun's French. *Literature or Life*? After reading this remarkable book, the answer is both!

## Always on her Tod

Julie Wheelwright recalls a fast lady

*The Queen of Whale Cay: the eccentric story of 'Joe' Carstairs, fastest woman on water* by Kate Summerscale, Fourth Estate, £12.99

Kate Summerscale has unearthed the sort of biographical subject that, were she a character in fiction, would have an editor screaming for a rewrite. Joe Carstairs, inheritor of part of the Standard Oil fortune, had the means to enact her fantasies and lead a truly eccentric existence until her death in 1993.

Summerscale has the skill to fillet out Carstairs' psychological and historical nuances while telling a remarkable tale. She has written a subtle biography of a complex subject that refreshingly tackles an unexplored life.

Born in 1900, Carstairs achieved her goal of becoming the fastest woman on water, ran her own Bahamian island, and always dressed in male clothes. Her male identification emerged before school age when, thrown from a camel at London Zoo, she was knocked unconscious and earned the nickname "Tuffy". And toughness was a necessary quality since her absent father remained a mys-

tery and her mother was a self-centred dope-fiend with very bad taste in men.

By the time Carstairs had escaped her mother's clutches, she had decided to live in England, had taken on a masculine identity and discovered the delights of lesbianism. After a stint driving ambulances for the American Red Cross, she opened a female chauffeur service in London before indulging her love for machines with speed boats. In 1926, dressed in baggy trousers and a beret, she won the Royal Motor Yacht Club International Race. After blowing a fortune on developing a boat that never won a competition, she turned to hunting pirate treasure and, in 1934, bought Whale Cay in the Bahamas for a mere \$40,000.

Curiously, the egotism that drove her to become a little island emperor also helps to explain her bizarre obsession with a small leather doll baptised Lord Tod Wadley. On the island, he was widely known by the locals as her fetish. With his Saville Row suits, imported Italian shoes and working accessories, Tod Wadley was a substitute child – and the man that Carstairs could never become.

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Dublin's own Will Self, or an Ordinary Decent Realist? Sean Hughes

## Country matters and city slickers

Carol Rumens on the Irish rural dream and urban nightmare

The Detainees by Sean Hughes, Simon & Schuster, £12.99  
Four Letters of Love by Niall Williams, Picador, £12.99

Not about political prisoners (unless in a highly symbolic sense), *The Detainees* may be the first Southern Irish contribution to a genre whose UK practitioners include Irvine Welsh, James Kelman, Martin Amis and Will Self. (Self, in fact, makes a cameo appearance in Hughes's novel.) Some might argue Roddie Doyle got there first. But there's no decent working-class to the true "urban nightmare" novel, unless for strictly satirical purposes. The protagonists are either filthy rich or just plain filthy.

Hughes's hero, John Palmer, has made his fortune from antiques and trendy kitchen. He's almost likeable, as such heroes often are, being fashioned to hint subtly that the author they represent is really a sensitive soul brutalised by a publisher's five-figure advance, but otherwise human. Palmer loves animals, and vomits at the sight of vomit. He supports Arsenal United (sic) and loves rock music, a passion documented by Hughes with tender, knowledgeable relish.

Though frequently coked-up, and terminally angst-ridden (his suicide is signalled on page 7 by meta-narrator Dominic, so I'm not giving anything away), Palmer operates effectively in the real world. When Alan "Red" Bulger comes back to Dublin from, apparently, making good in Boston, Palmer lightens up slightly on the substance abuse and begins plotting the ex-bully's downfall. Brutalist aficionados should be warned that this process is charted without scenes of gut-churning sadism.

Despite frequent raids on the urban gothic stock room, Hughes manages to make something genuine of this, his first novel. While the revenge plot isn't startling, and the thriller elements negligible, the strength of his characterisation reveals the novelist's essential talent for observing the human animal and recording its noises. The sex scenes, especially the near-rape of zomboid Michelle, are intelligently done.

Though a stand-up comic when not writing novels, Hughes resists the urge to reel off jokes. His style is remarkably unstrained and no one, characters or readers, gets patronised. Sometimes it all seems like Ordinary Decent Realism (but don't tell him).

Niall Williams can also do ODR. He could probably even write as well about sex as Hughes does if he tried. Williams, however, is mostly interested in Love.

The convincing parts of *Four Letters of Love* tell the story of the child-narrator and his father, William, a Sunday painter who suddenly feels himself called to the art full time, with devastating results for his wife and son. All this is beautifully done, and the Isabel and Peadar courtship story at times compares well with it.

Niall Williams loses his grip on his material. I think, when he ventures into the realms of the miraculous. This leads him into stylistic excesses and, ultimately, to simplify away his own plot with manoeuvres that are less magic realism than romantic fictionalism. Mills & Boon with a Celtic twist.

Between them, these two first novels more or less cover the current range of literary fiction. Do they suggest that the contemporary experience in the Republic of Ireland can be slotted into similarly obvious poles? As those brochures with the postmodern shamrock might say, an hour away from Dublin, and we step back into another century.

Well, perhaps. Hughes's Dublians and Williams's West-coast islanders are poles apart, and perhaps it's a pole too many. Is someone, somewhere writing the novel in which they meet?

Sensation: young British artists from the Saatchi Collection by Norman Rosenthal et al, Thames & Hudson, £29.95  
*I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life Everywhere, with Everyone, One to One, Always, Forever, Now* by Damien Hirst, Booth-Clibborn Editions, £59.95

Cynical souls have accused the cash-strapped Royal Academy of grotesque opportunism in mounting, as its autumn exhibition, *Sensation: young British artists from the Saatchi Collection*. On 31 July, the outraged Academy came out with all guns blazing to reply that its programme "is driven by artistic concerns and has never been inherently profitable. With no Government subsidy, it has to rely on sponsorship. The suggestion that the Royal Academy was motivated to mount this exhibition by exploitative financial concerns is wholly wrong."

This farrago of non-sequiturs is remarkable. While denying that it ever mounts an exhibition to make a fast buck, the Academy clearly does not think it is taking a financial risk with *Sensation*. In fact, this exhibition may well be a landmark: the first time in history that a major art institution has put on a survey of modern British art in which the exhibits are not for sale, in the expectation that it will make a tidy and potentially life-saving profit. This has previously been the prerogative of foreign art in general, and the Impressionists in particular. Now it seems that Damien Hirst's dot-and-splo paintings have the same cachet as Monet's water-lilies (due at the Academy in 1999).

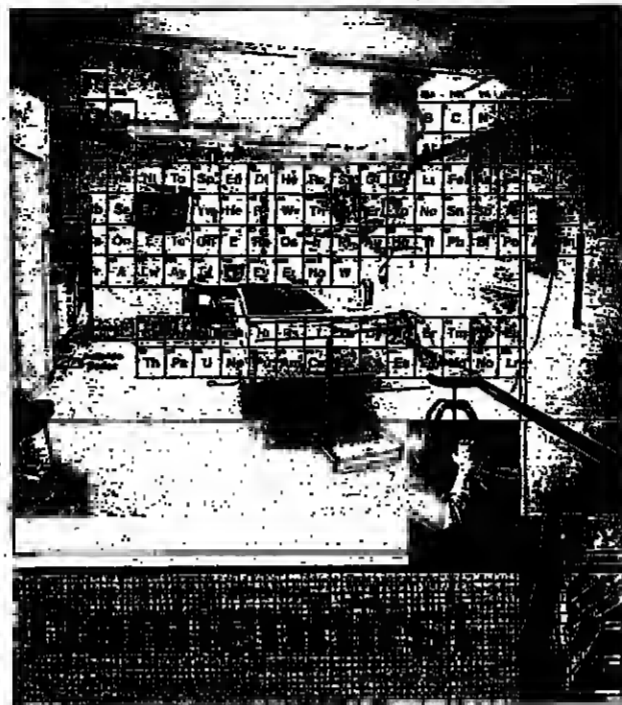
The *Sensation* catalogue is snazzily produced with five introductory essays by critics and academics. All are fairly readable and informative, but none makes a major

contribution to what is undoubtedly an important subject. There is a palpable sense of exhaustion as the Academy's Norman Rosenthal and the *Burlington Magazine*'s Richard Shone rehearse for the umpteenth time the irresistible rise of Young British Art from its beginnings at Goldsmith's College in the late 1980s to its apotheosis in what Rosenthal calls "this august [or should that be 'bust'?] institution".

Rosenthal notes that 10 years is "a long time in history of any art movement" and stresses that "the blood must continue to flow". He concludes with a tired shake of the collecting box: "Contemporary art is a club well worth joining." I have a mental image of wizened old codgers stumped in leather armchairs, dialysis machines in the wings.

Shone makes the point that whereas Chelsea and Canaby Street were the spiritual homes of many figurative artists in the 1960s, the "fragmented, despoiled, high-rise, war-scarred urban landscape of the East End and Docklands has made an immeasurable impact on the look of much recent art". This is certainly true. Most artists live, and most artist-run galleries are located, in east London. This is the backdrop to many of the photographs of the artists taken for *Spit Fire* (Thames & Hudson, £19.95) by Johnnie Shand Kydd, a slick connoisseur of grimness.

Nonetheless, the dystopian vision of many young artists has also been heavily



influenced by an older generation of figurative painters: the so-called School of London that includes Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud and Frank Auerbach, and the photo-artists Gilbert and George. Indeed, it was the heavy promotion of the School of London in the 1980s that paved the way for a younger generation equally obsessed with inner-city decadence and decay.

Saatchi has bought (and sold) work by both sets of artists. A showdown between the old and new Schools of London, and their assorted spin-doctors and apologists,

would have made for a far more stimulating show.

Damien Hirst likes to be thought of as the heir to Francis Bacon, but he now seems to be moving into the orbit of Eamonn Andrews. Nine years after his first public exhibition, and at the ripe old age of 32, Hirst has decided to tell the world "This is My Life".

For the occasion, he has this massive picture-book-cum-catalogue-*raisonnée*. *I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life... has been made with the help of Jonathan Barnbrook, a graphic designer and art director who has worked for the enfant terrible of advertising, Tony Kaye. It is so heavy it must be bullet-proof, and its 334 pages, each measuring one foot square, feature more than 700 images.*

Most are reproductions of Hirst's oeuvre, ranging from Schwitters-style collages he made while a student at Goldsmith's, through to the recent

reason for its high price, is various pop-up images (butterflies, meat-pieces) and interactive inserts. You can fix genitalia onto a "pickled" Hirst and his entourage, change the colours on a dot painting, and make the famous shark vanish.

The book has its felicities (the eggs impaled by needle and thread are nerve-jangling) but, all in all, it suffers from chronic visual and verbal elephantiasis. It also bears an uncanny resemblance to the recent R B Kitaj exhibition at the Tate, with its interminable parade of repetitive images and explanatory panels. This exhaustiveness is meant to reflect the "obsessional" nature of Hirst's art. But there simply isn't enough good material to fill it (and even Picasso, at a similar age, would have had trouble filling it).

The basic components of Hirst's art were established by 1992, the year in which the shark - his undisputed masterpiece - was shown at Saatchi's. His dot paintings and butterfly pieces were already on the go, and so were his grisly vitrines. Since then, he has made some good things - the pickled sheep, *Away from the Flock* (1994), is delightful - but these tend to be shufflings of the same pack rather than new departures.

If anything, Hirst's post-shark work has been getting less ambitious, and more prolix. His diversification into film - *Hanging Around* (1996) - was boorish waffle. "David Sylvester CBE", the art writer, was asked to interview Hirst for this book, but refused on the grounds that he was "appalled by [Hanging Around's] mediocrity, banality, self-indulgence and lack of self-criticism". That letter is paraphrased here but, for legal reasons, it is reproduced with the text blacked out. Could it be time for a sabbatical?



Damien Hirst's 'Visual Candy', from 'I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life Everywhere, with Everyone, One to One, Always, Forever, Now' (Booth-Clibborn Editions, £59.95)

## Religion in a baseball cap

Is God just a figure of speech? No, says Michael Arditti: even unconventional believers can keep faith with faith

*After God* by Don Cupitt, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £11.99

The Queen, we are told, is a fan of the Internet. God, it would seem, is not. According to Don Cupitt, the new global technology and other expressions of postmodern culture are destroying the last possibility of religious belief.

Cupitt advocated the abandonment of "theological realism", first in *Taking Leave of God* (1980) and subsequently in *The Sea of Faith* (1984), which lent its name to the whole "non-realist" movement developed in books such as Anthony Freeman's *God in Us* and David A. Hart's *Faith in Doubt*.

Refuting any charge of atheism, Cupitt and the non-realists insist that, since the reality of God lies in the word "God", it remains perfectly valid to talk of a God in whom one does not believe. "It heightens consciousness, it gives one a conscience and it helps one to see oneself and others with a greater clarity of vision."

In *After God*, Cupitt elaborates his position by examining the development of religious belief from the beginnings of human history and, in particular, from the growth of "modern-type belief in God" in

Mesopotamia. He shows how the idea of God rather than gods emerges at the same time as human self-consciousness and how the presence of God was necessary for both the stability of the state and the authority of the ruler. With an over-reliance on linguistic philosophy, he concludes that the supernatural world of religion is merely a mythical representation of the world of language.

The historical survey apart, Cupitt's analysis is questionable on almost every count. In place of one absolute God, he has substituted another - the works of Derrida and his followers - and seems to be as fettered to a single historical moment ("If we can't beat post-modernity, we should embrace it") as any fundamentalist who considers that nothing of value has been written since 100 AD.

He cites Luther's distinction between the faith which is believed and the faith in which it is believed, while ignoring the equal vital distinction between faith and the language in which it is expressed. Christ, in St John's gospel, is the Word; but the word is not Christ. That there is an element of the ominous beyond language has been the principle of the greatest philosophy and art for more than 2,500 years.

For someone whose framework is

exclusively verbal, Cupitt is depressingly lax in his use of language. He talks of religious life as an "activity through which we can... find a kind, of posthumous, or retrospective, happiness", when he is clearly not referring to a happiness after death.

Speaking through his baseball cap, he likens early images of God to contemporary images of Donald Duck - who may be a cultural icon but is not, by any stretch of even Don Cupitt's imagination, an object of religious veneration. Like a stage Puritan comically attracted to the venerated he condemns, he seems to delight in the prospect of "universal meltdown, nihilism, post-modernism".

Those who consider belief in a traditional expression of God and an authoritarian structure of religion to be outdated but find Cupitt's alternative equally unconvincing need not despair. A third way exists in "critical realism", as propounded by Mark Oakley in his Farmington Paper "God - To Be Or Not To Be?" Oakley summarises the position thus: "Critical realists acknowledge that theology is a human construction but we are also aware that the source of belief and the validity of beliefs are separate things. That religion involves projection need not disprove the existence of an object in religion."

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# Bonny in Clyde

This weekend, thousands of US delegates are descending on Scotland's largest city for a travel agents' convention. How do you explain Glasgow to the Americans? Simon Calder tries



You're overworked, overtired and over here. The 1990s have not been kind to you, the American travel agent. Squeezed by airlines' commission cuts and undermined by the Internet, your future looks as bright as a wet weekend in Wichita. But at least your association has chosen the venue wisely for its 1997 gathering: after London, Glasgow is the most intriguing city in Britain. But unlike the UK capital, Scotland's largest city is concise, friendly and manageable. Imagine the best bits of Boston, Minneapolis and Portland Oregon combined, and you're about there.

First impressions are unlikely to be entirely favourable. A generation ago, it was felt that the best plan to improve Glasgow would be for a freeway to rip through the city. The M8 motorway that brings you in from the airport sweeps across the River Clyde (look left for the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre, site of the convention) and just keeps ploughing relentlessly through the community.

To realise the true substance of Glasgow, get out of the car and on to the streets. (Use the subway, too, if you like: Glasgow has a cute little orange Underground, with just one circular line.) The city's centre comprises a handsome collection of Victorian buildings, the best

of them ranged around George Square, the real heart of Glasgow. The tourist office is here; you could sign up for a tour of the city, but I recommend you just pick up a free map and envelop yourself in the eloquent folds of art and architecture.

You know the Smithsonian Institution, Washington DC's collection of free and fascinating museums? In Britain, it is Glasgow, not London, that boasts a full hand of gratis galleries. Start half a hock west of George Square, at the latest addition to the repertoire: the Gallery of Modern Art. Though the contents are not universally applauded, the venue itself resembles a tasty piece of cake - a highly decorated mercantile confection.

From here, the direction you choose will depend on how highly you rate antiquity versus architecture. For the former, wander through the East End to Glasgow Cathedral - where building began in the 12th century. The tangled clerical tale of the city is unravelled in the adjoining St Mungo Museum of Religious Life and Art. Admission is free, courtesy of the strong socialist tradition of the city that insists upon equal access for all. Even when Margaret Thatcher was preaching free enterprise most zealously, Scotland's largest city retained its commitment to cultural provision for the com-

munity. The crystalline epitome of this vision rises from the lawn beside Clyde: the People's Palace tells the story of the rise, fall and resuscitation of what was once the Empire's second city. The Anti-Poll Tax Union, whose banner is displayed, commemorates a peculiarly cruel piece of local taxation that disappeared when Margaret Thatcher was replaced.

If instead of social history you want to see why Glasgow has been chosen as the UK's City of Architecture and Design for 1999, go north-west from George Square. Sauchiehall Street is the main shopping thoroughfare. You will soon see the familiar golden arches announcing McDonald's (where the special this week is two burger and fries for £2, or \$3.20). Glance inside, though, and you will see the ceiling bearing a design that owes much to strong lines and curves, and nothing to corporate image. This is a note of respect to the local hero, Charles Rennie Mackintosh. A century ago, an artistic revolution was happening in a city implausibly enriched by industry. Mackintosh was the chief rebel, turning his inspired hand to anything from prim, high-backed chairs at the Willow Tea Rooms to the bold triumph of the Glasgow School of Art.

Both of these are on the tourist circuit. The Tea Rooms at 217 Sauchiehall Street sells a con-

tinental range of teas, but if you'd prefer something a little more familiar than pancakes and maple syrup cost £2.75 (\$4.40). The School of Art on Renfrew Street offers guided tours, where you mingle with art students while marvelling at one man's extraordinary power of vision.

Return to Sauchiehall Street to compare our travel agencies with the ones back home. Going Places and Trailfinders state their purpose clearly enough, but the biggest chain in Britain is mysteriously called Lunn Poly, an amalgam of Sir Henry Lunn's Public Schools Alpine Sports Club and the Polytechnic Touring Association. You'll also spot AT Mays (the "AT" stands for "All Travel"), a Scottish-based chain now part of the global Carlson travel empire - some of your compatriots got here first. "Sauchiehall Street on a Saturday night" was once rather unfair shorthand for a drunken, disorderly evening, but a pint of heavy (actually the same weight as Budweiser, though warmer and tastier) at Lauder's will persuade you that civilisation prevails. You could continue to the Troo Theatre, where Macbeth is showing, in case you don't feel there is enough blind ambition and brutal revenge inside the ASTA Convention.

If your professional duties in the debating chamber allow you little time to explore, at least make the most of your lunch break. Nip across

the road (actually the Clyde Expressway) to Glasgow's greatest concentration of free culture. That huge and ruddy Edwardian pile, as cavernous as a railway terminus and garnished with superfluous turrets, is the Kelvingrove Museum and Art Gallery. Though exuding a severe paternalism, the museum also captures the scale and ambition of a city at the peak of its power.

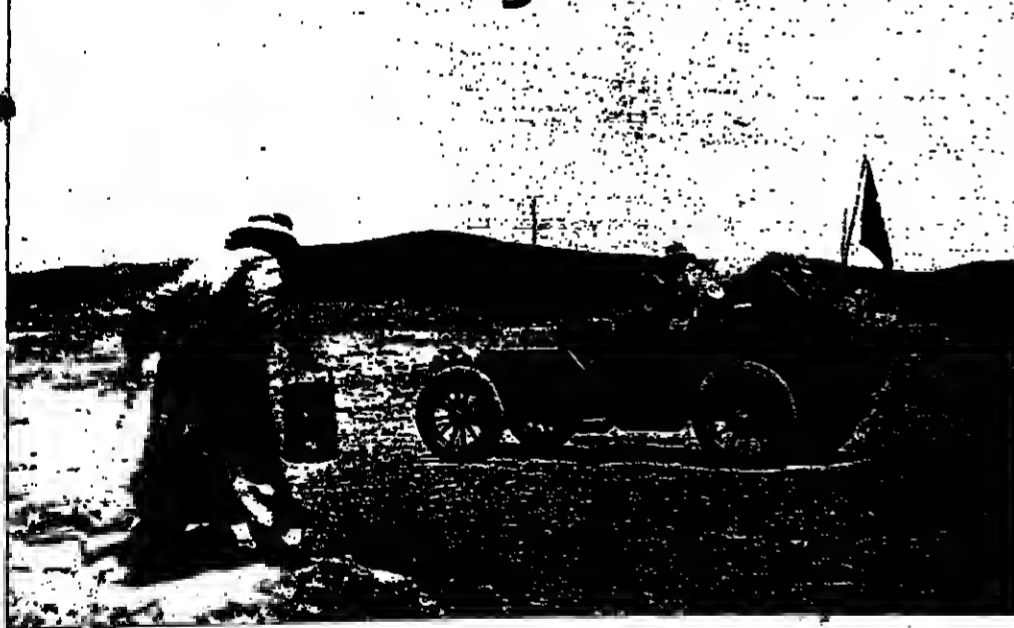
To find out why America, not Scotland, is now the wealthiest country in the world, make your final call at the Museum of Transport. It begins with tales of maritime catastrophes like the sinking of the Comet ferry "... by which melancholy circumstance 70 human beings were in a single moment precipitated into Eternity". Journalism is not what it used to be. Having started with transportation disasters, the museum continues in the same vein with the Sinclair C5 - a miniature plastic car about a millionth the size of a Cadillac. That only slightly larger, curiously squared-off vehicle is a Hillman Imp. You might be surprised to learn that this Scottish-built car sold nearly half a million, presumably all of which had the usual modification of placing a couple of house bricks in the front boot (trunk) of the rear-engined beast to impart a degree of road-holding.

The British make do: Glasgow will make you welcome.

Take a Rennie: Mackintosh's bold triumph of the Glasgow School of Art

PHOTOGRAPH: JEREMY SUTTON-HIBBERT

## Mutley crew



It's the wackiest race of them all. Since the first Paris-Peking challenge in 1907 (above), the organisers have turned dastardly. As competitors climb into their Morris Minors for today's re-run, writes Simon Calder, they can expect to meet anything from elephants to Everest

Watered-down petrol; elephants snoozing on Nepalese roads; zealous customs officials in Iran - a few of the more exotic hazards facing the 96 vehicles which this morning embark on the ultimate motorizing challenge. Not Peterborough to Perth by Porsche, nor Poole to Preston in a Polo; next time you curse the prospect of a long and difficult journey, imagine driving the 10,000 miles from Peking to Paris in a 1960 Morris Minor. This morning, a comprehensively modified version of the English classic will set off from the Chinese capital, destination Place de la Concorde.

The Peking-to-Paris challenge is organised by the Oxfordshire-based Classic Rally Association. A motley fleet of great, good and plain dodgy cars is setting off to emulate the first great international rally. In 1907, a seven-litre Italia driven by Prince Borghese took the bonours on the first Peking to Paris run - a 60-day haul across continents where the need for roads had not yet been recognised. A hapless British journalist spent the journey sitting on the vehicle's tool box, reputedly filing copy by writing the story then placing it in a bottle and hurling it at an unsuspecting local, with instructions to telegraph the contents in London.

Today's contestants, who hail from 22 countries, will enjoy the benefits of satellite communication. They have it easy - but not that easy. The briefing session, held at the Brooklands circuit in Surrey three months ago, was enough in put off all but the most motivated.

The organisers have spiced up the challenge by routing the rally across the bleak Tibetan plateau. Lord Montagu's 1915 Vauxhall Prince may struggle with the rarified atmosphere three miles up in the Tibetan Himalayas. Shortly afterwards, past Everest base camp in Nepal, the competitors can expect to encounter the first immovable objects of the elephantine variety - the animals apparently enjoy sleeping on warm Tharvac.

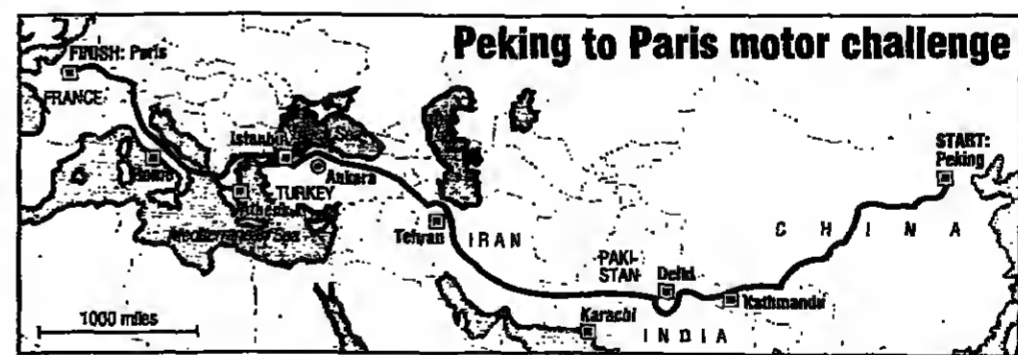
The descent from Kathmandu into Delhi is scheduled to take three days, during which drivers will plunge from a region where humans are as rare

as the high-altitude air to one where, to quote an organiser: "As soon as you stop you'll be surrounded by people." Heaven knows what they will make of a 1967 Ford Anglia Estate, though the 1966 Wolseley 24/80 should provide comfortable resonances of the Hindustan Ambassador, the car of preference in the Indian capital.

Delhi to Lahore is likely to be vehemently hot and tiring. Given the multiplicity of hazards on this busy stretch, the rally's timing will be suspended. Timing is not quite such an issue as it was in 1907. The organisers stress that the competition is against the elements and schedules rather than

but the country is reckoned to be a motorists' paradise compared with the preceding terrain. Once the difficult frontier crossing is negotiated the 1,000-mile trip through the country should be a cruise. Iran has entered three cars for the challenge, and the national motor federation has arranged free (and undiluted) fuel for everyone within its borders.

Across Turkey, the biggest hazards are convoys of non-stopping-for-anyone trucks and bands of bandits. But after a brief day's rest in Istanbul (this is not a trip for tourists) the remainder is easy. The former Yugoslavia is being circumvented by use of the Patras-to-Acona ferry across the Adriatic, fol-



against each other: it is not a race. The main aim is to reach Paris, with a secondary target of incurring as few penalty points as possible.

There are many rivers to cross - and lots of them have no bridges. The advice to drivers is to send the co-driver in to check the depth, not forgetting to tie a rope to him or her first. Some of the more assertive vehicles can try to drive across, but for the Morris Minor level of entrant it is probably safer to drag the car through. If all fails, help is following an hour or two behind in the shape of a rescue vehicle. This brute will tow you out of deep water or thick mud, though of course the penalty points start racking up. Iran gets little praise internationally these days,

followed by the sort of drive that millions of us made this summer, threading a course through Germany and along France's overcrowded autoroutes. The eve of the finish, 17 October, is spent at Reims, where competitors can stock up on Champagne for the finish, six weeks from today. My money is on one of the pair of early Sixties Peugeot 404s to be among the winners.

And if making the trip in a Morris Oxford sounds bad enough, just imagine this: in one of motoring's greatest-ever gestures of optimism, no fewer than three Citroën 2CVs have entered.

Classic Rally Association: 01235 851291

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# Baby on board

If you think children and holidays don't mix, you've been going to the wrong places, writes Hilly Janes

"Mummy are we going to the toilet?" asked our two-year-old as we pulled up outside a group of squat, rectangular buildings after three hours in the car. In the twilight they could, indeed, have been mistaken for public conveniences. Yet this was not a toilet stop, but our weekend accommodation – the garden rooms at the Anchor Hotel in Walberswick, on the Suffolk coast.

In fact the rooms were splendid. Huge, with enormous double beds that left plenty of space for a pull-out sofa bed for children, or a baby's cot. En suite bathrooms had a bath rather than just a mere shower cubicle – a hopeless place for rinsing sand from every orifice of a toddler who hates getting water on his face. Large plate-glass windows looking on to the lawns and flowerbeds gave the place an American motel feel. If the exteriors had been whitewashed and covered in bougainvillea, it could have been Greece.

Ah, Greece. Or Turkey, or New York, the Egyptian desert or the Australian outback. The young woman who backpacked and busied her way around all of them wouldn't have been seen dead in motel-style rooms round the back of a huge joke oak pub, even in a spot as delightful as Walberswick. But she grew up, got a job that demanded, like her partner's, long days at the office. And had a baby.

Of all the many things that change forever once you have a baby, perhaps one of the hardest to come to terms with is holidays. The need for rest is greater than ever, but the very break in routine that refreshes adults is likely to unsettle infants. Sleeping patterns are disturbed, or best remain at the usual 6.30am start, fully charged and ready for action.

Small children do not enjoy the grown-up pleasures of lounging around in the sun, or sightseeing, or eating meals at odd times and at leisure. Self-catering is not the answer because the adventure of shopping for and preparing food, even fresh fish straight off the boats in Cornwall, soon palls if you do it night after night. No chance of legging it to Rick Stein's either – no babysitters. Then there's all the clearing up and bed making and finding out when they collect the bins.

That is why we have spent all our time away this year in hotels, ferreting out those with family-friendly reputations in English bucket-and-spade locations – from the great sandy sweep at Studland in Dorset, to the safe shallow waters of Daymer Bay on the Camel estuary in North Cornwall, to one of the few pebble-free zones of the Suffolk coast at Walberswick.

The most successful was our stay at the Knoll House, whose huge private gardens lead down to the beach at Studland in Dorset. We returned from a

week there in April having achieved the seemingly impossible feat of spending all day every day with an energetic toddler, but feeling totally relaxed. "A civilised oasis for 65 years," says the leaflet, "and the first hotel to provide any amenities for the extended family. Regular visitors, with or without children, are attracted by the traditional style, atmosphere, space and comfort of this country house hotel. It is managed by members of the Fergusson family, proprietors since 1959."

The Knoll House may sound a bit stuffy, but it's blissful stuff, especially as adjoining rooms for children means no creeping around like a burglar at night so as not to wake up the sprig sleeping in the same room. Adults can eat in peace in the main airy dining room, where the lights of ships in the channel twinkle back at you across the water at night. There is a totally separate children's dining room with its own staff, menus and equipment, no need to take even a bib – and the kitchen is accessible 24 hours a day for those who need to store and warm milk or sterilise bottles.

The dining-room staff, or "cook ladies", as Alexander, dubbed them, transform themselves into nannies after lunch and will supervise children in the adjoining playroom, so that parents can eat in peace in the main dining room. Alexander always managed to land them with the least pleasant chore of the day: "He needed a clean nappy," they smiled sweetly through only slightly gritted teeth. "Thank you so much," we gushed, inwardly congratulating our toddler for his impeccable timing.

The "cook ladies" transform themselves yet again in the evening into a night patrol, listening out for children who have woken up so that parents can be summoned from the dining room by tannoy. The harest crackle from this instrument had the power to freeze the hand of every parent in the room between plate and mouth. "Please God," their expressions said, "I am enjoying the rare treat of a very good dinner alone with my beloved, don't let it be us."

At the Bodare Hotel in Cornwall, where we spent our summer holiday, it was also possible to enjoy the luxury of a good dinner together in pleasant surroundings. Here there are no nocturnal vigilantes, but the hotel has only about 20 rooms, most within range of baby lis-

tening devices taken into the dining room, or the ears of a responsible adult.

Children's tea was helpfully provided in the dining room around one large table, although the effect of a group of small children eating together in strange surroundings might best be described as a chimpanzee's tea party, were that not unkind to chimpanzees. Accompanying parents supervised tensely, waiting for the first refusal of a mouthful, a glass of Ribena to flood the tablecloth purple or, worse, the first order for jelly and ice cream to arrive, thus setting off the clamour for portions all

round, regardless of how much main course was still on the plate.

There was sympathy for the member of staff who had to clean up afterwards, but this was always done with the grace and good humour that characterises the service at Bodare. Its intimate scale also ensures that children make friends quickly, have great fun cavorting in the garden after breakfast or meeting up for sandcastle and paddling sessions on the beach.

We would happily return to all these hotels, as many of their guests do, year after year. They don't

come cheap – a five-night deal in low season at the Knoll House set us back £800, but that included full board; 11 nights at Bodare with half-board cost about £1,500, and two nights B&B plus half meals and drinks in the evening about £180 at The Anchor. The good news is that the accommodation, food and locations are so enjoyable that "spending money" can be kept to a minimum. What we have spent is about the equivalent of blowing £50 a week on an evening out and a babysitter. That's something we actually manage to do about once a year – and then we get to put the bins out and make the bed.

Bodare Hotel 01208 863210; The Knoll House 01929 450450; The Anchor Inn 01502 722112



Child's play: coping with kids is a question of finding the right hotel  
PHOTO: HILLY JANES

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## Pay-back if you think of England

Nominate the best family holiday and win a unique prize with 'The Independent'

On Monday I visited the barber. The usual opening conversational gambit: "Beccy away this summer?"

"As a matter of fact," I answered, "I've just had a most enjoyable long weekend in the Gower Peninsula in South Wales."

"Yes," he reflected, "England's lovely in the summer, isn't it?"

The non sequitur apart, he was right. As millions of visitors can testify, England is quite lovely. No similar-sized nation can boast such richness of countryside and culture, history and hedonism. From the ghostly moorlands of Devon and Yorkshire to the hyperactive jollity of Blackpool and Brighton, not to mention the wildlife of the Norfolk Broads and London's West End, England has something for everything. This month, *The Independent* readers have the opportunity to vote for the best family holiday of the year – and win a unique prize.

In a world where every tourist promotion agency from Wales to Wyoming is promoting different virtues, the English Tourist Board aims to raise the profile and

standards of holidays at home. Each year, the board stages the England for Excellence awards, giving recognition to the people who do the most to welcome visitors and present the nation in a good light.

Beginning this year, the board has enlisted the help of readers of *The Independent*. We want you to vote for a new category: the Family Holiday of the Year in England. The definition is broad. You may choose a resort, or city, a camp site, or hotel; a holiday camp, or activity centre – any location you feel reflects the best of an English holiday.

Your entry will earn you the chance to bask in your nominee's glory at the England for Excellence awards ceremony in London on 4 November – and to be chosen

as the family to visit a new attraction for our regular Outings feature. The board will bring you to London for the ceremony, while *The Independent* will provide a journalist and photographer to accompany you on your day out.

To enter, write to The Best Family Holiday Award, PO Box 44P, London W1A 4AP with this information:

Your nominated family holiday – and, in 100 words or fewer, your reasons for choosing it.

Your name, address, and daytime telephone number.

Your entry could look like this:

*Independent/ETB Best Family Holiday in England Award*  
Nomination: Grey Gables, Ambridge, nr Borehamston  
Everything at this cheerful country hotel is designed to make life easy and enjoyable

for families. When we booked, we were asked about the children's favourite foods, and if they had any special requirements (we were only momentarily tempted to ask to be provided with a freezerful of ice-cream).

The family suites are superbly arranged, with parents allowed a degree of privacy yet close proximity to their offspring. Activities are arranged on an ad hoc basis, and well supervised. Our favourite was riding the Grey Gables mountain bikes around the lovely Borehamston countryside. My name: David Archer  
My address: Broadcasting House, London W1Z 2ZZ.

The closing date is Tuesday, 30 September. Once all the entries are in, a shortlist will be chosen. Members of the travel staff at *The Independent*, plus representatives of the English Tourist Board, will visit the location and evaluate it in the light of readers' comments.

If yours is chosen as the best nomination for the holiday selected as best in England, you win the prize. And yes, you may enter even if

you live in Wales (or Scotland, or Ireland).

Usual Newspaper Publishing plc rules apply. The decision of the judges is final.

Simon Calder

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**A** dangerous new opportunity has opened up in the garden. Dangerous only because it is likely to be expensive. But I have saved so much money by not responding to any of this morning's delivery of junk mail - A Better Deal on Home Insurance Today, Making the Most of BUPA, Important News from Rothman's Royals, Flying Flowers Special Introductory Offer, Adjustamatic Beds, An Invitation from Westex the Wall Coating Company - that I feel I can now splurge on the bulb order.

Splurging is the only way with bulbs. It's no good planting five of a kind together. You've got to put in 10 at least. If you are thinking of crocuses, 20 in a group is not too many. Crocuses are exactly what I've got in mind for this new opportunity. Let's stop calling it dangerous. I'm being positively abstemious spending only £50 on bulbs when I could have smothered the house in Dralon at four times the cost.

It is a piece of ground about 10 feet by eight stretching along the front of a bank, facing roughly south-east. I always intended it to be a place for small things: pinks, saxifrage, violas, dwarf euphorbias, mixed with spring flowering bulbs. But a ceanothus, *C. thyrsiflorus repens* planted higher up the bank had other ideas. It wouldn't stop growing. Hacking at it only encouraged it to greater efforts. After it had flowered this spring, it was hitched up to the back of a car and towed out of the ground.

What a relief! I've always been short of sunny, well-drained places to grow bulbs and now, just by getting rid of one greedy shrub, here is a whole new canvas. The crocuses I particularly like are the species, smaller but earlier flowering than the big types generally known as Dutch. Both sorts have their uses, but it is better to plant them in separate places. A bantamweight such as *C. chrysanthus* will be knocked sideways by a heavyweight Dutch such as "Vanguard".

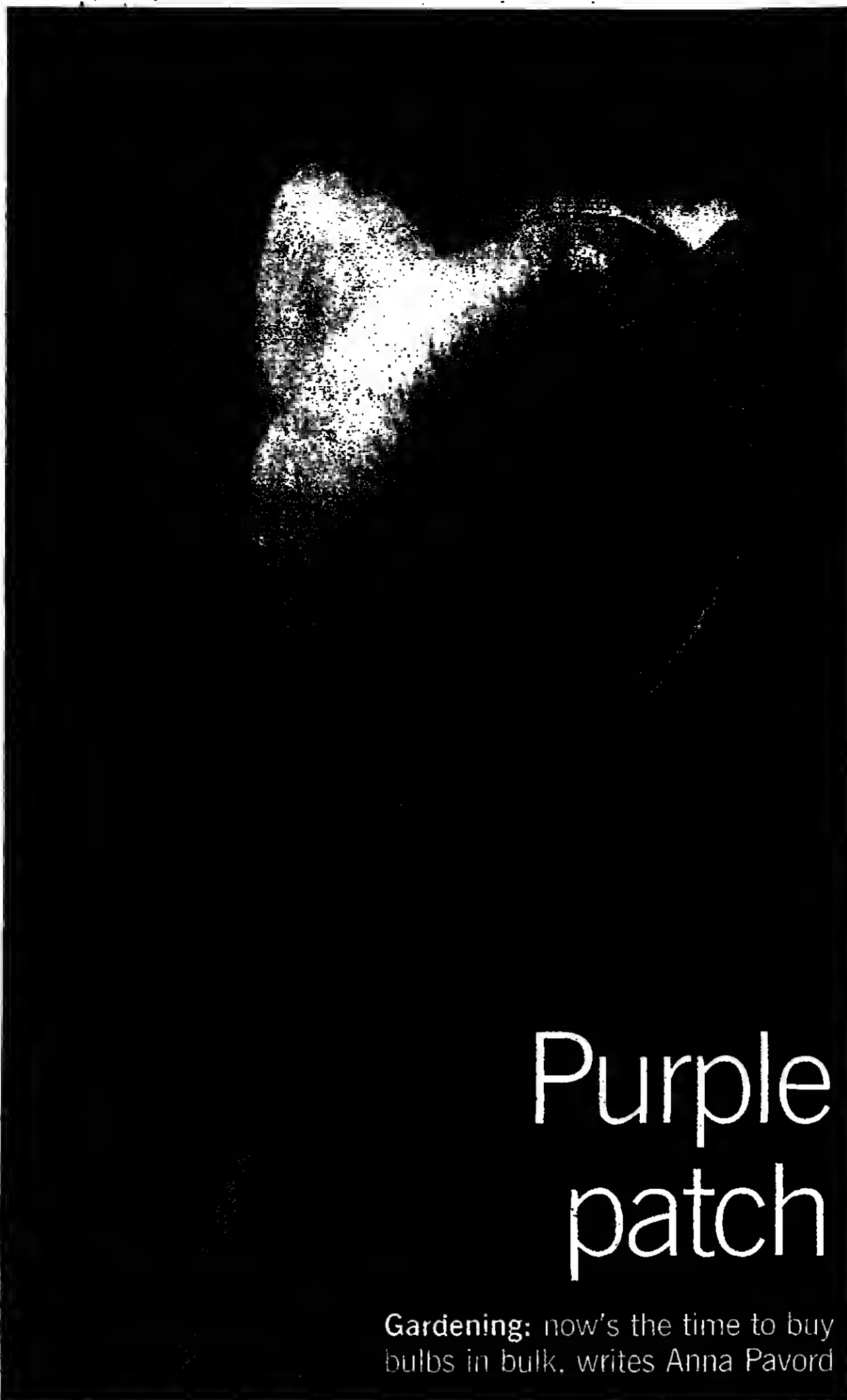
Crocuses are not ideal subjects for mixed plantings in herbaceous borders. The time of maximum activity in borders coincides with the time when the crocus's small corolla is lurking out of sight and usually out of mind as well. Even if you do not actually spike them, you will worry and upset them by disturbing the earth around them. They need to be shallowly planted. Burying crocus bulbs too deep is one of the chief reasons why spring flowers fail to follow autumn planting.

Since they like the same open, well-drained conditions, crocuses fit well with alpine plants in a scree and their Lilliputian scale is right for that sort of position. Some of the more vigorous *C. chrysanthus* crocuses will be able to cope in reasonably fine turf. So will the exuberant *C. tommasinianus*, pale blue in the ordinary species, deep ruby in the selected form "Ruby Giant".

*C. tommasinianus* "Barr's Purple" does well with a mix of between the slabs of stone that make a bit of a path on the side of the bank. In February and March, they are in flower in the garden, flowing down between the stones like a stream.

In the wild, the species grows in Yugoslavia in light woodland, so in the garden it will put up with a little shade. They self-sow liberally, but if you are growing them in grass, do not mow for at least a fortnight after all the foliage has disappeared. The crocus's seed capsule sits almost on the ground and takes a little time to ripen and shed its seed.

Choosing crocuses is easy once you have decided whether it is blue, white or yellow that you want. The large-flowered Dutch varieties of *C. vernus* or the yellow *C. aureus* are the showiest.



## Purple patch

Gardening: now's the time to buy bulbs in bulk, writes Anna Pavord

Spring hopes eternal: Crocus chrysanthus 'Ladykiller'

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS BURROWS/GPI

But if you have a lot of sparrows temporarily using your address, steer clear of the yellows, which always get attacked more often than the white or blue.

The colours of the small-species crocus are more complex than those of the big Dutch ones. Bronze, for instance, doesn't exist among the big crocuses, but 'Zwanenburg Bronze' is a wonderful form of the little *C. chrysanthus*, streaked with brown on a bright yellow ground. 'Saturatus' has the same livery, saturating in the extreme.

The biggest choice of varieties is to be found in the family of *C. chrysanthus*, a native of Greece and Turkey, flowering with us in February. There is so little else in the garden at that time, the crocuses have the disadvantage of undivided attention. If they have faults, you notice them more acutely than you do with flowers that come in the jostle of June or July.

Fortunately, few do. 'Warley White' is a winner for those who like the pale yellow loitering look in their gardens. The point of it is not the whiteness, but the beautifully fine dark purple, almost black, feathering on the outside of the petals. 'Snow Bunting' is not quite so elegant. The white is slightly yellowed, like old paint, and the purple make-up on the outside of the petals is not so expertly put on.

Of the bluey-purple kinds, I like 'Prince Claus', a two-toe flower, pale violet-blue on the inside, darker outside. This year I am going to try 'Skyline', new to me, which has pale blue flowers, flushed with purple. It will go in the new patch at the front of the bank.

If I was a serious alpine gardener, I would be converting the ground into a proper scree by digging sacksful of coarse grit into the soil to improve drainage. I bleach at the thought. Instead, I will mulch the whole area with grit after the bulbs have been planted this autumn and hope that worms and weather will do the hard work for me.

But I will give the combs some protection against mice. They are devils with crocuses. E. A. Bowles, the famous Edwardian gardener who raised 'Soow Bunting' (and wrote the classic monograph *A Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum for Gardeners*) was a psychopath where mice were concerned. "Mice need fighting in all months and by any means," he wrote, and went on to recommend a complicated armoury of traps baited with Brazil nuts, poison and slippery jam-jars sunk into the ground. I find chocolate the best bait for mouse traps.

But traps aren't enough and the cat is worse than hopeless. There was a mouse behind the dresser in the kitchen that was irritating me. As the cat was sleeping soundly in the chair by the Aga, unconcerned by the scratching, I set a trap by the skirting board. Then the phone rang and while I was chatting to a friend, I heard the trap go off. When I got back into the kitchen, there was the cat, trotting round the table looking pleased and proud, with the trap and its dead mouse in its mouth.

So, at planting time, I'm going to set pieces of nylon netting over the groups of crocuses before I cover them with earth. The shoots will get up between the mesh, but I hope it will be enough to stop mice getting at the combs. Meanwhile, does anyone know of a combat training manual for cats?

Crocuses available from Avon Bulbs, Burnt House Farm, Mid Lambrook, South Petherton, Somerset TA13 5HE (01460 242177). The nursery is open from 25 September to the end of October, Thurs-Sat (9am-1pm and 2-4.30pm) for the collection of orders, but bulbs and combs can be sent by mail. For a catalogue, send 4 x 2nd-class stamps.

It is one thing to enjoy a walk through woods on your own: quite another to spend a morning in the company of expert foresters. Hearing them discuss management plans takes you down to an altogether deeper level of understanding and appreciation.

So it was when I joined Rod Leslie, the Forestry Commission's acting regional director for the south and west of England, and Ben Lennon, his Bristol beat forester, in Stockhill Plantation, 900ft up on the Mendips. The fourth member of the party was Chris Sperring, from the Hawk and Owl Trust - one important point on the agenda being to discuss the well-being of the rare, resident long-eared owls.

When the commission planted this 500-acre wood in the late 1940s, it did so with a lack of finesse typical at that time, slapping down a solid mass of conifers. But nature took a hand with the great storm of 1990, which flattened 40 per cent of the trees, in several different patches.

These areas of wind-blow have now been cleared and replanted, so that today the forest is an attractive mixture of mature conifer and open spaces - and it is these clear glades that are the key to the owls.

When trees are removed and light is let in, grass then starts to grow. Grass is the primary food of bank and field voles, and voles are the primary food of long-eared owls. Grass, voles, owls: it is as simple as that.

As we surveyed one clearing, discussion turned on field voles' amazing productivity. According to Chris, a female can give birth to as many as 12 young, and every female is ready to mate by the time she is three weeks old.

On the other hand, mortality rates are phenomenal, and the appetites of predators are voracious. A study carried out in 1992 showed that a single pair of barn owls got through 2,451 field voles in the course of rearing one family. Many of the rodents betray themselves by squeaking during territorial disputes: if only they learnt to settle their differences in silence, their chances of survival would improve greatly.

Chris also described his plan to introduce artificial nests for the



Duff Hart-Davis

Many of the rodents betray themselves by squeaking during territorial disputes; if only they learnt to settle their differences in silence, their chances of survival would greatly improve

long-eared owls, in the form of hanging baskets. The owls normally use old crows' nests, but, being idle builders, they do little to repair them from year to year, so that the centres sometimes give way, taking eggs or chicks with them - a misadventure which baskets would prevent.

The bird-men are naturally keen that the wood should be managed so as to maintain as many grassy areas as possible. The trouble is, nature never stands still. After four or five years, in any cleared area, young trees, brambles and other shrubs suffocate much of the grass, and the habitat becomes much less good, or even useless, for voles.

In these days of enlightenment, the commission positively encourages management for wildlife, and accepts some loss of revenue provided other benefits accrue. To have long-eared owls breeding is seen as a definite benefit: hence some concessions can be made.

Nevertheless, this is essentially an upland production forest, and must pay its way. Conservation work such as weeding and grass-cutting is now so expensive that little can be afforded.

As we walked from block to block, the experts discussed alternatives. The ideal solution, Rod Leslie pointed out, would be to clear-fell and replant the whole wood block by block, in rotation, so that it would always comprise a mixture of high trees and open spaces, providing the owls with both nesting and hunting areas. The main problem in Stockhill is a shortage of felling material: too much went down in the gale, and the remaining stands are mostly of moderate quality.

One possibility is to widen the rides, removing a few young trees from the edges of re-stocked areas; another, not to replant a circular patch where most of the seedlings failed: in other words, to watch for opportunities, and make the most of them.

All this is a far cry from the bad old days, when the commission planted every square yard of its ground and turned its back on any creature that might think of taking up residence. Today the owls are more than welcome; and they, I like to think, have showed their appreciation by moving in.

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Le weekend retreat: a Norman cottage can cost as little as £20,000

PHOTOGRAPH: TONY STONE

A hassle-free property across the Channel? Head for France's untrampled north, says Gerard Gilbert

Most people's dream of a holiday home in France usually involves a Peter Mayle idyll tucked away among the vineyards of some undiscovered corner of Provence (dream on) – or perhaps a mellow-stoned manor house in the Dordogne surrounded by walnut groves and trout streams. All very nice, too. But should you turn these lovely fantasies into reality, how often will you actually visit your new home? Distance can become a terribly limiting factor.

A large number of French property-owning Brits spend two weeks in the summer and perhaps one at Easter in their Gallic retreats – much of which time is spent dispelling the damp and cobwebs of unoccupancy and doing urgent DIY. That's after you've spent two days – or should that be days – recovering from your 12-hour southerly schlep down the autoroute. And forget the garden, which will be a jungle of bindweed and thistles that you might just as well give over to the local farmer and his livestock.

So what about something closer to hand? Northern France is the unfashionable end, of course, but it is still France. Napoleon and generations of autocratic centralists have made sure of that. Calais, thanks to the wonderfully unfussy Le Shuttle, is now less than two hours' drive away from the centre of London, while new motorways are bringing parts of Normandy (imagine Sussex with more space and fewer cars) to within four hours' drive from Piccadilly Circus. I part-own a farmhouse in the Seine Maritime département of Normandy, about 20 minutes from Dieppe. When the Boulogne-Abbeville segment of the A16 motorway is finally completed next spring, I should be able to leave work here at Canary Wharf in London's East End at five o'clock on a Friday evening and be sitting down to a relaxing fireside with a glass of Calvados come the stroke of nine. Conversely, I could lock up the front



## Normandy conquest

door of our ferme at eight o'clock on a Monday morning and (thanks to the hour time difference) be settled behind my desk at *The Independent* by 11am, a reasonable hour in mediant. Voilà. The French home can be comfortably week-endable. I go to Normandy at least once every four weekends (more often in the summer), plus the usual holidays. The only prohibition is the cost of the Shuttle – or ferry if you prefer – but even that isn't too bad away from peak holiday seasons.

The biggest no-no for many potential buyers in northern France, though, is the weather – which is pretty much as found in southern England. But take the long view. Global warming may soon make Provence uninhabitable to all but the scorpions and malaria-carrying mosquitoes, while Picardy will bask in Provencal languor. And, in the meantime, not everybody prefers hot weather. The four seasons in Normandy are beautifully graduated, even if I do wish high summer would hang around a few weeks longer. Region

by region, then, this is a very rough guide to the desirable parts of northern France.

### Nord and Pas de Calais

Generally seen from the window of a car or train speeding to Paris and beyond, the Pas de Calais is not without interest or beauty – and there is a massive regional park at its centre. Some of the best sandy beaches in France are to be found south of Boulogne and towards Le Touquet, while the pretty town of Hesdin makes a good base for property viewing (thick white-stoned walls, boules are the style here). One glance at your Michelin guide will also reveal a greater concentration of "starred" restaurants in the area than almost anywhere else in the country, a legacy of the area's historic role as the playground of Paris. To the east of the region you are more properly in Flanders, with its beer-drinking Flemish connections. Why not two foreign cultures for the price of one? Lille, meanwhile, is fast becoming one of the most exciting

cities in the country – and has Eurostar and TGV connections. Fancy a short break? You could be in Bordeaux in five hours.

### Picardy

I have slowly been discovering Picardy, with its sombre associations with the First World War, while toing and froing from Normandy, and have been developing an appreciation for its rather wild, open scenery and pretty cottages. The bay of the Somme is another place apart, with its flat, marshy landscape and twin capitals of Le Crotoy and St Valéry-sur-Somme, both extremely attractive towns. Driving around the area in June I was struck by its similarity to the landscape around La Rochelle. Watch out for unexploded shells from the Great War while digging the hole for your septic tank. These are still being uncovered in alarmingly large quantities.

### Normandy

The most obviously attractive of all the northern regions of France, with

lush green meadows, orchards, half-timbered houses and a fine regional cuisine based on milk, apples and the sea. By next spring motorways will go in one long sweep all the way from the Channel Tunnel to Caen, in the deep heart of Normandy, via Rouen. The Seine Maritime is the most easterly – and thus accessible – Norman département. The Caux plateau, dominating the landscape to the east of Le Havre, can seem monotonous in the flatness of its great wheat fields, but tucked all about are beautiful river valleys, while in the more intimate Pays de Bray – home of the heart-shaped Neufchâtel cheese – you can still find those archetypal timbered properties (the French call them *colombages*) in the region of £20,000. Anywhere within striking distance of Dieppe gives you a second port of entry, although the fast-ferry service from Newhaven to Dieppe is currently earning itself a notorious reputation for lateness and mechanical failure to rival the London Underground's Northern Line.

## Three on view in northern France

One-bedroom cottage situated near St Pierre des Nids. This property makes true the escapist's dream. It is set deep in rural countryside, flanked by a pretty one-acre garden, and the small village of St Pierre des Nids is within easy distance for amenities. Lovingly renovated, it comprises a large, tiled main room and fitted kitchen and a spacious attic room at the top. Price: about £36,000. Contact: A House in France, 11 Mountview, Mill Hill, London NW7 3HT (0181-906 3749).



A two-bedroom cottage in a village near Cherbourg, Normandy. It is situated in a quiet area half a mile from Cherbourg and near the many beaches along the western peninsula. It is in good condition and features include a glazed porch entrance hall and a dining room with fireplace. Price: about £36,750. Contact: A House in France, 11 Mountview, Mill Hill, London NW7 3HT (0181-906 3749).



A converted farmhouse in Normandy between Saint James and St Hilaire du Harcouet. This is the perfect spot for those who enjoy activity since it is just 300 metres from the leisure facilities along the Selune River. A three-bedroom property, it features wonderful additions such as a marble floor and large open fireplace. Price: about £70,600. Contact: Rutherford, 25 Vanstoo Place, London SW6 1AZ (0171-386 7240).



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# Saturday, 6 September 1997, 11.00 am

All sit. The Right Honourable Tony Blair, MP, Prime Minister, reads

## 1 CORINTHIANS 13

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

All remain seated. Elton John sings

## CANDLE IN THE WIND

GOODBYE England's rose;  
may you ever grow in our hearts.  
You were the grace that placed itself  
where lives were torn apart.  
You called out to our country,  
and you whispered to those in pain.  
Now you belong to heaven,  
and the stars spell out your name.

And it seems to me you lived your life  
like a candle in the wind:  
never fading with the sunset  
when the rain set in.  
And your footsteps will always fall here,  
along England's greenest hills;  
your candle's burned out long before  
your legend ever will.

Loveliness we've lost;  
these empty days without your smile.  
This torch we'll always carry  
for our nation's golden child.  
And even though we try,  
the truth brings us to tears;  
all our words cannot express  
the joy you brought us through the years.  
Goodbye England's rose,  
from a country lost without your soul,  
who'll miss the wings of your compassion  
more than you'll ever know.

Elton John (b 1947) Bernie Taupin (b 1950)

All remain seated for

THE TRIBUTE  
by The Earl Spencer

All stand to sing

## THE HYMN

MAKE me a channel of your peace:  
where there is hatred let me bring your love,  
where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,  
and where there's doubt, true faith in you:

O Master grant that I may never seek  
so much to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand,  
to be loved, as to love with all my soul!

Make me a channel of your peace:  
where there's despair in life let me bring hope,  
where there is darkness, only light,  
and where there's sadness, ever joy:

O Master grant that I may never seek  
so much to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand,  
to be loved, as to love with all my soul!

Make me a channel of your peace:  
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
in giving of ourselves that we receive,  
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

O Master grant that I may never seek  
so much to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand,  
to be loved, as to love with all my soul!

Make me a channel of your peace:  
Where there is hatred let me bring your love,  
where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,  
and where there's doubt, true faith in you.  
St Francis of Assisi translated by Sebastian Temple

Sebastian Temple

All sit. The Most Reverend and Right Honourable Dr George Carey, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan, leads

## THE PRAYERS

For Diana, Princess of Wales

We give thanks to God for Diana, Princess of Wales; for her sense of joy and for the way she gave so much to so many people.

LORD, we thank you for Diana, whose life touched us all and for all those memories of her that we treasure. We give thanks for those qualities and strengths that endeared her to us; for her vulnerability; for her radiant and vibrant personality; for her ability to communicate warmth and compassion; for her ringing laugh; and above all for her readiness to identify with those less fortunate in our nation and the world.

Lord of the loving: hear our prayer.

For her family

We pray for those most closely affected by her death: for Prince William and Prince Harry who mourn the passing of their dearly loved mother; for her family, especially for her mother, her brother and her sisters.

LORD, we thank you for the precious gift of family life, for all human relationships and for the strength we draw from one another. Have compassion on those for whom this parting brings particular pain and the deepest sense of loss. Casting their cares on you, may they know the gentleness of your presence and the consolation of your love.

Lord of the bereaved: hear our prayer.

For the Royal Family

We pray for the Members of the Royal Family, for wisdom and discernment as they discharge their responsibilities in the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth and the world.

LORD, we commend to you Elizabeth our Queen, the Members of the Royal Family and all who exercise power and authority in our nation. Enrich them with your grace, that we may be governed with wisdom and godliness: so that in love for you and service to each other we may each bring our gifts to serve the common good.

Lord of the nations: hear our prayer.

For all who mourn

Diana was not alone in losing her young life tragically. We remember too her friend, Dodi al-Fayed and his family; Henri Paul, and all for whom today's service rekindles memories of grief untimely borne.

LORD, in certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, we commend to you all who have lost

loved ones in tragic circumstances. Give them comfort; renew their faith and strengthen them in the weeks and months ahead.

Lord of the broken-hearted: hear our prayer.

For the Princess's life and work

The Princess will be especially missed by the many charities with which she identified herself. We recall those precious images: the affectionate cuddle of children in hospital; that touch of the young man dying of AIDS; her compassion for those maimed through the evil of land mines - and many more.

LORD, we pray for all who are weak, poor and powerless in this country and throughout the world; the sick, among them Trevor Rees-Jones; the maimed and all whose lives are damaged. We thank you for the way that Diana became a beacon of hope and a source of strength for so many. We commend to you all those charities that she supported. Strengthen the resolve of those who work for them to continue the good work begun with her.

Lord of the suffering: hear our prayer.

For ourselves

'And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.' As we reflect on the Princess's compassion for others, we pray that we too may be inspired to serve as she served.

LORD, we thank you for Diana's commitment to others. Give us the same compassion and commitment. Give us a steadfast heart, which no unworthy thought can drag down; an unconquered heart, which no tribulation can wear out; an upright heart, which no unworthy purpose can tempt aside. Grant us, O Lord, understanding to know you, diligence to seek you, wisdom to find you, and a faithfulness that may bring us to your eternal kingdom.

Lord of the compassionate: hear our prayer.

All remain seated. The Choristers sing:

I WOULD be true, for there are those that trust me.  
I would be pure, for there are those that care.  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer.  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
I would be friend of all, the foe, the friendless.  
I would be giving, and forget the gift.  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness.  
I would look up, laugh, love and live.

Howard Arnold Walter

Air from County Derry  
in G. Petrie: The Ancient Music of Ireland (1853)

The Archbishop continues:

THEREFORE, confident in the love and mercy of God, holding a living faith in God's mighty resurrection power, we, the congregation here, those in the streets outside and the millions around the

world, join one another and the hosts of heaven, as we say together, in whatever language we may choose, the prayer which Jesus taught us:

OUR Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy Name.  
Thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

For thine is the kingdom, the power,  
and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The Archbishop says

## THE BLESSING

THE God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep make you perfect in every good work to do his will: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be with you and all whom you love, this day and for evermore. Amen.

All stand to sing

## THE HYMN

GUIDE me, O thou great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
hold me with thy powerful hand:  
bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain  
whence the healing stream doth flow;  
let the fiery cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through:  
strong deliverer,  
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside;  
death of death, and hell's destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side:  
songs and praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

W Williams (1717-91)

translated by P Williams (1727-96), and others  
Cwm Rhondda John Hughes (1873-1932)

Standing before the Catafalque the Dean says

## THE COMMENDATION

Let us commend our sister Diana to the mercy of God, our Maker and Redeemer.

DIANA, our companion in faith and sister in Christ, we entrust you to God. Go forth from this world in the love of the Father, who created you; in the mercy of Jesus Christ, who died for you; in the power of the Holy Spirit, who strengthens you. At one with all the faithful, living and departed, may you rest in peace and rise in glory, where grief and misery are banished and light and joy evermore abide. Amen.

All remain standing as the Cortege leaves the church, during which the Choir sings:

ALLELUIA. May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Remember me O Lord, when you come into your kingdom.  
Give rest O Lord to your handmaid, who has fallen asleep.  
The choir of saints have found the well-spring of life, and door of paradise.  
Life: a shadow and a dream  
Weeping at the grave creates the song:  
Alleluia. Come, enjoy rewards and crowns I have prepared for you.

extracts from William Shakespeare: Hamlet and the Orthodox Funeral Service

John Taverer (b 1944)

At the west end of the church the Cortege halts for the minute's silence, observed by the Nation.

The half-muffled bells of the Abbey church are rang.

All remain standing as the Processions move to the west end of the church.

Music after the service:

Prelude in C minor, BWV546

Johann Sebastian Bach

Maestoso, from Symphonie no. 3

Camille Saint-Saens (1835-1921)

A peculiar kind of sainthood has been bestowed. See next page



PHOTOGRAPH ANDREW BURNHAM

# Petals, poems and a sense of shrine

A secular kind of sainthood has been conferred upon Diana, Princess of Wales. What does it tell us, asks Paul Valley, about a society where religious observance has withered and yet the instinct for it survives

If Jesus Christ were killed in the modern age it would be in a car crash, or so JG Ballard said in the novel on which the notorious film, *Crash*, is based. It is a wilful post-modern confusion. Ever since the death of James Dean the fatal crash has had an iconic status. It speaks of youth and untimely death. Some of that has invariably attached itself to the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. She is illuminated too by the precedent of Marilyn Monroe, a beauty cut off before her time. But perhaps the most interesting of the templates laid upon her is to be found in the spontaneous secular canonisation which a nation largely without religion has conferred upon her.

The process has a precedent. A kind of secular sainthood has been bestowed upon Elvis Presley. At the recent celebrations to mark the 20th anniversary of his death there were vigils, candles, tears and even Hallelujahs at Graceland. Elvis is a source of comfort in times of trouble to many and to some he is even a resurrected figure. Certain kinds of death prompt thoughts of sainthood, most particularly tremendous and ignominious suffering. After which, death demotes and then erases all traces of human frailty. With saints people forget the bad points.

The words "saint" and "martyr" have been common among the sea of flowers at the royal gates. The ritual of leaving wrapped-up flowers at the scene of a violent death has become commonplace over the past decade. It speaks of a need for ritual among even those with no religion and it creates a new sense of shrine.

Saints and shrines accumulate power and presence. Pilgrims travel, often in groups, to places where sacred power is found, to acquire something of it and take it back with them into their everyday lives. It is not something much approved of in Protestant theology which prefers to concentrate sacrality on people rather than places. That is why shrines and pilgrimage have not been British phenomenon since the Reformation.

But such dogma has evaporated along with the religion which spawned it, and the public have returned to pagan instincts which other religions never abandoned. Roman Catholics have always been keen (they have 6,000 shrines in western Europe, 65 per cent of them dedicated to the Virgin Mary). Buddhists make pilgrimages not to power, but to light. Even Zionism might be seen as a collective pilgrimage.

The more arduous the pilgrimage, of course, the greater the benefit derived. Which is why 750,000 people queued for more than eight hours to sign books of condolence for Diana. It was the queuing that was important; that and being there with others, for pilgrimage is most often a shared experience. Pilgrims

usually need to leave something behind. Some take things away, which explains the tacky religious souvenir shops in places like Lourdes. But most want to leave something. The instinct which prompts people to throw money into pools (and which prompts the *non gettare moneta alla tomba* sign at the tomb of the Italian mystic Padre Pio) also inspires them to lay flowers, and with them, epithets or rhymes.

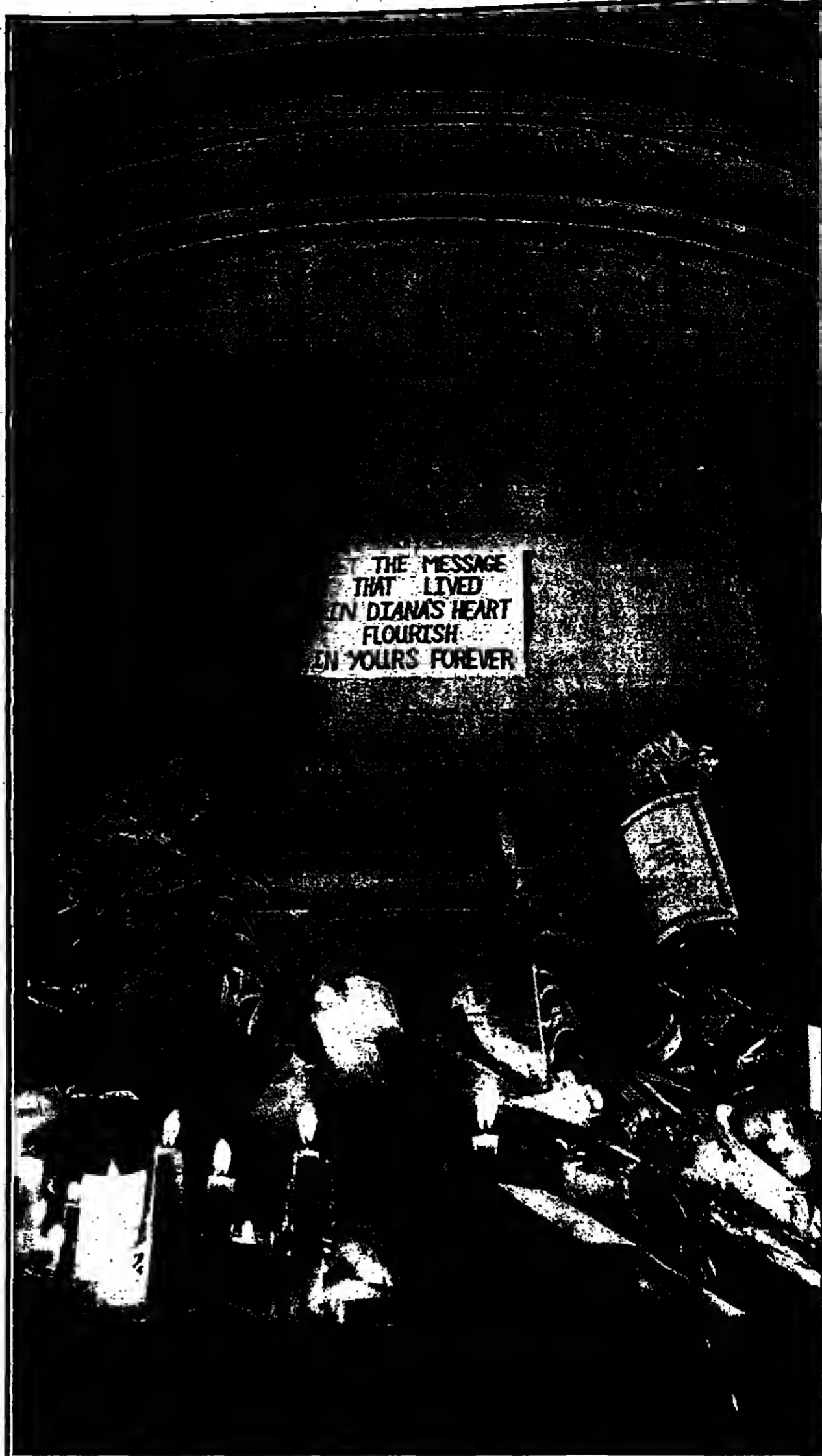
At the Western Wall in Jerusalem the faithful cram prayers on scraps of paper into the cracks between the stones. At St Ninian's cave in Whithorn they do the same, or leave stones from the beach marked with crosses. In St James's Palace they leave messages in condolence books so numerous that they will never be read. No matter. There is an act of healing in writing.

The full gamut of religious experience is reflected in this secular sainthood. As well as the quiet devotion, we have already had an apparition of Diana appearing on a portrait of Charles I in St James's Palace and an appearance by Diana, through the mouth of a psychic, live on radio in North Carolina.

Is all this in any way a valid expression of religious feeling or is it a mere corruption? Sadly there is something kitsch about it because the myth is kitsch, even as it was with Evita. Eating disorders are only a pale reflection of holy fasting, just as the Marilyn Monroe archetype is only a vulgarised version of Ophelia, Cordelia or every other woman wronged. It is a complex business. Myths are there for re-creating. It was Mother Teresa who described Diana as an ordinary housewife who was in love with the poor. And Diana fed the myth herself; when asked by *Le Monde* for her favourite photograph, she chose a non-glamour shot of herself holding a child with cancer in Pakistan.

Of course a high percentage of female saints were queens: the imperial Helena, Margaret of Scotland, Elizabeth of Hungary, Isabella of Portugal. And it didn't end after the Middle Ages. Sixty-two years after the death of Queen Astrid of the Belgians – in a car crash at the age of 30 – devotees continue to visit the chapel built on the spot of the accident by Lake Lucerne. At one point 120,000 people a year came to pay their respects.

Such an influx is what was feared by Rev David MacPherson, vicar of the 13th-century church of St Mary the Virgin, in Great Brington, which is the resting place for 20 generations of the Spencer family. A new shrine would have been created in a tiny place which would struggle to cope with the influx of "pilgrims". A populace starved of other outlets for its religious instincts would have flocked there. Perhaps that is one reason why Diana will be laid to rest in the grounds of Althorp, where it will be easier to control visitors.



Candles in the wind: tokens of grief last night on Queen Victoria's Memorial outside Buckingham Palace

## Let's hang those goddam papyruses

They say things differently in America, but their emotions about Diana are much like our own, writes Ann Treneman

I am told that Americans are weeping in the streets for Princess Diana. Perhaps in New York or Washington this is true but there are a lot of streets in America and most Americans have never visited those in either city. "How will it play in Peoria?" is the question that politicians here ask if they really need to know what is going on. And last Sunday you can be sure that the people of Peoria – like so many others in middle America – were busy trying to get their tongues around the word paparazzi.

"I think all those papyruses should just be made illegal!" squeaked a woman on a radio-phone-in that I was listening to last Sunday in one small town in Oregon on the West Coast. That was one of the better attempts at the word. In just half an hour I heard "pawperawzi", "pappayarazzis" and much stranger. At least one newspaper had the sense to provide a pronunciation guide. Others gave up and called them "photogs".

It was Sunday morning but there was a distinct lack of Christian love on the airwaves. The photogs were to be banished, hanged, imprisoned. The "shock jock" tried to live up to his controversial billing by being pro-photog. He noted the appetite for this kind of photograph especially among tabloid readers. "Well I think this entire programme is tabloid!" shouted the next caller. "Whaddoyou say to that?"

What indeed, except to note that, for most Americans, the news of Diana's death was not only shocking but other-

worldly. "What is a paparazzi?" was the question everyone asked. I explained about how the picture of two smudges embracing on a yacht a few weeks ago had earned a million dollars. Eyebrows went up: money is a universal language.

But there were other aspects of the story that were foreign too. Many newspapers in America are tabloid in size, but most are either just miniature broadsheets in tone or sensationalist to the point of absurdity. "Is Elvis Alive?" asked one of the latter last week. "Secret FBI file called the E.P. papers claims The King is ready to come out of hiding!" It is difficult to explain how the British tabloids are different: first you have to get across the notion of a national press (America has none). But then the very idea that the British tabloids can be crucial to an election victory or that Diana would actually talk to any of their reporters is a country too far.

Nor is it easy to delve into the monarchy itself. Americans admire Diana and her Disneyesque world of ballgowns and tiaras, but there is very little real understanding of a world where kings and queens are more than figureheads on playing cards. People go on about the Kennedys being America's royal family, but no Kennedy can reign without permission.

What Americans do understand in their bones is the monarchy as a kind of celebrity soap opera. "You know," said one commentator last Monday on the radio, "the saddest irony of all is that this means Charles never really had to divorce Diana." Less shocking but still jarring was the comment by one caller to yet another phone-in: "Isn't it terrible?" she said. "I just loved Diana. I loved her so much. And now we are stuck with Big Ears."

America's only true national media is television and the coverage was as slick as the radio's was rough. Walter Goodman in the *New York Times* noted: "Anchors and reporters everywhere seemed to be competing for jobs as designated griever. On NBC, John Hockenberry floated away on a balloon of banalities as he bade farewell to 'something precious and rare and not to be seen again in our lifetime.'" Everyone – and particularly commentator Barbara Walters – had personal memories to share. "She revealed that she was a friend of the Princess, information that she said she had hoped to keep private," wrote Mr Goodman. "She expressed shock and sorrow. She revealed their friendship again on a two-hour special on Sunday night and then again yesterday on Good Morning America. 'I'm almost embarrassed to talk about her as a friend,' Ms Walters said." The crucial word in that

sentence, he noted, was "almost".

Back in small town America reporters from the *Oregonian* were dispatched to find any resident Brits among Portland's one million citizens. In the end they found two. One was an Anglican priest whose Sunday sermon compared Diana's life and death to that other great British topic, the fox hunt – "Unfortunately the horses and hounds and riders got their kill." The other was a 60-year-old Yorkshire bartender who said that many Americans did not understand the British loyalty to royalty. "They stayed right there with us through the worst of World War II," he said. "They've always united us in the past. At times like this, we become one people."

It was strange to return to England in the middle of the week and be told that the country's emotional reaction was proof of some sort of American influence. Strange because I know plenty of Americans who do not cry at the drop of a sound-bite. Strange also because in 1963 America's reaction to the assassination of JFK was to follow the example of his immensely dignified and controlled widow.

"I refuse to call it hysterical," said a friend who found herself weeping over a hook of condolence. "I call it a longing. It is filling some type of emotional vacuum and it is contagious. I cannot stop thinking about it and I want to talk about it. No one really knows what is going on." And, amid all the phone-ins and the newspapers and the television talk, these were the words that finally made sense to me.

All at Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital send thoughts and prayers to the family and friends of Diana, Princess of Wales on this deeply sad and moving day.

As our president, she worked closely with the Hospital for over ten years and made numerous public and private visits which always gave everybody at the Hospital a huge boost in morale. She made every child she met feel special and brought great hope to the children and their families.

We will always miss her and will keep a special place for her in our hearts.

Great Ormond Street  
Hospital Children's Charity  
40-41 Queen Square  
London WC1N 3AJ  
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## LIGHT'S BELOVED

So our dinosaur century, crashing blindly,  
Took you, light's darling, into the darkest place,  
"Needlessly" as we say, who must have meaning.  
Only the thought of how you tried to breathe  
The reeking air in that unshiftable mess,  
Hangs in the mind as if intending something.  
Which of us failed, however heavenless,  
To stop a prayer for your unconsciousness  
— No sights, sounds, feelings, thoughts, no light unkindly?

We loathe the lights today. And still they blaze  
And flood the prints with you, and still we stare,  
Trapped in that moral tangle, admiration.  
Do lovely looks, great gifts, demand a gaze?  
Already distanced by the colder glare,  
You gleam on all those fading heights of fashion,  
A vision we were melted by, not least,  
Because you could be angry, shy, depressed:  
Because, Princess, you could be "silly like us."

— Or, as you put it, "thick". No, you weren't meant  
For all that Highness stuff, that stoniness.  
Neither raised nor drawn to the vantage-point  
Of peering down a nose of ancient lineage,  
Dispensing tiny drops of sour noblesse,  
At desperate bedsides you were on the level  
(The sick can judge such things). And though you died  
An eager girl again, dressed for the ball,  
"God Save The Queen" is what the radio played.

Carol Rumens,  
3.9.97

## In search of a fitting elegy for 'a private face in a public place'

As the banks of flowers have risen outside the palace gates, another kind of tribute has been mounting on my desk all week. Any glance at the memorial columns of a local paper will prove that, whatever their background, people will still turn to poetry to express their deepest, most troubling feelings. The oldest art is the boldest art in its impacted power to touch the core of things. And the elegies for Diana that readers have submitted show that those emotions can embrace harsh anger and bewilderment as

well as grief and gratitude. That, too, belongs to the ancient tradition of the elegy. Surely the greatest example of barbed grief in English is Milton's "Lycidas".

His magnificent lament for his drowned friend Edward King rails in fierce, if veiled, images against the corrupt and bullying clergy — the tabloid executives of their time, if you like. Their "lean and flashy songs" seduce and deceive us while "the hungry sheep look on, and are not fed".

Without "Lycidas", no one would remember

Edward King. Without WB Yeats, no one would remember Robert Gregory. The gifted young soldier-scholar's death in action in 1918 led Yeats to the most unforgettable image of a life that burned too brightly and too fast, consuming "the entire combustible world in one small room/ As though dried straw, and if we turn about/ The bare chimney is gone black out/ Because the work had finished in that flare".

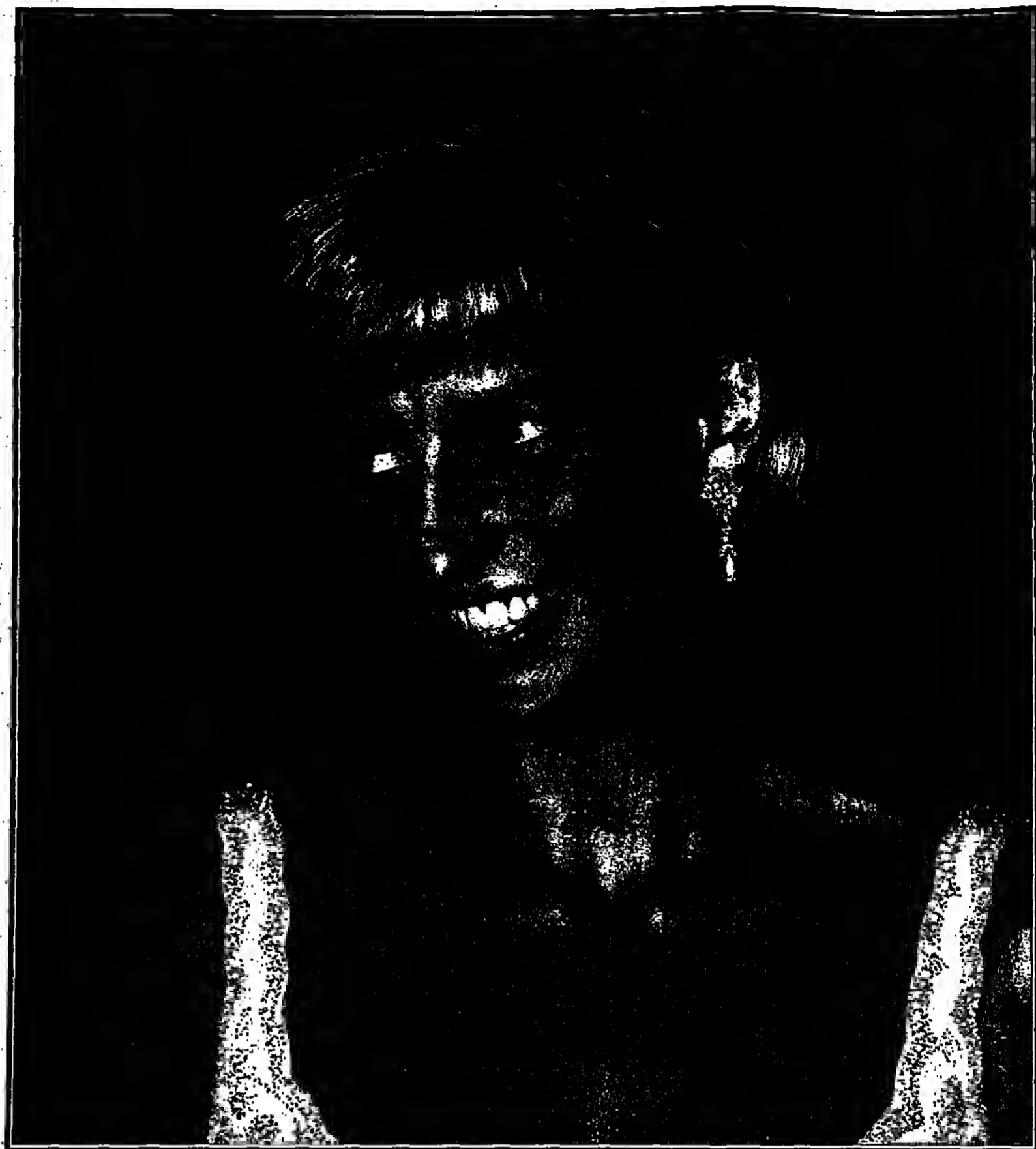
For several centuries, indeed, true remembrance has often been reserved for loved ones

near at hand. Formal elegies for public figures have called forth only dutiful and mediocre verse. One tremendous exception to this rule is Walt Whitman's elegy for Abraham Lincoln, "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd". Yet it succeeds just because Whitman — like so many Americans in 1865, like so many Britons in 1997 — thought of the lost one as a friend who had somehow shared their common life.

Diana touched people precisely when she behaved like (in WH Auden's brilliant phrase) a "private face in a public place". As

Auden noted, they are always "wiser and nicer" than the other way around. So the best elegies for her will try to voice that paradox. They will speak with a meaningful intimacy, and in an idiom that fits her life and times, about the most publicity-hounded and myth-shrouded woman on the planet. That is a taxing task for any poet, but it seems to me that Carol Rumens has (amazingly) already achieved it in "Light's Beloved".

Boyd Tonkin — literary editor



## An unfulfilled people clings to its idol

The nation is not in mourning for Diana. Mourning is the cycle of anger, sadness and emptiness that evolved millions of years ago as a mechanism for coping with loss. It usually lasts about a year and is of an intensity and duration that far exceeds what most of us feel about her death.

Members of the public are constantly telling TV reporters and journalists that the death feels to them "exactly like when a relative dies" but that is simply not accurate.

The way Prince William feels today is of a different order of magnitude. Each morning he wakes and then he remembers, with a dreadful sinking feeling and perhaps with a cry of rage: she is so more. I do not believe it is like that for the rest of us. But if "The Nation Mourns" is an incorrect headline, it is true to say that something very extreme is going on at the moment which does require explaining.

The unexpectedness and violence of the death made it more shocking. It is also true that we have been forced by endlessly repeated pictures and words to relive it. We use our imaginations to paint in the details of what it would be like to be feeling in love, pleasantly watered and fed at the Ritz one moment, and smashing into a wall at 120 mph the next.

Of course she was a woman of remarkable glamour and seems to have had an unusual capacity to emotionally touch those she did meet.

But be this as it may, virtually all the

## The outpouring of emotion following Princess Diana's death does not represent true grief, argues Oliver James. Rather, it lays bare the neediness and unhappiness of many people in modern Britain

people queuing to write in the books of remembrance or to place flowers at venues all over the country have never met her.

Feelings of shock and regret that she should no longer be with us and sympathy for her relatives would be appropriate. But to become convinced that they have lost a friend or relative seems out of place.

The starting point must be that they are emotionally attached to "Diana": they feel affection and concern for her. But since they have never met this woman it is a one-way relationship with a set of images and words that they have experienced on television and in print. Unlike in a real relationship, this person was never there in the flesh and she had no opportunity to communicate with them personally.

That this is possible is a tribute to the effectiveness and skill of modern media in persuading us to suspend our disbelief — to experience a representation of a person as so real that we feel the same way about them as people with whom we have actually communicated. But it may also suggest that the boundaries between reality and fantasy are becoming seriously blurred.

The death of a star in a soap opera or in a feature film may, in extremis, cause us to

cry but we know it is a fiction and we do not go into mourning. The real death of the actor who played that part might trigger widespread mourning-like symptoms (James Dean, River Phoenix).

But no plot development in the virtual-media world has led to anything like this reaction. I do not think that for the most affected that "Diana" was any more real than Vera Duckworth from ITV's *Coronation Street*. But if the scriptwriters were to kill Vera off, the reaction would not be the same. What marked out Diana?

Undoubtedly her beauty, but many public figures are as beautiful. Nor was it merely a question of the fact that she was a lead character in the royal soap — none of the other royals would get such a reaction.

The key was the way that the agonies of her particular plotline mirrored the real suffering of the populace, particularly women and young people — and not just in Britain but throughout the developed world. Despite being richer today compared with 1950, we are much unhappier. A 25-year-old is three to 10 times more likely to be depressed. Diana's depression was a famous fact about her; she was treated with therapy and Prozac. She also made "plea for help" suicide

attempts.

Likewise, there is an epidemic of compulsions today, including shopaholism (Diana had 500 ballgowns when she died) and bulimia (an acknowledged ailment of hers). Along with alcoholism, illegal substance abuse and gambling, these have mushroomed as attempts to seek solace for depressed mood and irritability. On top of this, Diana was a divorcee from a broken home.

Far from concealing these problems, she went to tremendous lengths to convey their precise nature through Andrew Morton's (effectively authorised) biography *Diana: Her True Story*. When this was not enough, she put herself forward on television and spelt out her misery and her view of its causes in her own words.

The result was that people who suffered from problems similar to Diana's identified with her. If this theory is correct, women will be more moved by her death than men because all her problems were more common among women: twice as many women as men are depressed, three times as many attempt suicide (although men actually kill themselves four times more often than women) and bulimia is

primarily a female problem. In three-quarters of divorces, like Diana, it is the woman who seeks it.

There are a number of other features of Britain today that may have contributed to the overreaction to her death, although none are as potent as her iconic representation of our depressive and compulsive state.

For the many excluded or stigmatised groups, such as blacks, gays and the underclass, she represented one in the eye for the Establishment. By emoting so publicly, they are showing sympathy for her criticism that the royals were cold and did not hug each other.

There is also a desire to be part of something, to share some emotion and for it to be real. Congregating in public places and experiencing collective ritual compensates for the atomisation of modern society.

For all these groups — the depressed, the angry and the compulsive — most of them struggling under difficult circumstances and with painful emotions, the longing for an idealised beautiful Madonna figure is archetypal.

But above all, the scale of the reaction is caused by a massive undercurrent of misery that afflicts women throughout the developed world today and for which Diana's death is a conduit.

Reaching to understand the heart of the mystery. See next page

# Getting to the heart of the mystery

In a leading article we applauded the cathartic effect of the 'Neapolitan' show of mourning

Britain is becoming less British. The displays of grief and anger about the death of Diana have been not only mass, but impassioned, florid as well as floral, public not private. There has been crying, shouting – open displays of emotion, not private reflection. This is not how the nation popularly supposed itself to behave; we are meant to be a people of gritted teeth, suppressed feelings and stiff upper lips. The great mounds of flowers – and why, by the way, do we leave them wrapped in Cellophane, not properly open? – the clipped-out photographs from magazines, the piled teddy bears, the poems and pen messages, and the snaking, loudly conversing crowds outside the palaces... all this seems somehow foreign to the received images of the British in public sorrow. Traditionally we think of the grave, silent faces at the Cenotaph, of military processions and of the dignified but repressed and duty-lined expressions at Establishment funerals or memorial services. Compared to that buttoned-up nation, the current torrents of grief over the dead Princess seem American, or even somehow Neapolitan.

The change in public behaviour is neatly caught by the reported difference of opinion between Buckingham Palace and Tony Blair's circle at Downing Street over the right way to lay Diana to rest. All the instincts of the Windsor family seem to have been traditional, with the emphasis sombre, dignified and vaguely military. They come from a class, as well as a family, sternly schooled in public reticence; from a culture in which it is a weakness to break down in front of strangers. The Prime Minister has consciously decided, it seems, to speak for another and younger strain in British public behaviour, which rather approves of tearfulness and finds mounds of flowers and odes moving and appropriate, rather than

maudlin or common. The difference is seen in the debate about how much leeway should be given for vast crowds of ordinary people to feel involved in the funeral; who should be invited to the Abbey; and whether soldiers should be prominent in the event, or people from charities patronised by Diana. It is likely that the discussions have not been as sharp or as divided as malice reports; nevertheless, some difference of tone and instinct seems to have emerged.

If so, it is a poignant and important distinction, which says much about the task of royalty at the end of this century. It is easy to see a repressive, Victorian hauteur in the Windsors' reliance on sombre pageantry which contrasts not only with Diana's thoroughly contemporary tastes, but also with the instincts of the millions of her mourners. They have learnt to let it all bang out. They are not ashamed of tears and have built flimsy, touching shrines which would have meant vastly more to her than ceremonial guards or intoning archbishops. They would not have sent their bereaved sons to ordinary Sunday church services. Their emotional expectations are a world away from the self-deprecating and contorted dignity of the Prince of Wales or the amazing, iron self-discipline of his mother, who seems almost like an ancient Roman matriarch, stern-faced and unfaltering as the family tragedies pile up around her.

The people are not, it seems, like that any more. That was why, after all, so many loved Diana: the same con-

fessional tone and readiness to admit fault which embarrassed the Windsors and their friends so intensely was what made her, to millions, "one of us". She drew little smiley faces in biro on children's plaster casts, and enjoyed the corny jokes, boroscope readings and ready, bug-generous behaviour of her most substantial group of mourners. The less bang-up sections of British society, including ethnic minority Di-worshippers, gays and teenagers, have been prominent in the response. But so have millions of the stolid centre of Middle Britain.

To those brought up in the old ways of the British upper-middle classes (and the simple "uppers" too), much of this is, in truth, a little cringe-making. But the word "old" in the previous sentence is at least as important as the class element. Diana, after all, was hardly a proletarian infant. She goes to rest in an impeccably aristocratic family chapel. What distinguished her from Charles was not class but age: she was a child of the post-Sixties global culture. He, on the other hand, is in many ways – and given his education this is no exaggeration – still the child of Edwardian values. There is absolutely no doubt which of them the vast majority of the British people identify with. And there is absolutely no doubt that this presents the monarchy with a genuine dilemma. If the princes grow up more like their father than their mother, the people, who have changed so much already, will not recognise them as belonging to the same country.

We applaud the louder, more emotional and sentimental

sorrow, the Neapolitan style of the mourning streets. The inclusive and democratic nature of the response would have been everything she hoped for as "Queen of hearts". It feels curiously positive and properly cathartic, as a sombre state funeral or a muted private grieving, would not have done. Modern Britain knows that, un-British or not, it is good to cry. The heaped flowers, even with their Cellophane, are intensely moving. So are the crowds. This is clearly becoming a populist event, far beyond the reach of official control or the carefully graded rituals of monarchy. It is growing, not shrivelling. It is only a little hyperbolic to describe the mourning of Diana as a kind of emotional revolution of the streets – St James's Palace being stormed in an utterly polite but insistent way by those determined to queue through the night to express their grief. This is an unthreatening revolution, except to the Household Gods of the stiff-upper-lips. We do not mock them. The traditions of repression and self-control are linked to those of duty and sacrifice, and are therefore admirable too; perhaps as a country we have lost a certain national dignity that became us.

Be that as it may, we have moved on, and returned in spirit to the more raucous and sentimental nation we were before Victoria's reign. That is part of the meaning of what has happened in the past few days. We hope the Windsors and their advisers are watching the mood on the streets and learning from it. What would really do the monarchy good, and show that they had grasped the lesson of Diana's popularity, would be for the Queen and the Prince of Wales to break down, cry and hug one another on the steps of the Abbey today. That such an event is unthinkable shows how great is the gap between the people mourning "their" princess, and the Royal Family to which she never, quite, belonged.



Half mast: while the instincts of the Windsor family seem to have been traditional, with the emphasis sombre, dignified and vaguely military, the reaction to Diana's death has been emotional and spontaneous

Things will never be the same again; for her family, for the people of this country, for the press. The profound outpouring of emotion over Diana's death will continue. Tears are being shed by those who have never cared much about the Royal Family, by those who would much prefer a Republic, by those who dismissed her as trivial, self-obsessed and generally silly when she was alive. The effect that this uneducated woman has had on our national psyche is only just beginning to be gauged.

Icons do not die. Diana's afterlife is only just starting. Forever frozen at the height of her beauty, Diana, like Marilyn, another troubled goddess, will not age. She will continue to glow, forever young, forever vital, in the hearts of those she touched. For the pop princess, the people's princess, the media princess, understood the power of touch, the language of intimacy, of a hug, a gesture that was always more eloquent than mere words. The most looked-at woman in the world grasped early on the impact of visual communication. She was a child of her time. The manner of her death brings with it a dark and terrible symbolism. She died because of the world's appetite to carry on looking at her, to see her in her most intimate moments whether she wanted it or not.

This tragedy, like something out of a JG Ballard novel, is a thoroughly modern

one, for Diana was a thoroughly modern woman; her life and death embody so many themes of the late 20th century. She resided at the apex of so many of our obsessions: our preoccupation with image, the nature of fame, the search for personal growth, the changing nature of family life, the quest for depth in a world of superficiality, the oscillation between victimhood and empowerment, the continuing muddle between what is private and what is public, the struggle between duty and desire.

Diana represented these contradictions. She lived them and at times spoke openly of them. She made no secret of the dysfunctional family that she was born into and even less of the one that she married into. She sought, as so many of us do, to remedy this through her relationships with her children. To bear that these poor boys, on the morning of the terrible news, were ferried to church in royal cars to observe protocol – no matter how they felt – is truly sad. She surely would have wanted her boys to weep openly, not to have to maintain the ghastly façade that had already nearly destroyed her.

As Jacques Chirac said, she "was a young

woman of our age". Had she been born 20 years earlier she would have been expected to put up with her husband's infidelity, to grin and bear it. In refusing to do so, she laid open the cynical workings of monarchy, patriarchy and hereditary privilege that had used her as little more than a brood-mare. When the fairy tale fractured we saw another story altogether, one that many, particularly women, could relate to. She had her 20th-century problems – bulimia, the disease of depression, low esteem and guilt – as well as the much pilloried 20th century desire to "find herself", to give her life meaning.

This search for depth was mocked because it appeared to sit so uneasily with her lifestyle – a whirl of lunches and work-outs and designer dresses. Those very same men who dismissed her as "barmy" are now seen in television studios up and down the land regaling us with tales of her specialness.

In offering up her own emptiness, she became a void for us to project our fantasies into. She was a saint, supermodel, an international superstar and a sex symbol all in one deliciously toned body. We knew that she, having known what it was not to be loved,

could give love freely. For all her manipulation of the media, her compassion was genuine, a gut reaction rather than a thought-out strategy.

Her significance was that she brought into public life an intensely personal language of pain and distress and love and affection. She not only spoke it but insisted that it had a place in the buttoned-up discourse of civic life. Such language, coded as feminine, is too often dismissed as inappropriate, as somehow inferior, as far too emotional to be worth taken seriously.

She was not a traditional political figure; but in realising that her life had been shaped by circumstances which were beyond her control, that a role had been written for her that she could no longer play, she ruptured the divine order, triggering the desire for a new kind of monarchy.

Endeavouring to live both inside and outside the institution that made her who she was, she short-circuited the relationship between the monarchy and its subjects through another powerful institution – the media – which was as interested in her weaknesses as it was in her strengths. Her

instinctive populism meant that she was always the biggest show in town. However we are to define star quality, she had it. The singer George Michael once said that what makes a star is not having that little bit extra but having something missing. Diana's appetite for attention appeared insatiable. Her quest for privacy was seen as impossible, as if she had signed a Faustian pact. In making the private public, she sacrificed her personal life. The real Faustian pact, however, is between sections of the press and its readers who in their millions wanted to see every tear this woman shed.

Camille Paglia wrote of the atavistic religious emotion that the cult of Diana stimulated. Now she is dead, the canonisation of the martyr will assume epic proportions. Yet we should remember that Diana died after dinner at the Ritz with her new lover. She was living her extraordinary life to the full.

She wanted to be taken seriously and the whole world is finally taking her very seriously indeed.

In that fateful interview, when she and Charles announced their engagement and were asked if they were in love, Charles made the awful mistake of questioning what love meant. Diana, we always felt, knew what love meant. Now that she is lost, never to be replaced, our public grief shows she was loved more than she ever knew.

Saint  
or a  
Disney  
star

Serena  
Mackay  
looks on the  
emotional  
scenes of  
"addled  
iconography"

سكتا من الالح

سكنا من الافضل

# Saint or a Disney star

Serena Mackesy reflects on the emotional scenes of 'addled iconography'

In the end, you can leave it to the children to hit the nail on the head. They swarmed this week all over the head-bowed crowds with their mothers – and the truth is that three-quarters of the mourners, whether it's because they have more adaptable jobs or because they simply minded more, were women. Though often their guardians were dressed for 11-hour queues, the young, most of them, were immaculately turned out in dresses, ribbons and tidy hair, as if going to a party. And though most of the adults were hushed and thoughtful, the children chattered on in their loud, curious tones.

Where the queue for the condolence books turned the corner at Clarence House, a boy stood as his mother added her contribution to the mounting floral tributes lined up in the dappled sunshine under the trees. (The weather even played its part by turning at the weekend from oppressive, dirty heat to the playful early-autumn crispness that makes one remember how much one loves this country.) "What," asked the little boy, "are they going to do with all the flowers?" And outside the Palace, a small American girl followed her embarrassed mother around asking over and over again: "But Mommy, why does Princess Diana need all these flowers?"

Maybe the cash spent on flowers could have been better donated to the Halo Trust for digging up landmines, but these masses of blooms – single roses, big ribboned florists' baskets, sprays of chrysanthemums still in the ghostly paper that service-station flower stalls provide, more than £30m-worth spread across London by Thursday – were staggeringly moving. The very futility of the gesture, pulling from the ground these things of beauty that could have been a joy for much, much longer, form a powerful reminder of the waste of three lives ripped away in the time it would have taken to change down a gear. Pall Mall and the area around the Palace gates were soaked in an eerie fog of rotting vegetation and cheap-scented candle wax. And, as individuals emerged from the writing room, their faces were wreathed in smiles and covered, at the same time, in waves of tears.

It's been a week of anachronisms. People who have been openly praying in front of the impromptu shrines that have sprung up wherever, it seems, there is a tree, berated the Royals for taking the boys to church on Sunday, as though church is somehow a bad place to be. People with thick wads of newspaper tucked under their arms bayed for the blood of the press. People who never knew the Princess flinging themselves to the ground in paroxysms of grief while those who did – her brother and sisters, former husband, real friends – struggled to keep their backs straight. The residents of Albert Square seeming to be under the impression that the big Parisian event of last week was Cliff and Phil's marital breakup: one great soap failing to acknowledge another. My groans of embarrassment when a current



Her panacea of giving love is being returned by the bucketful: mother and child outside St James's Palace

affairs programme used "Candle in the Wind" for filler music turning to moans of astonishment at the news that Elton will be singing it at Westminster Abbey today.

And every way you turn, addled iconography: the tokens of remembrance building up against the railings have the feel of the Mater Dolorosa offerings of a Maltese Easter. Photographs of Diana, crucifixes draped about the sides in rosarial offering. A picture of Marilyn Monroe. Another of the Mona Lisa. Tucked beneath a posy of pinks, a baseball cap. Blown-up colour photocopies of That Playing Card, another, with I'm sure no irony intended, of the Tarot Empress. Among the piles of lilies and teddy bears, a Minnie Mouse doll. Saint, artist's model or Disney character? Only time will tell.

And, amidst the iconography, while huge numbers of people attempt to invent the holy figure that our religions have so singularly failed to bring alive for us in the past couple of generations, the real character is already disappearing. Amidst the welter of

"one of us" "Queen of Hearts", "genuine gift of healing", "she loved everybody" cliché, the tirelessly run and re-run footage of laughing, leggy, glittery womanhood, there has hardly been a mention of the not-very-bright,

*"What," asked the little boy, "are they going to do with all the flowers?"*

manipulative self-pity that paraded itself as often as the "if we hug each other enough we can heal the world" Dianic philosophy. Her panacea of "giving love, for a minute, for half an hour, for a day, for a month" is being returned by the bucketload.

And maybe it's just what the country needs. Maybe, in the manner of her

death and the footnote in history that this mass expression of grief will become, she will have contributed a lasting good far greater than any of her sentient photocalls.

Nations, to feel the cohesion of their own uniqueness, need bouts of national celebration, and more than half the population of this country is too young to have experienced the last united weepfest.

We'll gather round our tellies today like we did for the great wedding, and the catharsis, though it comes from another source, will be much the same. A shame, though, that we feed our common emotions on such a lighted life. In her *Panorama* interview, Diana said that "the British people need someone in public life to give affection, to make them feel important, to support them, to give them light in their dark tunnels".

Poignant, really, that no-one managed to do the same, individually, for her.

TV and the making of the news fit to report. See next page

## Old Lefties coming to terms with the tearful revolution

"And what are you doing here?" asked a woman I vaguely recognised. I blushed slightly. Here I was, an old lefty republican with a fundamental dislike of everything that the Royal Family represents standing with the mourning crowds outside Buckingham Palace. It was like being caught by one's partner leching at the topless beauties on a St Tropez beach.

It was even more embarrassing that the questioner, Jill, is a Labour Westminster councillor who is not ashamed to describe herself as being on the Hard Left.

But no. She had come deliberately, having realised that this was an event likely to be unique in our lives. And I, too, was quickly taken up with the almost revolutionary atmosphere of the occasion, my cynicism washed away by the tears.

We started a wonderful and public debate about what this People's Show was about. Jill felt strongly that the old lefties, like Sara Maitland in yesterday's *The Independent*, who were disdainful of the outpouring of emotion, were making the same mistake that the Left had always made – failing to understand the emotional and spiritual sides of people's lives. It was the same failure that had created a *Communism* which aimed to satisfy people's material wants without any recognition of their other needs.

The atmosphere at the various palaces was not the mawkish, fawning gathering that might follow the death of the Queen Mother but something much deeper and more interesting. The Mall outside Buckingham Palace had quickly been closed after Diana's death, so the people were taking over the streets.

Jill likened it to a pilgrimage, while I suggested it was like the fall of the Berlin Wall. The Wall, in this case was the barrier behind which the Royal Family has traditionally hidden away from the people and clearly it was crumbling as concession after concession was made to the people's feelings over the arrangements for the funeral.

Indeed, just as at the Wall, political debate broke out spontaneously. Jill and I found ourselves in the middle of a lively discussion as other people joined in without the usual British reticence. They were universally sceptical about the old Royals and their future.

The debate reflected the fundamental ambivalence about the gathering. On the surface, it was a traditional Royal occasion, and of course, there were a few died in the wool Royalists. But there were many, many more who were angry at the way that the Windsors had behaved.

Of course, it would be great if the old traditional lefty causes, like the miners' strike, had attracted millions like this onto the streets. But in its way, this was a revolutionary movement which will bring about significant changes to the monarchy. Whether these forces destroy the old order or reinforce it will depend on how the Windsors behave in the next few months and how much the Republican feelings which Diana's life and death have engendered are built upon.

Christian Wolmar

Our Patron, Diana, Princess of Wales, was an indefatigable supporter of our work for most of the 1990s. Her continuing support both in the public glare and in private was immeasurable. There were those who only saw the Princess at a special event or a Gala performance. There are others who know that she took a real and committed interest in our dancers' lives, listening to their problems and helping where she could and working for us in a real and practical way behind the scenes.

The eyes of the whole world turned on English National Ballet in August 1996 when she chose to fulfil a long-standing commitment to us to visit the Company on the day of her divorce. That she should have chosen to undertake that obligation on that day was testament to her outstanding professionalism that characterised the relationship we had with her. She brought the same compassion, humour and zest for life to a room of 200 sponsors that she brought when she sat in the Company's Green Room talking to a junior member of the corps de ballet.

The nation grieves for the loss of such an extraordinary woman and English National Ballet mourns the death of our greatest ambassador, our staunchest ally and one of our finest friends.

Pamela, Lady Harlech,  
Chairman of the Board of  
Governors on behalf of the  
Board, dancers and staff of  
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1991-1997

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# 'She turned her awkwardness into elegance'

As little girls we idolised Diana, but we grew up to understand her, says Melanie Rickey

**D**iana, Princess of Wales, was for many British women, myself included, the glamorous friend who was constantly around, but always just beyond reach. We admired and occasionally envied her, but understood that for her too, life was not perfect. Her influence on my youth was natural and total. She was a beautiful, fairy-tale princess who had the world at her feet. At the age of 10 I announced to my mother that the key to my happiness was a Lady Di haircut and a blouse with a pie-crust collar. She complied, dutifully taking me to C&A for the blouse, and the local salon for the haircut. Eventually, both my sister and mother had similar haircuts.

This week it has become clear that she affected us all profoundly, subliminally even. We all have our own individual memories, things that affected the way we lived, the way we dressed, and how we did our hair. I'm 25 now and feel that one of the most important gifts Diana gave us is the confidence to be stronger women, to stand up for ourselves and be counted, and also to look good doing it. After all why shouldn't we? I'm not alone. Natasha Hill, 24, a painter, has similar recollections. She grew up on the island of Jersey and now lives and works in east London.

"My first memory of Diana must have been when I was about six, she was getting into the red Metro and being asked about Charles. Her marriage was the first monumental event of my life. We were in France on holiday. At the time all my icons were American creations like Wonder Woman and Superman, but then she came along and made me feel a sense of pride at being British. I was so young, but I do remember being amazed by her.

"When I was 11 I went to the hairdresser and said 'can I have a Lady Di?'. He knew exactly what I wanted. I went from a blonde straight haired, pig-tailed kid to being really grown-up looking, with a short layered hairdo. All my school friends had the same haircut. Looking back I think she was our heroine because she was so innocent. I also feel she gave dimension to all our learning experiences. While we were changing she was changing.

"I never tried to copy her looks, but people always



"I will never forget when she was with the princes. She looked like any cool mother out with her kids, and William and Harry looked happy too." — KATHERINE ANGELL, 15

used to say I looked like her during my early 20s. It only lasted a couple of years until I grew my hair. I didn't follow her style literally, but I found the way she carried herself amazing. She was so poised, with a lovely smile. Her gestures were very welcoming, I suppose this allowed us to love her without reproach.

"I'm not conventionally attractive, but the way she presented herself gave me the confidence to look good myself. She turned all her awkwardness into elegance. I will miss her, it's weird, we have seen her whole story; it is now complete and it's tragic."

In contrast, women in their mid to late 30s had the opportunity to understand Diana from the beginning of her public life. Initially for Charlotte Edwards there was empathy, and latterly her influence came to be inspirational. Edwards, now 39, is a singer and songwriter. Recently she has given up the day job, and is devoting her time to organising 'An Evening for Tibet', to highlight the Chinese invasion and occupation of that beautiful, gentle country.

"I come from a similar background to Diana, and was brought up to understand what the Royal Family is about. She was joining an establishment that she didn't really understand, and I felt for her. I can't honestly say she influenced the way I looked. In fact, early on she looked rather frumpy. I do remember she had an individual look. When she hooked up with designers such as Bruce Oldfield she began to get it together.

"The only outfit I remember well was the black cocktail dress she wore on the night Prince Charles admitted his affair with Camilla. Even then it was the way she wore it, with complete confidence.

I empathised with Diana, both as a woman in her 30s, and as somebody trying to make a difference — to make changes against the odds. She was a warrior. Her sense of style over the past five or six years really came together.

In general, women in their mid-thirties wear things for themselves. We have an inner confidence about what works, and are able to wear it with panache. She used her womanly traits to the maximum. When I'm in business meetings I do dress to feel like a warrior, it is about empowerment. I feel it's something you learn as you grow older, and it is most certainly something I have learned. Her appeal crossed all boundaries. When she was in Angola she said 'all I'm trying to do is help', and that sums her up. I want to help too, which is why I have organised this evening for the Tibetans next week."

For today's teenagers the story is very different. Diana had been a constant in their lives, and most have not only grown up without the taboos surrounding HIV and Aids, but also feeling an empathy with Princes William and Harry, who are closer in age to them. Katherine Angell is 15, the same age as Prince William, and is studying for GCSEs in her home town, Dover. Her feelings are representative of the next generation, and place our own in context. "I remember thinking she was very attractive, but I could not relate to her style. She always looked very respectable, though. I used to get bored seeing her all the time in the press, it seemed she only had to buy an ice-cream and it would be on the front page. But I do feel sorry for the princes. They have lost their mother, I cannot imagine what that would be like. My mum tells me how much she did for Aids awareness, but in my life Aids has always been around and acceptable. My main sadness is for William. I worry about him being king. She loved them so much and that really came across, what will they do without her?"



"My lasting memory of Diana will always be her last weeks with Dodi, particularly on holiday. She looked casual and at ease with herself, but mostly ecstatically happy, like any woman in love." — CHARLOTTE EDWARDS, 39



"I will always remember Diana in Angola. I think most of us have similar clothes. In that outfit she looked natural and practical, like she could solve any problem." — NATASHA HILL, 24

## WEAPONS THAT BLIND OR POISON HAVE BEEN BANNED. SO WHY IS THE WEAPON THAT DID THIS STILL LEGAL?



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**LANDMINES MUST BE STOPPED**

## A nation that grieves for itself

I was born in the year Prince Charles and Diana were married, and have grown up in the shadows cast by the demise of their fairy-tale marriage. You might have expected me to have been swept along by the tide of national hysteria that has surrounded Diana's death. Instead the harsh future facing the young princes and the unforgettable memory of the tragedy at Dunblane make me want to place events in context.

I spend as little time as possible thinking about the Royal family and its divorces but the tragic death of Tony Blair's "people's princess" could not be ignored. The end of the Diana saga was somehow equivalent to the fall of the Tory government: having lived with it all my life I could not quite believe it was over. I found myself remembering a time when I enjoyed dressing up and playing at being Lady Di and to my surprise I found my thoughts turning to Prince William and Prince Harry.

However much one has envied the two princes and their privileged and sheltered lives, it cannot be forgotten that they have lost their Mum. When the nation decides to stop publicly grieving, perhaps when they return to work on Monday morning, they should not forget the stark reality left behind for William and Harry. How will they survive among a family as traditionally backward and emotionally

restrained as the establishment they embody?

By choosing to empathise with the two princes I haven't merely dismissed Diana. Her work and the public attention she awakened to charities and needy causes as international ambassador and patron is outstanding, although not unique. Her attempt at single parenthood in the face of a dismissive Royal grimace was commendable and her wish to care paved her path towards the title "queen of people's hearts".

Yet forgive me for rejecting Diana as a "Saint". Remember the slaughter at Dunblane when 16 innocent children and their teacher lost their lives. The minute's silence that graced the football fields and the nation seemed sufficient for all to contemplate that immense loss. Those children touched everybody's lives, just as Diana has done for many, but the grieving for her is prolonged, almost self-indulgent.

I cannot help but question, after a week of passionate outpouring, who the crowds lining the streets will be grieving for today. For the Royal family? For the destruction of its façade? For Diana? Or for her myth which, in my mind, has been publicly exploited as an excuse to grieve for oneself?

I cannot join in. I feel for William and Harry. I still have the powerful memory of Dunblane. I will not swim in the tears of sorrow surrounding Diana.

Holly Andrew



The camera never lies; but with few actual events to report after the initial shocking event, the coverage turns to synthetic emotional items

## The public wants what the public gets

### TELEVISION: Jasper Rees on how the media has manufactured the popular expression of grief

**T**he news headlines were delivered by my five-year-old daughter. *Bong! Daddy, there aren't any cartoons on the telly, Bong! Daddy, Diana's dead.* I can't have been the only person to find out what was on TV on Sunday morning by being told what was not on. And for the rest of the week there may as well have been nothing else on either. At the precise moment in its calendar when television annually unloads a truckful of spanking new programmes, I didn't watch a single minute of any of them.

The television was switched to ITV when we got downstairs, because that's where my daughter had given up the search for children's entertainment. It's a small but significant measure of how knocked for six we were that for several minutes we stayed with GMTV's coverage, as it attempted to dredge up the appropriate levels of gravitas in a pink and fluffy studio. Over on the BBC sat an appalling irony in the human figure of Martyn Lewis, a man who has for so long endured the ridicule of his colleagues for waiting to disseminate more good news. His punishment: to be the one to break some very bad news indeed.

It was a couple of hours before my four-year-old girl began to lobby for something a little less solemn. Channel 4, invoking its remit to be alternative, obliged more quickly than anyone could have expected. For every other channel, Diana's parting gift, though involuntarily

donated, was one last gargantuan feeding frenzy, one last dip of the snout in the trough. It wasn't until Tuesday night that anyone could bear to utter the words, "And now today's other news."

By Wednesday, though, with the paparazzi charged, there was a palpable sense that the story was going cold on them. There were no actual events to report, only emotions. Swift action was taken to clamp a couple of electrodes on the story and zap it into life. Hence what seems to me to be an entirely synthetic item about the Queen's alleged indifference to her subjects' grief, one of those classic examples of a public mood taking shape only when the public is told by television that it is going to take shape.

From "think of the boys", the theme of the nation's grief turned to "forget about the boys, Ma'am, and think of us". Suddenly, the news programmes seemed to have performed an extraordinary 180-degree turn, like a river that perverts the laws of nature by starting to flow upstream. Normally the conduit through which the people find out about the Royal Family, it suddenly became a means of communicating information about the people to the Royal Family. They say that in grief you always want to be doing something. This is what the news programmes did, manufacturing material that they could then report.

So it wasn't only The People who found themselves behaving collectively out of character. *5 News* played a melancholy instrumental track as it reported on the queues outside St James's Palace. *News at Ten* dispensed with its immensely lucrative commercial break; there was a recital of homespun poetry embedded in practically every bulletin. All week, as the values of journalism went into what one hopes is a reversible coma, *Newsnight* looked distinctly uncomfortable. On Monday it gobbled up the issue of press intrusion, but that left four more programmes in which all they could do was talk about feelings. Like the Royal Family, that's not something *Newsnight* does very well. It looked particularly ill at ease on Wednesday and Thursday, framing its studio debates with vox pop interviews outside St James's Palace. It also seemed to realise that it is impossible to report on something as amorphous as popular sentiment, and the proof was in the pudding.

As if conscious that it will lose all its viewers to the BBC today, ITV spent the weekday mornings consoling them. By yesterday, *Live with Lorraine* in particular had moved into full beatification mode. On John Stapleton's *The Time, The Place*, Diana's sons had shrunk to "those two little boys", like characters from

that fairy tale into which the princess married in the first place. When Diana's biographer Andrew Morton appeared on *This Morning* with Richard and Judy on Monday, the first thing he said was "You couldn't write the script, could you?" Oh, but you could: if you were going to write up the drama of Diana's life as fiction, this is exactly how you'd end it. Unfortunately it's not a script, and the pack hooting her to her death really did include a man called Rat. But faster than you can say "Ich Dico", on Monday morning, an abundance of biographers will sit down and go to work on their own scripts for future publication. And the cash till will go on tolling long after the bells of Westminster Abbey have fallen silent.



Whenever our Patron, Diana, Princess of Wales, went overseas with The Leprosy Mission, she never spurned our patients, never made them feel like 'lepers'. Instead, she held their hands, touched their bandaged wounds, helped restore their dignity. She treated them as normal human beings - which they are.

We will greatly miss the support of our Patron, but will carry on bringing healing and hope for the future to people affected by leprosy, as she would wish us to.

Our prayers and deepest sympathy are with the Princess's family and loved ones.

The Leprosy Mission Goldway Way  
Orton Goldhay Peterborough PE2 5GZ  
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Registered Charity no: 1050327



### RADIO: Michael Church on how the ear can still prove quicker than the eye

**"B**roadcasters pass the sternest of tests" was the headline over a typical piece of Fleet Street media-commentary this week, which asserted that "the sources and skills are there in spades when called on". It's all round then - for BBC, ITV, MTV, QVC, Sky. By Wednesday, when that article appeared, vision had indeed made the Diana story its own, but bouquets for achievement last Sunday morning had by rights have gone to radio.

7.00am James Naughtie and his team had had just hours in which to prepare a response to the princess's death, yet the programme they compiled - a world asleep and the harvest of details to go on both first-rate news-journalism and an obituary none heard later that day had anything significant to add. Its tone was an impeccable blend of tact and professionalism.

Television was stuck in the studio with its rest-watchers - who swiftly ran out of things to say and so ranged far and wide, catching on as they'd had time to put their mask in place. A spokeswoman for the Princess was in such a pack that she was literally unable to speak; a paparazzo blithely regretted his lost earnings by the royal chase. As the day pro-

gressed, impromptu candour of this kind was decorously ironed out.

By mid-afternoon, television was still squeezing pathetic scraps of "news" from its wrung-out court correspondents: the *Rashomon*-like quest for the truth had at that stage not even begun. Meanwhile the combined forces of Radios 2, 3, 4 and 5 were offering an impressively considered discussion about the tragedy's implications. By the end of the day, television had reasserted its dominance - with such massive resources, how could it not? - but for those with ears to hear, a point had been made. Radio can be faster, more flexible, and much more analytical.

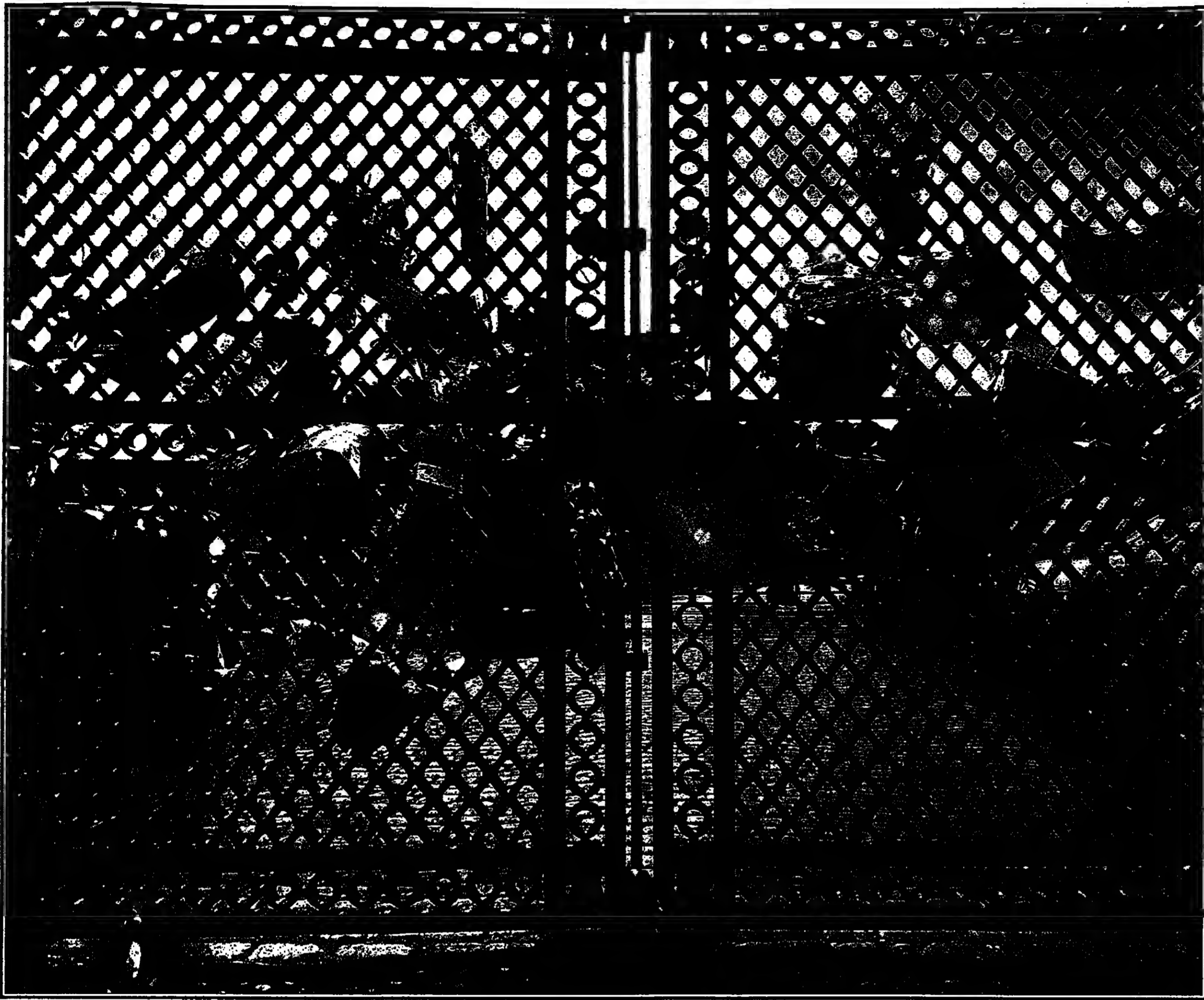
On the other hand, BBC Radio's musical response was riven with inconsistency. It was fitting that slow movements by Mozart, Elgar and Vaughan Williams should fill the air on Sunday; Nicholas Kenyon's introduction to that night's Prom - "If we believe in the power of music to heal..." - was gracefully apposite, as was the choice of *Nimrod* for its opening piece. But the decision to prune Monday's pre-planned Radio 3 playlist led to some curious anomalies, the most notable of which was the dropping of Ravel's *Pavane pour une Infante Defunte*. Far from being "inappropriate" - the official term - this piece would have been all too perfectly appropriate. And sure enough, there it was on television

later that day, serving as backing-music for a Diana retrospective. But music is often perceived as emotionally dangerous stuff: look at the potency of "Candle in the Wind".

Today the radio channels will merge again, to acknowledge the sad pageant from London to Brighton. But, throughout the week, death has also lurked elsewhere. On Tuesday, a breezy new series of *Cross Questioned* (Radio 4) opened under the chairmanship of the late Vincent Hanna. "The programmes were recorded shortly before his death, but he would have appreciated our continuing with them," said an announcer, quite correctly.

The BBC World Service's excellent tribute to *Nusrat Ali Khan* - the man who put Pakistani *qawwali* singing on the map, and who died last month - should be rebroadcast on domestic radio.

Had the Princess been alive to listen to the radio this week, two programmes might have held her riveted. David Rieff's *Chronicle of a Catastrophe Foretold* (Radio 4, Thursday) explored the paradox that humanitarian aid had systematically fed the perpetrators of genocide in Rwanda. And John Simpson's *Out of the Fire* (Radio 4, last Saturday) followed the fortunes of a Sarajevo couple who had survived bombs and bullets together, but were finally put asunder for the crime of coming from different ethnic backgrounds.



For 20 generations of the Spencer family, Althorp Park has been the full stop punctuating their lives

## The gates close on an extraordinary life

**W**hen the gates close this afternoon behind the cortege of Diana, Princess of Wales, she will have reached her final resting place, back inside the grounds where she played happily as a teenager and – by a quirk of fate – where she met Prince Charles and so began her rise to fame.

For 20 generations of the Spencer family, Althorp Park (and nearby St Mary's Church in the village of Great Brington) has been the full stop punctuating their lives. Though she lived in a world of mass media and instantaneous communication, and her image is recognised round the world, the centuries of tradition that have shaped her family means Diana must be no exception: she is returning to the fold in the sweeping, wooded grounds where she once lived.

It was here on the 550-acre estate that she used to practise ballet on the sandstone balustrades, and splash in the swimming pool installed in the grounds by her father Johnny. It was here, too, that in 1977 she met her future husband, Prince Charles. A shy, gawky 19-year-old, she was introduced to him while he was there on a shoot. At the time, he appeared more interested in killing birds than making conversation. She thought: "What an unhappy man."

Her final resting place will be on an island in the middle of a lake, hidden from would-be pilgrims; a memorial will be placed inside the grounds which will be open to the public at certain times of the year. The Spencer family have insisted that the interment should not be a public spectacle; they cancelled a procession over the one-mile between the church at Great Brington and Althorp to avoid that.

While flowers carpeted the west and east entrances of the estate yesterday, the gates remained closed. Hundreds of sheep, the original source of the Spencers' wealth in the 14th century, grazed contentedly on the rolling fields.

In June 1975, aged 13, Diana moved to Althorp with her father, elder sister Sarah and younger brother Charles following the death of the seventh earl, her grandfather Jack.

The next two summers were abandoned, happy

**Althorp became a new place to explore for Diana after the separation of her parents. Charles Arthur pays his respects to the Spencer's ancestral home**

ones: when she was alone she would metaphorically thumb her nose at protocol by dancing in the marble entrance hall beneath the portraits of long-dead ancestors – the sort of pictures that had scared her during visits as a young child because "the eyes followed you around the room".

She also became a well-known face in Great Brington. The village has the feel of a place that has let the years slip by. It has one small post office (which has been doing a busy trade in the past week selling prayer cards and commemorative Diana mugs). There is one pub, the Fox and Hounds, the stone entrance steps of which have been worn concave by the hundreds of pairs of feet that have climbed them since it was built in 1700. Almost every one of the 200-odd buildings in the village is either Grade I or Grade II listed, and the Althorp estate retains a covenant on each house which allows it to veto changes of use. There is no tea-house, no petrol station, no supermarket, no newsagent.

The Spencers first

became associated with Great Brington and Althorp more than 500 years ago. In the 14th century many peasant farmers forfeited their lands in the area because the Black Death had killed so many workers and devastated trade so badly that few could afford enough seed to grow sufficient crops to pay their land rents. Land reverted to pasture, and its ownership reverted to the lord of the manor. In 1486, John Spencer of Hodnell leased the land.

The Spencers were professional graziers from Worcestershire, with huge flocks of sheep which they farmed for wool, meat and hides. Althorp was ideal grazing land, and sheep farming had low overheads. The Althorp estate was first enclosed in 1512; many of the woods in it were planted in the past 250 years by the family; the original woodland was cleared in Roman and Saxon times.

In 1516 the Spencer Chapel was added to the main hall of St Mary's Church, which dates back to 1206, on the hill at the highest point of the village. In the neat graveyard outside, the

action of rain and lichen has erased many of the names on the headstones, though the Spencer graves stand in their own area, with etching so deep that even the centuries cannot obliterate them.

The longevity and aristocratic status of the Spencers is forcefully demonstrated when one learns that the Diana who is buried today is not the first Diana Spencer to have been associated with a Prince of Wales – though she was the first to marry one. In the 1730s, according to the local history: "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough [who was Diana's grandmother] had wanted to marry Diana off to the Prince of Wales, but her plan was thwarted by Sir Robert Walpole, First Lord of the Treasury." Ironically, when Diana met Charles on that fateful afternoon in 1977, he was being pursued by another Sarah – Diana's older sister. That, of course, fizzled out.

To reach Althorp from the village, one follows a narrow road down the hill for a mile, turning to follow the old sandstone wall that surrounds the estate. A few hundred yards from the western gate, the wall suddenly drops to the ground, giving the visitor a breathtaking view of the main house, set among fields and trees in a plan first completed in the 1660s by Andre de Notre, an Italian architect who also designed the gardens at Versailles. At Althorp, he dug out an oval pond in the pleasure gardens, filled in the moat which had surrounded the main house and planted it with trees and shrubs. Avenues of trees were planted, stretching away from the mansion.

In the 1850s, Samuel Lapidge, the headman to the landscape designer John "Capability" Brown, designed a pond and island in a wood on the estate, and the arboretum. As a teenager, Diana enjoyed going there with her brother Charles to play. Somebody said their adventures were straight from Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*. Today she returns to the same special place.

It will be peace at last for someone whose life was at times so troubled; as her brother Earl Spencer had said, she is going to a place where no human being can ever trouble her again. And the gates at Althorp will have closed on an extraordinary chapter in our history.



*Diana's final resting place will be hidden from would-be pilgrims, with a memorial inside the grounds*

Sue Boggan  
from Abrams  
and Jojo Moyes

Enough

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